THE
Pre- and Proto-historic Finns
BOTH EASTERN AND WESTERN
WITH
The Magic Songs
OF THE WEST FINNS

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Facies adverſa tympani :

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HERITAGE

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PRE- AND PROTO-HISTORIC FINNS

PRE- AND PROTO-HISTORIC FINNS

CHAPTER VII

CHARMS OF THE EAST FINNS, RUSSIANS, LETTS, ETC.

We have now to deal more especially with the text of the Magic Songs, to explain their purport, to examine their form, and compare them with the charms of the Eastern Finns, the Russians, and other neighbouring nations. The text here translated is a large part of the collection of Magic Songs edited and published by Dr. Lönnrot in 1880, under the title of *Suomen Kansan muinaisia Loitsurunoja*, 'Bygone Magic Songs of the Finns.' He did not collect them all himself; some were taken down in the last century, and a very few perhaps even earlier. They were found chiefly in the east and north of Finland, especially in those localities where the peasants belong to the Orthodox Church. Unfortunately the exact place where each was collected is not specified, as the editor utilised sometimes as many as twenty variants to form what he considered a complete whole. His main reason for doing so was that no singer ever gives another man a magic song complete; partly from forgetfulness; partly for fear lest it should lose its efficacy if he gave it entire. Another reason was, that where one singer uses a particular charm or song for one disease, such as rickets, another recites it for itch or for

rash. This doubtless diminishes the value of Lönnrot's edition. It is impossible to note the changes that have taken place in a given area during the last hundred years or more, or to trace the diffusion of a well-marked type from a definite centre. The form too suffers; none or only a very few of the songs are exactly in the shape in which they were sung—though I am not sure that this last defect is of very vital importance. The singers, through failure of memory, did not recite them precisely the same on each occasion, but unconsciously made small changes. Having a considerable stock of songs, all of the same general character, in their memories, the phrases of one song would often get transported to another. There may have been a belief that each song was a genuine formula to which nothing could be added and from which nothing, not even three words, could be deducted without losing its efficacy. But in practice it was otherwise. No half-civilised people has any idea of absolute exactitude, and any fair approximation to a given type of incantation or exorcism would undoubtedly pass muster. In a low stage of culture, too, mere semblance and make-believe often stands on the same level as reality; the shadow passes current for the substance. If every one believed that each magic formula was invariable, such a pretence would amply cover or counterbalance any irregularity the exorcist might commit in his recitations.

According to their contents, Lönnrot classified and arranged the Magic Songs most minutely under 233 headings. The general formulæ, common to many charms, are given separately under eighteen heads, from § 1 to § 18; words of releasing or healing power under forty heads, § 19 to § 58; fifty-one formulæ of a very varied kind from § 59

to § 109; seventy-three prayers, § 110 to § 182; fifty-one origins, § 183 to § 233. Under each of these 233 heads Lönnrot has often given a number of variants, distinguished by the letters of the alphabet. Mainly for reasons of space, though I have given specimens under each head, I have curtailed the number of variants, yet those I have translated amount to 639 magic songs, which is amply sufficient to allow one to form an idea of the whole collection. To facilitate reference I have numbered the different headings consecutively; in the original each of the five great subdivisions is numbered separately, so that after § 18 my numbering no longer coincides with the Finnish text; so too in the variants, I have lettered them, even after omitting some, in their proper alphabetical order, regardless of whether they agree with the original or not.

1. Of the 'preliminary' formulæ the exorcist repeated one or more when about to begin operations, especially when healing the sick. 2. The 'defensive' formulæ were directed against sorcerers, witches, and other malevolent persons, and were specially necessary before setting out on a journey. 3. Those 'against envy' prevented the envious from spoiling the good work of the exorcist by their evil glances and other intrigues. 4. The 'vengeance' formulæ were to frighten away every kind of antagonist. 5. The formulæ 'to discover the cause' were used in charming the sick, when the origin of the malady was uncertain. 6. With the 'reparation for harm' formulæ the exorcist or wizard, when dealing with a contusion, ailment, or snake-bite, orders the person who caused all the pain and suffering to come and cure the sufferer. 7. The formulæ 'against inflammation' were useful in cases of snake-bite, contusions, and inflammatory wounds. 8. 'Expulsion' charms were avail-

able for many complaints and diseases, especially in those attributed to bewitchment. 9. A 'posting' formula was recited after an expulsion or an exorcism formula, and under the same conditions. 10. 'A pain or sickness' formula was serviceable in allaying pains, smarts, and aches. 11. The 'reproaching' formula could be used in case of snake-bite, toothache, and injuries caused by stone, fire, iron, frost, etc. 12. 'Falling into an ecstasy' was a formula for steeling the nerves while conjuring the sick and removing obstacles. 13. A 'distress' formula was of service in acute pain and in sudden attacks. 14. 'Boasting' was efficacious in frightening away sorcerers, witches, the envious, and other opponents; in steeling one's faculties, proclaiming one's power, and gaining complete confidence. 15. Formulæ 'to still violence' were good for assuaging severe pain in sickness. 16. 'Menacing' was used after an expulsion formula, if the later had proved of no avail. 17. By an 'exorcism,' disease, pain, curses, spell-sent injuries of every description, were removed elsewhere. 18. After the recitation of a formula 'to make fast,' the evil, which has been exorcised away, was obliged to settle down in a given locality and there to remain motionless.[1]

According to Dr. Lönnrot it is hard to say in what order the charms or magic songs were recited, for if there was any order at all it was not everywhere uniform. But if the patient was suffering from a wound or open sore, a 'vapour' formula (§ 87) was repeated to prevent the hot steam from hurting it; then, had it not been done previously, the 'preliminary and defensive' formulas as well as those 'against envy.' These were followed, if the ailment or

[1] Loitsurunoja, pp. iii, iv.

injury was of a known kind, such as burns, frost-bites, stitch, pleurisy, colic, rickets, rash, cancer, toothache, bites from snakes or animals, cuts from iron, contusions from stones or timber, by the recitations of their respective 'origins.' When the origin was not known the formula 'to discover the cause' was said in order to discover it. Then they continued the repetition in no particular order, just as the exorcist remembered or regarded as most useful, the 'words of releasing and healing power,' the 'reparation of harm,' 'against inflammation,' and 'expulsion' formulæ, or any other from § 9 to § 18.

The 'origins,' it should be observed, have nothing to do with the origin or cause of the disease or injury from which a patient was suffering. To ascertain the latter, the wizard usually had recourse to divination (§ 59 *a*). But when once he had learnt this he was able to recite the 'origin' or genealogy of the disease, or of the cause of harm, as glibly and circumstantially as any Garter-King-at-Arms. This 'origin' or pedigree was of an opprobrious, derisive, or contemptuous nature. The object of the wizard was twofold. After describing the ancestry of the cause of harm, and showing how ignominious, contemptible, and disgusting it was, while the cause of harm was made out to be a good-for-nothing, cowardly, and feeble wretch, the wizard tried either to shame it into repairing the evil it had committed, or to make it clear that such a helpless villain could have no chance of success against himself, who feigned at times to be the son of Ukko, and was amply protected by defensive clothing. The recital of the origin was of itself sufficient to banish a spirit of evil; 'by pronouncing a deep origin, words that are handed down, a needless evil is expelled' (210 *a*).

The work of healing was usually performed in the vapour-bath house, which was heated as secretly as possible, so that no envious or malevolent person should get wind of it and injure the operation. The most suitable wood for heating the vapour was obtained from trees struck by lightning, or that had been washed ashore by the wind (169 *b*); but in cases of childbirth it was preferable to use splinters cut from the hindmost beam of the barn; and if love was to be excited, then wood was taken from two trees that had grown together, or had twisted round each other like the tendril of hops round a pole. The water was drawn from a stream flowing northwards, especially from the bubbly part of it if rapids happened to be near at hand. Water from a natural spring was also of service if scrapings of gold or silver had been dropped into it thrice, a little each time. This was called 'buying the water.' For a bath-switch they took triple-twigged sprigs of birch from the land of three or nine rent-paying farms. These were termed 'exorcism-twigs.' When it was a matter of throwing a 'love spell,' the bath-switch was made of twigs growing at a place where three paths crossed, and in the centre of the switch were inserted three root-shoots that had grown on the north side of a tree.[1] In the text we also find that a bath-switch should be taken 'from a copse, near three rapids, from the highest birch, and that wood of the rowan-tree should be used for heating the bath' (133 *c*). Or the bath-switch may be broken off at the brink of three angry rapids, while the bath is to be heated with juniper from a sandy heath. The water is to be carried from the Vento stream in a cup taken from near the moon, in a ladle belonging to the sun (169 *b*).

[1] Loitsurunoja, pp. x, ix.

To allow folklorists to compare in some small degree the charms and exorcisms of surrounding peoples with those of the Finns I bring forward a small selection. As those of the Esthonians, collected and translated into German by Kreutzwald and Neus, are fairly accessible, and at any rate are of the same character and in the same metre as the Finnish Magic Songs, it is not necessary to reproduce them here. So too the few prose charms of the Vepsas, given by Ujfalvy, are so entirely Russian that they need not be transcribed. Though hardly worth giving, since they all belong to a very late period, a few Swedish formulæ are appended. Unfortunately I have never met with any large collection of Swedish charms, and so cannot give better specimens than those below. Russian charms and exorcisms are extremely numerous, some of them very lengthy, and too long to quote. To omit them here is of less importance, however, as they all seem to bear traces of literary origin, though the ideas they embody may be much older. I have therefore given a few of the shorter ones from a single collection. In 1894 Dr. Kobert of Dorpat published 347 Lettish charms, of which I have taken about a fifth. The post-classical examples, mostly from Marcellus, are interesting, as they help to explain certain common features in Lettish, Russian, and—probably by derivation—Finnish exorcisms. The eleven Mordvin charms are interesting, but some of them have been unmistakably influenced by Russian formulæ. All the Čeremisian and Votiak examples seem also to be built up on an idea borrowed from the Russians, though, as I have never seen any Cuvaš or Tatar formulæ, the idea may have been taken from a Turkish-speaking people.

MORDVIN CHARMS.

Against illness caused by a fall.

1. Sovereign lady of the earth, Ultáva! Perhaps Little John has fallen on thy hand or foot, perhaps thou art angry with him, enraged at him. Or maybe (he has fallen) on thy son, the great lord; perhaps he has been knocked, perhaps thy son is enraged at Little John. Look! we are giving him a present, 40 lbs. of copper, 40 lbs. of silver, and 100 rubles in money. We will take a 3-kopek piece and scratch it with a knife as a present to thy son. Perhaps Little John has fallen on thy daughter, the lady, on thy daughter's hand or foot. It may be she has been knocked, and perhaps she is enraged at Little John. We will give her a present, we will buy (her) a copper ring.

Sovereign lady of the dwelling-place, Yurtava! Look! perhaps Little John has fallen on thy hand or foot, perhaps thou art angry with him, perhaps enraged at him.

I know not where Little John fell. An otter's claw will seek for the place where he fell. Get to the place, look for it! I am sending the otter's claw to look for the place where Little John fell. Don't trouble thyself about the water, don't trouble about the bridge, thou swimmer over broad waters, thou wader through deep mud, only mind that thou lookest for the place. Look! on the place where Little John fell is a white egg, a white hen laid it. We must take water, break the egg in it, mix it with the water and wash the child in the water.

Against burns.

2. It is not I that blow, God is blowing. A handless fellow lifted the firewood, a footless fellow carried it here,

a blind fellow went into the water, a breathless fellow blew up the fire.

3. On the hearth is a black girl, she wears a black cloth on her head, black clothes, a black girdle, black gloves on her hands, black bast-shoes on her feet, black bast-laces on her feet, black leggings on her legs.

4. Tokhantoyitsa, the black girl, carries her wood here, carries running water, mitigates the burns, blows the burns away. When cold water begins to boil (of itself), then will he (the patient) be burnt.

Against frost-bite.

5. On a dust-heap is a white old man, he wears a white cap on his head, white clothes, a white belt, white gloves on his hands, white trousers, white bast-shoes on his feet, white bast-laces on his feet, white leggings on his legs.

Against worms.

6. Tatar plant, the thunder-nettle! I have come to you as a guest. Sergei's cow has got the worms. In case you don't get rid of them I shall visit you again. Now I shall only tear off your top, but I shall come again, should you not get rid of them, and tear you up by the root, I shall even dry up your roots.

Against snake-bite.

7. Great snake, noxious snake! why have you bitten this animal? why was it necessary for you to do so?—'The old snake sent me to devour the animal.'—'Its flesh is not dainty, its blood is not pleasant.'

Against violent pain in the joints, rheumatism.

8. Separate the painful illness, the rheumatism from the marrow in their bones, from their bodies and muscles,

their flesh and blood, their dark-red liver, and from the brain in their heads! Separate the rheumatism from their cheeks, faces, eyes, eyebrows, and cheek-bones! I separate the rheumatism from their breasts, breast-bones, hands, wrists, and from the inside of their wrists. I separate the rheumatism from the inside of their pubis and from its marrow, from the roots of the hair and the tips of the hair. Assist us and help us, Niške-pas! I drive away the rheumatism. Niške-pas drives away, but Vere-pas separates.

Against imprecation.

9. I heal from curses by blowing. There is a large, large, large hill; on the top of the hill is an apple-tree; its roots stretch round the earth; at the top are its branches, at the end of the branches its leaves, and between the leaves are apples. When the cores of the apples get counted, when its roots in the earth get counted, then let the curse hold good, then let it return with a noise! There is a large, large, large field; in the great field is a well, its water gushes forth like silver, the uppermost part of its water flows like gold, over the earth it casts its sand and dregs. When these are gathered together in one place and counted and brought (back) to their place, then let the imprecation hold good, then let it return with a noise.

Against gripes, colic.

10. Behold! I dash to pieces the man's gripes, I cut his colic to pieces. Grandfather Sorokin, grandfather Vid'aša, Mikhaila's wife, grandmother, aunt Sekla, Gava's wife and daughter-in-law, the seven wizards, see, these are blowing and they tell me (to blow). With your favour I blow and I spit. From the other side of the great water a great old woman has come, she has blown (the illness) away.

To staunch blood.

11. On the shore of the great water is a white stone; in the stone are three girls on a white piece of felt. One sews with thread, the second with silk, the third with silver tinsel. She will strengthen Vasya's heart, will staunch his blood. When blood comes from the end of a dog's member, then let it come from this place.[1]

Čeremisian Charms.

Against bewitchment and fascination.

1. If, after stringing forty-one millstones on each eyelash, he is able to see with his eyes, only then may he be able to bewitch!—If, after stringing an 80 lb. weight on each eyelash, he is able to throw a glance, only then may he be able to fascinate.—If he with his uvula can lick, set up and animate a clod lying on the ground, only then may he be able to glance with eyes of bewitchment.

To bewitch a dog.

2. When this spotted dog shall have counted his own hairs, only then may he fly at me barking.—If this spotted dog can thread and hang on each hair an 80 lb. weight, and fly at me with barks, only then may he fly at me with barks.

To bewitch a person.

3. As the cold earth lies heavy, so may also Vasili's body become heavy!—As a great stone lies heavy on the ground, may Vasili's body, becoming heavy, also lie!

[1] Paasonen, (3) No. 1*b*, 2 *b c d*, 3, 5*a*, 7, 10, 11, 12, 14.

To give relief in sickness.

4. As a feather lies, so may Vasili's body become light! —As a hops flower lies, so may Vasili's body become lighter and set itself in motion!—As an owl with puffed-up feathers lies, so also may Vasili's body stand forth swelling (with health).

To gain abundance of corn.

5. As (the wind) brings snow in heaps and deposits it at the barn, so may (it) deposit corn in heaps. As ants bring their ant-heaps near here, so also may corn be brought near here!—As the sun, after making the circuit of the sky and reaching its place, stays there, so also let the corn come and stay.—When a stone melts, only then may (the corn) come to an end![1]

Against hoarseness.

6. The morning sun rises and approaches; if he (the sorcerer), stroking the sunrise with both hands, can lick it with his tongue and push it back in the winking of an eye, only then may he bewitch and throw spells upon me.

Against a snake's glance, i.e. *swelling of the fingers.*

7. Whenever the 'snake's glance,' chancing to be on the point of a sharp steel sword, can jump about; only then at that very instant may it seize me by the finger.

To staunch a flow of blood.

8. When he (the bewitcher), by cutting with a sickle the red blood of the red earth, can cause it to flow in an instant; only then may my blood flow!

[1] Porkka, pp. 96-99, No. 1, 2, 3, 5, 7.

As the red of dawn melts away, so may it (the evil) melt away.

Against colic in horses.

9. From the gold blast-furnace issues the mass of gold throwing off sparks with a crackling noise. If the Colic with a golden ladle can lay it on (his own) bare heart and bare liver, and with patient endurance can quietly take a seat, only then, at that very moment, may it attack the horse.

Against burns.

10. Fire, like a dry tree-stump in flames, comes rolling this way; whenever it can rush into the river Ut, can char the river Ut, reduce it to ashes, swallow and drink it up; only then, at that very moment, may burns overwhelm me.

11. As butter melts, as honey melts, as the morning mist melts away, as the morning hoar-frost melts away, so may they (the burns) melt away in an instant.

Against an illness inflicted by the Russians.

12. When it is possible for a man to bring forty-one paths on forty-one hills to one place and tie them in one knot; only then may he bewitch and throw spells upon me.

Against snake-bite.

13. On the top of a high hill is a golden trough, in the golden trough is a golden cup, in the golden cup is a silk skein; when a snake can in a moment rush in there, bite, seize, devour, and swallow it up, only then may he be able to bite me!

When a long deceased person causes a child to pine away.

14. Whenever it is possible to twist a cord out of one's own gut, to make a ladder of one's own ribs, to ascend to the great God, to enter through the golden portal, and dashing (him) to pieces to eat up and drink up the son of the mother of the great God, the child rocking in its cradle, without saying, 'Dear me!' only then may he devour my wee bairnie.[1]

Votiak Charms.

Against bewitchment.

1. When you can support with your forehead the ball of the prophet Elias, then may you be able to damage me!

When you have laid your children in the treasure-vault of the emperor, and so filled it, then may, etc.

When you have made bread of the claws of the black cat and eaten it, then, etc.

When you have given a name to the nameless finger (*i.e.* the ring finger), then, etc.

2. When he (the sorcerer) can damage the fish at the bottom of seventy seas, then may he, etc.

When he can give a contrary direction for a minute to all the rotating mill-wheels of this world, then, etc.

When he can damage a ship's anchor, then, etc.

When he can damage the eyes of seventy different kinds of fish, then, etc.

Against evil eye.

3. When the bow made from an eyelash is shot with and hits the mark, then let him bewitch this man with his eyes!

[1] Genetz, (2) pp. 142-147, No. 1-3, 5-8, 11.

4. Is it a green eye that has thrown the glance? Is it a black eye that has thrown the glance?

If they can dry up with an evil glance that lasts a minute the needles of a fir that grows in the forest, then may they also dry up this man with a glance!

5. When the evil glance hits the moon, then let the evil glance strike this man also.

To turn a person's senses.

6. As the moon rolling along leaves its mother, and as he returns to her, so also may this man turn to me!

7. As the needles of a fir growing in the forest touch each other, so also let this man meet me!

As a man's head turns towards the Emperor, so let the head of this person turn towards me!

Spell to damage the farmyard.

8. When you have spat on a kopek piece, you throw it into the farmyard of the enemy, saying:

'For this man, let there remain a place no bigger than this kopek!'

Then you spit on a piece of silver money, and throw it in with the same words.

Counter spell to the above.

9. When he can make into a plough the kopek thrown in with an incantation, and when he, after ploughing, (can get enough grain) to fill the stomach, then may he be able to damage this house!

Against incendiary fires.

10. When he can set on fire an anchor lying at the bottom of the sea, then may he be able to set on fire (my house, for example)!

When he can ignite the sand lying at the bottom of a river, then, etc.

When he in one minute burns the world into a mountain (of ashes), and makes it again as it was, then, etc.

When he sets on fire the water of the mill-sluice in spring, then, etc.

Against bleeding.

11. When blood flows from the broken-off edge of a golden knife, then may the blood (of this man) flow!

When the blood, etc., of a silver knife, etc.

When the blood, etc., of a copper knife, etc.

When the blood, etc., of a steel knife, etc.

Against swellings.

12. When a swelling forms on the tip of a snake's sting, then let a swelling form on this (man).

When a swelling forms on the tip of the horn of a one-year-old sheep, then, etc.

When a swelling forms on a lizard, etc.

When a swelling forms on a wasp, etc.

Along the three roads by which it came, may it also retire!

13. If he, after making a golden ladder, can climb in a minute to heaven, then let the swelling form!

If he, after making a silver ladder, etc.

If he, after making a copper ladder, etc.

Against stomach-ache.

14. When the heart of a pine-tree is attacked by stomach-ache, then may the stomach-ache attack this man!

When the heart of a birch, etc.

When the heart of a fir, etc.

When the heart of a Siberian pine, etc.

When the heart of a maple, etc.

When the heart of an elm, etc.

When the anchor lying at the bottom of a ship, etc.

Against the skin disease called 'mushroom.'

15. When on the bottom of the ladle 'mushroom' forms, then let the 'mushroom' attack this man!

When at the bottom of a pot the 'mushroom,' etc.

When on an anvil, etc.

When fishing.

16. When the fish hears the sound of carding the wool of the dead, then let the fish notice the fish-traps which I have set.

When the fish sees the shadow of a dead man, then, etc.

When the fish sees the cross on the church, then, etc.

When the fish sees the ashes thrown out of the bath-house, etc.

As water turns according to the direction of the current of the sluice, so let (the fish also) return and enter the fish-traps!

As the sun returns, so, etc.

As the moon returning from its mother comes, so, etc.

Against bewitchment.

17. When you kill your own dear children, then damage this man!

I tread on seventy-seven devils and put them under my feet; seventy-seven stars are above my head: when you damage (by spells) all these, then, etc.

When you reverse the twelve thunderbolts, then, etc.

Otherwise I give this man nothing.

Against the evil eye.

18. After you have fetched sand from the bottom of seventy-seven seas and twisted it into a cord, when you succeed in climbing up to the sky, then may the evil eye fall on this man!

Against calumny.

19. When you can keep this world in darkness, then may your tongue calumniate this man!

When you can make the navel of the earth bloody, then, etc.

Against stomach-ache.

20. When you can keep seventy-seven vapour-bath-rooms hot, then, Stomach-ache, attack this man!

Against dropsy.

21. When you engender a seed of sickness on the point of a needle made of the best steel, on the blade of a steel axe, then let it also be formed in this man!

Against rupture.

22. If you succeed in living after you have ruptured seventy-seven anvils, then attack this man also!

If you succeed in letting yourself down into the opening of the stove, then, etc.

Against a disease in horses.

23. If you succeed in seizing the wooden club, the stick with which the fir is knocked, seize this horse!

If you succeed in seizing the staff of 'the producer of cold,' then, etc.

Against any sort of illness.

24. I do not give (the sick man) 'to the evil one,' though he is bewitched.

When you succeed in eating a white-hot stone, then eat up this sick person!

If you succeed in eating red-hot steel, thunderbolts, then, etc.

If you succeed in travelling with jokes and laughter after you have mended the badly-broken pole and the badly-smashed worm for distilling brandy, and united the ends; after you have made a black bear into a horse for yourself and harnessed it in front; after you have made a black snake into a whip and taken it in your hand, then, etc.

25. In the sky is the 'pillar of the sky.' If you know the measure and length of this sky pillar, then rove about eating and drinking with twelve evil spirits (*ihir*), twelve devils, twelve stomach-aches, twelve agues! Otherwise I will not give up this sick man!

If you divert from their course the full sun and the full moon, if you know the number and measure of the stars of heaven, if you can squeeze them in your fist, then rove about eating this man![1]

Lettish Charms.

Against cough.

1. Cough! get out! (N.'s) cough, don't scratch (N.'s) body! Cough! get out! (N.'s) cough, don't scratch the bones! (N.'s) cough, don't scratch the heart! Go along the sea, scratch the stones of the sea, scratch the sea-sand; they are more savoury than (N.'s) body! Don't come into

[1] Wichman, (3) pp. 170-192.

the house, for dogs and cats will tear thee to pieces, dogs and cats will rend thee in pieces.

Against stitch in the side.

2. Cease, 'Fire,' from tearing, from pricking, 'wild fire'! go through the earth! Cease from tearing, from pricking, 'wild fire'! go pricking through the earth! Remain still, like a quiet fellow, in the name of the Father, etc.

3. In the sea there is a four-cornered white post—it is hacked into fine, very fine, pieces. God the Father . . . Amen. (Repeat thrice.)

4. The stitch pricks—I am in agony! Let three Pērkoni (lightnings) strike it! ✠ The stitch pricks—I am in agony! Let nine Pērkoni strike him! ✠ The stitch pricks—I am in agony! Let three times nine Pērkoni strike him! ✠

As many crosses are to be made as the number of Pērkoni mentioned.

Against stomach-ache.

5. Three balls of thread roll over a high hill—one is red, the second black, the third white. Roll, roll, I shall surely wind you up—first the red, then the black, then the white one. (Repeat thrice.) Our Father which art, etc.

Against pains in the bones and muscles.

6. I took a pine-splinter—I stabbed the devil. A black dog ran past—it bit off the pain; a black cat ran past—it bit through the pain; a hare ran past—it bit through the pain.

Against flux.

7. Flee, flee, Flux! I shall try to catch you, I shall overtake you, I shall catch you, I shall strike you, I shall whip you, I shall tear you to pieces with an iron harrow!

8. Stand up, Flux! stand up, Flux! I shall cure you. Icy flux! I shall cure you; cold Flux! I shall cure you; hot Flux! I shall cure you; pricking Flux, running Flux, pricking Flux! I shall cure you. I shall draw you through nine beds, through nine doors, through nine fallow fields; I shall draw thee through nine unused fields, I shall bind you to a creaking aspen. There you shall lie, there you shall creak, there you will no more disturb people's health.

Against fever.

9. Ice in the well, ice in the ditch, hot water behind the threshold; mutton is boiling in the kettle, icy wood is below it. A blue goat is lying on a stubble-field with its feet stretched out. Go away to hell, go away to hell with all the pains! A red maiden is wading through the sea with a white staff in her hand.

10. Go out, you flabby Fever, to the bridge of the great river; look down at the river. On the river five red maidens are dancing on pieces of ice—you are looking in that direction, remain there! The maidens disappear, the pieces of ice melt, the flabby fever vanishes. God the Father . . .

Against skin disease called 'holy virgins.'

11. Look, where blue smoke is rising from the foundation of the vapour-bath house, there is a tiny man with a black cap on his head; look, where blue smoke is ascending from the foundation of the bath-house, there is a little black man with a black cap on his head; look, where blue smoke is ascending from the foundation of the bath-house, there is a little black man with a black cap on his head.

12. A little, little virgin who scourges the children; five

maidens in the sea are spinning a silk thread; a green, a blue fire (appears) through the foundations of the bath-house. Quit, holy Virgin, the body (of N.)! Go into the deep sea, upon the sail of a large boat, on the broken boat of a Lauma (=witch).

13. Flee, flee, holy virgins! I shall chase you, I shall overtake you, I shall catch you, I shall whip you, I shall beat you; to me belongs the dwelling-room, the table, the bed, and the cradle.

14. Three virgins in white stockings and black shoes wade through the sea; they find an (ignited) lime-tree stump; they spit on it, extinguish it, and it becomes as black as it was; with God's help it heals.

15. Three virgins come to my hands: one has red shoes, red socks, a red mantle, a red brooch, red gloves, and red kerchief; the second had a yellow mantle, yellow brooch, yellow kerchief, yellow gloves, yellow shoes, and a yellow apron; the third had a white mantle, white brooch, white kerchief, white shoes, and white socks. Away, away, away from my hands! (Repeat thrice.) Our Father, etc.

Against a stye in the eye.

16. A red cart, red horse, red driver, red whip, a red dog runs from behind. Disappear like the waning moon, like an old fuzz-ball! (Repeat thrice.)

Against toothache.

17. (N.), it is not thy teeth, but the maiden's, that give pain. Let her take the painful tooth, creep into 3×9 mole-holes and bury the 3×9 pains in God's deep earth! It will restore to health, it will do you no harm. God of the earth, close up thine earth; let that which is hidden,

sleep; that which is hidden, rot; that which rots, disappear; what disappears cannot return! Amen, besides let God the Father . . . help. Our Father, which . . .

Against bleeding.

18. Three red virgins are making a blood-dam. Pērkons rumbles, launches lightning, and closes up the blood-dam.

19. Three red virgins run upon the sea, naked with their clothes off; three bricks: one is red, one black, one white. No swelling, no pain, no bleeding! In the name, etc.

20. Five virgins wade through a sea of blood,—wade and bind, wade and bind, wade and bind. A copper dam, a steel sluice, veins like strings, a stone lies before them!

21. Three times nine virgins wade through a sea of blood; the further they wade, the drier (it gets); the further they wade, the drier (it gets).

22. I travel by day, I travel by night—over high hills, through deep valleys; the hills collide, the valleys fill up. Let it (the blood) become as hard as iron, as steel!

23. A black raven flies through the air, blood trickles; then the great Mār'a (=Maria, a goddess of luck) ran up and arrested the raging stream.

24. A black raven flies through the air, blood trickles. Take, Mār'ina, a golden besom and sweep up the blood of the black raven.

25. The black snake flew through the air, spilling black blood—spilling black blood, biting the slender nettles. The swamps are full of black birches, the fields are full of the bones of fallen cattle; the sea is full of ice-heaps, the fields are full of ploughmen! Collect, O sea, your ice—dear mother, your ploughmen!

26. The alder grows in the forest, the alder grows in the

forest; from the alder flows blood, from the alder flows blood. Let the blood of the alder be as hard as stone—through Jesus Christ.

27. Associate with the brown stone, with the black alder; by doing so no blood will flow!

Against burns.

28. Three holy virgins sit behind the fire, a sheep's head is cooking above them; alder-wood, lime-wood. Let the wounds become as soft as lime-wood.

29. A red cock is running round the fire. Take, dear Mär'a, a besom, set to work and sprinkle, set to work and sprinkle, thereby let the evil disappear like a spark.

30. An old woman ascended the hill, smoking an oaken pipe; old crows extinguished the coals, the raven plied the bellows.

Against snakes.

31. A little old man goes through the swamp; he has a copper belt round his waist and a steel tube in his hand. Flee, adders! flee, adders! They will cut you in two crossways with the steel, they will hew you into nine pieces.

32. Don't sleep in the feather-grass, in the feather-grass, in the feather-grass! Swamps and forests belong to you, the broad fatherland to me. You ought to avoid the shadow of man, the ox-yoke, the handles of the plough, the shadow of cattle! You have as many sins as the stars of heaven; as many sins as the pebbles in the sea.

33. The snake goes through the feather-grass with a white bar on its back; it has the bar, I have a feather-grass. Let the (bitten) place become as soft as feather-grass.

34. Big snake, little snake! sleep in the vine-bush, don't

bite the cattle or the little children; bite the brown stone —it does not grow, it will not swell up, it will not rot.

35. Vipu, vapu (these words are supposed to characterise a serpentine movement), 'creeper through moss,' 'fat sausage,' 'smooth slimy skin,' 'variegated garter,' 'ant's shadow,' 'leash' in the heat of the sun.

36. Three adders have crept into a fine dense thicket: one is white, another variegated, the third brown. Open, copper gate! that all may crawl through.

37. The 'toothless' lies in the willow thicket. 'Toothless!' come out of the willow thicket. Let the pain rot like a willow leaf! Let the swelling subside like a heap of wool!

Against sprains.

38. A billy-goat jumps over the fence, encounters an old harrow,—upsets it,—let flesh turn towards flesh, let bone press against bone, let health turn towards health; the ailment falls on the field as an old harrow falls to pieces.

39. Bone to bone, soft part to soft part, sinew to sinew, and red blood through the middle.

40. An old man walks along the street, leads by the hand a white mare, crosses hills, crosses valleys—the hills break, the valleys break, oaks break, steel breaks. The hills collide, the valleys collide; iron melts, the steel melts; become as level as the floor. No groan, no moan, no swelling;—become as well as it was.

Against tumours, buboes.

41. I hew a willow, I hew a willow, I hew a willow—the lime-tree shot forth between the roots of the oak. Let this man's body revive like the lime leaves, let the swelling of dropsy vanish; stone (is its) name.

Against swellings.

42. Thrice nine red waggons are passing along the street, thrice nine horses run before them, thrice nine drivers are in front; red caps, red clothes, red whips, red gloves, red cord. They let their whips crack, they let the swelling, the bulging, altogether disappear,—that suppresses (N.'s) malady, that suppresses (N.'s) malady.

43. Thrice nine Pērkoni emerge from the sea with thrice nine iron arrows—they dash the swelling under a stone,—the man remains in his former state of health.

44. A black man sits on the stump of a lime-tree, (he has) an ash besom: dip in and sprinkle, dip in and sprinkle, dip in and sprinkle that the swelling may be suffocated. Amen.

Against boils, abscesses.

45. An old man is walking along the sea with a steel sword in his hand; he cuts the boils in two. The boil runs into the deep sea, into the deep sea-sand, into the deep sea-gravel;—there you must spin, there you must twist.

46. The boil is spinning between the door: there it spins, there it twists. Hurry into the forest to the thickly-ramified willow-bush—there you must spin, there must you twist; your grandfathers are there, your grandmothers are there,—there you must spin, there must twist. God the Father . . .

47. The little old mother sits on the hill with a little basket in her hand; in it is a ball of yarn; the ball unwinds, the boil discharges itself, vanishes, passes into dust like a fuzz-ball.

48. The little old mother sits on the hill with a ball of thread in her bosom, a little dog is at her side; the ball

rolls to the bottom, the little dog retrieves it. These are the words against boils that are appropriate for (N.). A little white stone in the sea, a little white stone in the sea, a diamond knitting-needle in the middle. Make haste (N.), exert yourself quickly to receive your health.

49. I am a woman of iron, I have a tongue of steel: I split the boil into nine pieces like an old mill-stone. Let it vanish, let it turn to dust like an old fuzz-ball! In the name of Jesus—all is well (again).

50. Boil, boil, howling boil! howl like a dog, coo like an egg (*sic*), burst like an egg, like a barley-corn.

51. 'Rotten birch-bark,' 'rotten birch-rind,' 'rotten birch-leaf'!—without end, without end.

Against erysipelas.

52. A woman sits at the foot of the hill with thrice nine balls of string in her little basket. The ball rolls, the hills break and roll down. A woman sits at the foot of the hill with thrice nine balls of thread in her little basket: a black ball, blue ball, speckled ball, red ball, white ball. Let the balls roll, the hills break and roll down. Become as soft as a fuzz-ball (repeat twenty-seven times). God the Father . . .

53. The blue erysipelas, the white erysipelas, the red erysipelas, vanish and disappear like the morning frost, like the waning moon, like the shadow of the sun.

Against caries of the bone.

54. Kindle, sun and moon! and let the evil die of hunger. And you, bright stars! come to help. (This must be repeated twenty-seven times over fine tobacco mixed with honey.)

Against cramp.

55. A black billy-goat cooks beef, lights a fire of ice; a black man stays in the house, he wishes to contend with me. Go to the sea, in the sea are two posts of ice; you can contend with these! God the Father . . .

At childbirth.

56. 'Wanderer,' 'wanderer,' stand up, seat yourself in the cart, take the reins in your hands and drive home! Hasten, hasten to open the 'gate'; now nobles are driving along, like fish in the Dvina.

57. Shoot forth, 'green pike'! from the 'lake'—gentry are travelling, gentry are travelling—the 'golden sails' belly out. Our Father, which art . . .

Against convulsions in children.

58. The devil's mother and the devil's father drove to church in a large waggon with black horses; three servants with thrice nine arrows issue from the sea, and meet them at the cross roads. There they will shoot thee, there thou wilt vanish, and turn to dust like an old fuzz-ball, like the old moon! God the Father . . .

59. An old master and an old woman in climbing hills get tired. So let (N.) tire the evil that plagues him (the child), that tortures him, that gives him convulsions, that tears him.

60. The evil one breaks a rod. I weep at side of the road; hew the pine, strike the fir; don't strike (N.); (N.) is is given by God, begotten of God. God the Father . . .

61. Black men with iron teeth wished to bite (N.); all the small stones of the sea came to help (N.).

62. A black man walks along the street, he carries in his hand a black cat. It was no black man, it was the merciful God himself. Lord Jesus Christ help me. In the name . . .

63. A black man and a black horse are standing in the willow thicket; he has an iron cap, an iron shirt, and iron boots. The black man vanishes, the black horse vanishes, the willow thicket vanishes. In the name . . .

64. A tiny little dog runs about day and night, barking and protecting my cradle and my bairnie. God the Father . . .

65. Four table-legs, four table-corners, four corners of the room; three magpies; one black magpie, one parti-coloured magpie, one green magpie; three black whelps, three black kittens, watch my little child. God the Father . . .

Against all sorts of evil.

66. An iron pig creeps through a hay-cock. You have crept in there, remain there! Iron men! take iron forks and cast it (the pig) out. Lord Jesus Christ, thou and thy Mother protect me! Our Father . . . (thrice).

67. Go away to the sea, gnaw the white flint stones in the sea, don't gnaw my body! Let all evils disappear like mist, like smoke, like the morning frost in the sun, like the waning moon! Let my good health beam like the sun in the sky!

68. The black cock is sitting on the willow bush, the mother of the devil (*Jods*) is coming with swords and pistols; there they will shoot thee down, there thou wilt disappear. Hew into the pine, hew into the fir, don't hew into the oak. God the Father . . .

Charms relating to cow's milk.

69. (If the milk has been bewitched, one says:) Black men were mowing hay on an island in the sea, with pitchy caps on their heads, and dressed in coats of plaited withes.

70. A hen is running to the stall with nine chicks; kind Mär'a went behind with nine milk-pails. Three springs flow into the sea; may they all flow into the udder of my cows. One-armed fellow, one-armed fellow! stand at the cross-way and look out for who comes by, who comes by, who runs by. One-armed fellow, one-armed fellow! look out for who comes, who runs by, the witches and the sorceresses.

71. Fly, witch, obliquely through the air, don't enter my farmyard. My farmyard is tipped with iron, the rafters are made of scythes, the rafters are made of scythes, the roofs are studded with needles, trimmed with scythes, stuck with needles.[1]

GREAT RUSSIAN EXORCISMS.

A love-spell.

1. I the servant of God (N.) begin, I shall go from door to door, from the door to the gate, to the eastern side of the sea-ocean. In this sea lies an island; on this island stands a post; on this post sit seventy-seven brothers. They forge steel arrows day and night. I shall address them in a whisper: 'Give me, ye seventy-seven brothers, the arrow that is hottest and lightest.'

I shall shoot that arrow at the servant of God, the girl (N.) in the left teat, lungs, and liver, that she shall lament

[1] Kobert, pp. 242-277.

and weary (for me) by day, at night and at midnight, and shall not dispel the feeling by eating and drinking.

I lock with a strong lock and (throw) the key into the water.—*From the Government of Perm.*

Against toothache.

2. Near a path, near a wood, stands a tree, under the tree lies a dead body; St. Antipi goes past the corpse and says: 'Why, corpse, dost thou lie down? do not thy teeth ache, do not thy ribs pain thee, do not worms gnaw thee, art thou not bleeding?'

'They do not pain me.'

'Become, ye teeth, insensible to pain in the servant of God (N.), like those in the dead body; O God, ratify it (with a ratification) stronger than a stone.'—*From the Government of Vorónež.*

3. The moon is in the sky, a bear in a forest, a corpse in a coffin; when these three brothers come together, then let the servant's (N.) teeth ache.'—*From Vorónež.*

4. The new moon is in the sky, a grey horse is in a field, a pike is in the sea; when these three meet, then let my teeth part company.—*From Vorónež.*

5. Go to a rowan-tree and gnaw it a little several times, repeating: 'Rowan-tree, Rowan-tree! cure my teeth! If thou wilt not cure them I will gnaw thee all over.'—*From the Government of Kaluga.*

Against gripes.

6. The wizard circles round the place where the gripes are felt with a whetstone and makes a cross over the place with a table-knife while praying, and crosses himself thrice: I cut, I cut off, I hew, I hew in half, I cut, I split the

gripes with a sharp knife. As a whetstone is worn down by steeled iron, by steel, by iron, so let the inborn gripes in the white bone, in the dark flesh, in the white body, wear down and wither for ever and ever.

Afterwards they wash the knife with water and give it to the patient to drink, or with it they wash the sore place. —*From Pri-Argunsk in the Transbaikal Province.*

Against scrofula.

7. To be spoken over water and salt.

Thou must not remain here, thou must not live here; thou must remain in swamps, on rotten trunks, behind dark forests, steep mountains, and yellow sands. There thou must remain, there must live.—*From Voronež.*

8. To be said thrice over the oil with which the sore place is rubbed.

I begin by blessing myself, crossing myself, I shall go from door to door into an open field. In the open field flow three rivers: the first Varvareya, the second Nastaseya, the third Paraskoveya. These rivers wash stumps, roots, white stones, and steep mountains, and yellow sand. So let them wash the horrid red redness, the scrofulous scrofula, in the servant of God (N.). O horrid red redness, roll, tumble out of his bones and marrow, from the white body, from the hot blood, so that it shall not pain nor pinch by day or night, for an hour, half an hour, a minute, half a minute, for ever. Amen.—*Parish of Turensk, Valdai district, Government of Novgorod.*

Against fever and ague.

9. I the servant of God (N.) begin by blessing myself and crossing myself. I shall go to the blue sea. On the blue sea

lies a white inflammable stone; on this stone stands God's throne; on this throne sits the very holy Mother, holding in her small white hands a white swan. She plucks, she pulls out of the swan a white feather. Just as the white feather jumped and leaped back, so jump and leap back, sever from the servant of God (N.), ye inborn fevers and inborn heat from the poor raging head, the bright eyes, the dark brows, the white body, the warm heart, the black liver, the white lungs, and from the poor hands and feet.

If it came from the wind, let it go back to the wind; if it came from the water, let it go back to the water; if it came from the forest, to the forest let it return henceforth and for ever.—*From Pri-Argunsk, Transbaikal Province.*

Against hernia.

10. In an open field stands a moist oak; in the moist oak is an iron man. And this iron man cannot be given to drink or be fed with bread or salt or any fruit, but they have to feed this iron man with the hernia from the heart of a living man, with hernia from under the breast, with hernia from the navel. Also, in the blue sea ocean is a white stone, and from this white stone issues a pretty girl, who advances to the servant of God (N.) and takes from the servant of God the hernia in his navel, the hernia in his heart, the hernia in his breast, and lays it on a silk ribbon, and takes it down to the moist oak, to the iron man. This iron man eats up and devours the hernia from the heart of this servant of God, the hernia from under his breast, the hernia from his navel, and then the iron man becomes satiated. — *From eighteenth-century documents of the Secret Chancery.*

11. To be repeated thrice, and each time the sore place is to be bitten:

O hernia, hernia, thou hernia that growest in a pine forest, gnaw, hernia! stumps, roots, and rough stones. Go for a walk, hernia, in an open field; there thou canst walk at pleasure, there amuse thyself away from the servant (N.) of God for ever and ever.—*From Turensk, Valdai district, Government of Novgorod.*

Against an abscess or boil.

12. Draw the middle finger of the right hand round a knot in the woodwork of the door or window-post and repeat:

As a knot dries and withers up, so let the abscess dry and wither up. As no fire comes from the finger, so let no nodule (come) from the boil.—*Čerlinsk, Government of Perm.*

Against bleeding.

13. On the sea Kiyan, on the island of Buyana, on a high stone stands a tomb; in the tomb lies a pretty girl. Rise and get up, pretty girl! take a sewing-needle, thread it with a silk thread, and sew up the bleeding wound. Amen (thrice).—*From Alatirsk, Government of Simbirsk.*

14. On the sea Okiyan, on the island of Buyana, stands a small room; in the small room are three girls. The first keeps needles, the second girl makes thread, and the third sews up a bloody wound. Horse! thou art chestnut; Blood! do not gush. Horse! thou art brown; Blood! do not drip.—*From Government of Tula.*

15. On the sea-ocean is the oceanic Tsar; under him is a brown horse. Blood! don't drip up to this day and hour, till it is with my agreement and decree, for ever and

ever. Amen. — *From district of Valdai, Government of Novgorod.*

Against snake-bite.

16. To be said thrice over damp aspen bark, which is then rubbed on the wound.

From the sea, from behind a hill, from a white stone issued a broad feathered snake, and brought three iron pincers and took out the sting of a black snake, of a little striped snake, of a copper snake, of a blind-worm.—*Government of Tula.*

17. Make a circle round the wound with the finger moistened with spittle and say:

Fierce snake! thy house is in a cave, the servant (N.) of God is in a village. Fierce snake! for thee it is a long way to the sea, and for the servant of God (N.) it is high to the sky. Fierce snake! thou hast a glowing coal in thy teeth and the servant of God has a white body. Do not pain, do not swell, henceforth and for ever.—*From the Government of Tula.*

Against worms, grubs.

18. Saddles rattle, bits jingle, let the grub ride into empty sacks for hops, for light goods, and fly across the sea. There grubs are holding a wedding; a lamb, a barren cow, are being roasted; there is a fire for grubs there, burning brimstone and boiling tar; run away, grubs, from here across the sea!— *From a seventeenth-century MS., Government of Perm.*

Against a tired back.

19. A woman going out for the first time in harvest cuts the first handful of rye and girds herself with it, saying:

As Mother Rye stood for a year and did not get tired, so let my back not get tired from reaping.—*Government of Vologda.*

Hunting spells.

20. A white hare runs, (it is) like white ice. On one side stands the prophet Ilya with twelve servants: 'Servants, faithful servants, I lay upon you no heavy task! take each of you an iron switch and drive together from the Kama and the Volga, from the open field, from a wide comfortable place, from hillocks and hills into the trap set by (N.).'—*From the district of Tigrits in the Altai, in the Province of Transbaikal.*

Fishing.

21. When baiting a hook, say:

The fish is fresh, the bait is fat; nibble and bite and pull it to the bottom.—*Government of Archangel.*

22. Repeat thrice:

Fish, little fish! enter the mother net, the wide 'pair of drawers.'—*From South Siberia.*

On presenting a petition.

23. Before actually entering the house you must catch hold of the handle of the door three times and say:

'As the handle of this door speaks, so let (N.) speak against me.'

After entering suddenly look up and think or say:

'I am a wolf, thou art a lamb; I shall eat thee up, I shall swallow thee up, be afraid of me.'—*From district of Yenisei.*[1]

[1] Maikov, No. 21, 65, 75, 77, 80, 88, 94, 95, 97, 124, 125, 134, 143, 151, 160, 186, 187, 202, 280, 322, 323, 353.

Post-Classical Charms.

Against gout.

1. *Fuge, fuge, podagra et omnis nervorum dolor de pedibus meis et omnibus membris meis.* Or, if the charm is recited over another person, you say: '*illius quem peperit illa.*'

2. φύγε ποδάγρα, Περσεύς σε διώκει.

Against a stye in the eye.

3. φεῦγε φεῦγε, κρείων (l. κριθή) σε διώκει.

Transference of a disease.

4. Let loose a green lizard, saying: *ecce dimitto te vivam; vide, ut ego quemcunque hinc tetigero, epar non doleat.*

5. Pluck some of the fur from the belly of a live hare, and release it, saying: *fuge, fuge, lepuscule, et tecum aufer coli dolorem.*

To improve the digestion.

6. Lie down and rub your stomach, while thrice repeating: *Lupus ibat per viam, per semitam, cruda vorabat, liquida bibebat.*

At the period of menstruation.

7. *Herbula Proserpinacia, Horci regis filia, quomodo clausisti muli partum, sic claudas et undam sanguinis hujus.*

Against toothache.

8. When you see the first swallow, without speaking you approach clear water and put some in your mouth; then with the middle finger of either hand you rub your teeth and say: *Hirundo tibi dico, quomodo hoc (sc. aqua) in rostro iterum non erit, sic mihi dentes non doleant toto anno.*

Against stomach-ache.

9. *Tres scrofæ de cælo ceciderunt, invenit eas pastor, occidit eas sine ferro, coxit eas . . . sine dentibus. Bene coxisti, bene coxisti, bene coxisti.*

10. *Corce corcedo stagne, pastores te invenerunt, sine manibus collegerunt, sine foco coxerunt, sine dentibus comederunt. Tres virgines in medio mari mensam marmoream positam habebant; duæ torquebant, una retorquebat. Quomodo hoc numquam factum est, sic numquam sciat illa Gaia Seia corci dolorem.*

11. Rub the stomach with the left thumb and both little fingers, spit, and say thrice: *Stabat arbor in medio mare et ibi pendebat situla plena intestinorum, tres virgines circumibant, duæ alligabant, una resolvebat.*[1]

Against bleeding.

12. *Stulta femina super fontem [montem?] sedebat*
Et stultum infantem in sinu tenebat,
Siccant montes, siccant valles,
Siccant venæ, vel quæ de sanguine sunt plenæ.[1]

Swedish Charms.

Against a swelling.

1. Stroke the sore place from right to left with a whetstone, a brush, and wool-scissors. At every stroking spit on the ground and say:

Good-morning (good-evening), swelling! If you were as big as a clock-tower you shall become as small as a grain of mustard. You shall wither away and become nothing. In the name, etc.

[1] Heim, No. 42, 58, 59, 71, 72, 84, 91, 99, 100, 107, 111.

To stupefy the judge.

2. Look at him between your fingers and repeat:

I look through my fingers, and I turn your fancy from all other men to me. And my utterance shall be your utterance, and my teeth shall bind your teeth. In the name, etc.

To stop bleeding.

3. I shall bind this blood with my ten fingers. In the name, etc.

4. You shall stand as the man that stood in the gateway of hell. By the three holy names, etc.

5. Get on a stone lying fast in the earth, and repeat thrice against the sun:

Stand still, you blood! as Jordan's flood, when our Saviour let himself be baptized. In the name, etc.

Against stitch and pleurisy.

6. Hold hard! by force, as Christ let himself be born. Let no stitch hold you, no pleurisy sting you, in the name of the Holy Trinity. Amen.

Against snake-bite.

7. Gub, Guh, Gub under the fir-tree's root stung our Lord Jesus in his foot. He that had stung burst, but not He that was injured. By the three holy names, etc.

When an animal has received an 'elfshot.'

8. A sorcerer (*trollkarl*) went to the forest to shoot. Our Lord Christ met him, and said: 'Whither goest thou?' He answered: 'I shall go to the forest to shoot; I shall shoot people, and I shall shoot beasts, whatsoever

is in front (of me).' Said He: 'I forbid thee that; thou shalt shoot stocks and earth-fast stones.' *In nomine*, etc.

Against pain in the head.

9. The Virgin Mary and her maidens went down to the shore; there they saw brains floating. They waded out and took them, and put them in the brain and brain-pan, with God's grace.

Against whitlow.

10. Our Lord went forth on his way; the whitlow met him. 'Where are you going?' said our Lord. 'I mean to go to a man to break bone and to cause pain.' 'No,' said our Lord, 'you shall not work harm even on an earth-fast stone.'[1]

The Structure of the Magic Songs.

The Magic Songs and Charms are built up or composed of various simple cells, or elements, each containing an idea which can be compressed into a single sentence. The number of these simple elements, when stated in the most general and comprehensive terms, amounts to about seventy-five, though it will be sufficient to enumerate the limited number of ten.

1. The exorcist or reciter of the song invokes or desires the help of a stronger power, or invokes the aid of a helper; this last may be an animal or an inanimate object.

2. The spirit of disease, or whatever harm the exorcist or the reciter has to counteract, is told what to do, or the helper is told what to do.

Each of these themes occurs over 260 times; with hardly

[1] Hyltén-Cavallius, vol. i. pp. 412-416, Suppl. ix., x.

an exception, all the prayers or invocations for aid from a kindly helper, from § 114 to § 182, contain these two ideas alone, though worked out in a great variety of phraseology. In fact, they are the simplest and most natural forms of incantation, merely amounting to the invocation of a friendly helper and telling him what to do. In the Mordvin, Lettish, and Russian examples we also find the invocation of helpers, and with the two latter peoples the spirit of disease or other harm-doer is instructed how to act.

3. The origin or genealogy of the disease or cause of harm is described, or its early state mentioned, *e.g.* § 183 to § 233. This occurs 150 times, and is also found in Esthonian charms, which greatly resemble those of the Finlanders, but not elsewhere, so far as I know. Yet the string of abusive and contemptuous epithets, followed by no further remarks, such as the Lettish charms 35, 51, might be taken to represent the sort of germ from which the 'origins,' from one point of view at least, came gradually into use.

4. The exorcist, or speaker, relates a short story or fact, the incidents of which are appropriate, and have reference to what he wishes to do or to obtain. There are fifty-five examples of this in the Magic Songs, *e.g.* 2 *d*, *f*, 8 *c*, *d*, 10 *a–d*, 12 *c*, 21 *a*, etc.; five in the Mordvin charms; four in the Swedish; six in the Post-Classical; ten in the Russian; and no less than 35 or 50 per cent. in the Lettish charms. The recitation of the story was itself sufficient for the purpose of banishing the evil, *e.g.* 2 *f*, 10 *b–d*, etc.; Mordvin 3–5; Swedish 7–10; Post-Classical 6, 9–11; Russian 1, 2, 8, 9, etc.; Lettish 5, 6, 11, etc.;—though sometimes it was followed by a wish, a curse, or some other formula. In seven instances mentioned above,

vol. i. 358, stories are cited as a precedent why a similar result to that in the stories should again occur. As the recitation of an anecdote, which is sometimes reduced to a couple of sentences, is a very indirect way of exorcising, especially when it is purposely composed of *impossible* incidents, with the intention that they should react on the disease or injury, and render it *impossible*, we have good reason to suppose that it is not an original Finnish element. The frequency of this method of procedure among the Letts is remarkable, and it is from them the Finns have probably borrowed the usage; the Mordvins may have taken the idea from the Russians.

5. The exorcist, or other speaker, orders, advises, or hints to the spirit of disease, or cause of pain, to remove to a definite place. There are thirty-seven examples of this very simple formula, *e.g.* 10 *a*, 17 *a*, *d–f*, *m–p*, *r–u*, *w*.

6. An inducement to depart is offered to the cause of the ailment or injury. Of this there are twenty-four examples, many of which have been mentioned in vol. i. 349. In the Russian list, No. 18, grubs are tempted to retire by the inducement of a wedding, held at a great distance, where a lamb and a cow are being roasted; and in the Lettish No. 46 a boil or abscess is to hurry off to the forest, where it will find its grandfather and grandmother, quite as in some of the Finnish examples. The notion of offering a bribe or bait of some kind to an enemy is so natural that, as regards the Finns, it may have arisen spontaneously.

7. The exorcist or the reciter describes or invokes the assistance that can be rendered by animals, birds, trees, or stones. There are twenty examples, *e.g.* 2 *c*, 14 *g*, *h*, 16 *a*, 17 *d*, *x*, etc.

8. If the disease or injury came from a certain place or

person, it is to return there. This occurs nineteen times, *e.g.* 17 *b*, *c*, *g*, *j–l*, *q*, *v*, *x–z*, 24, etc. It is also found in the Russian list, No. 9.

9. The speaker boasts his powers, or relates what he has done or will do. This theme occurs seventeen times, *e.g.* 14 *a–i*, 16 *b*, 17 *u*, etc., and is also found in the Votiak, No. 17, 24; Lettish, No. 49.

10. Something impossible is to happen before the particular evil dreaded is to be effected, or to take place. With the Votiaks twenty-two out of twenty-five charms are based upon this conception; with the Čeremis ten out of fourteen; with the Mordvins three out of eleven; with the Russians two out of twenty-three; with the Letts and Finns it does not occur at all. The nearest approach to it with the latter people is to be found in the formula 'to make fast,' 18 *a*, *b*, where the evils exorcised to a certain place are to remain till something impossible happens. It is possible that the East Finns have borrowed this mode of exorcising from the Russians, though the former have elaborated the idea, and venture on far bolder and quainter impossibilities than the Russians. The Čeremisian idea of making a ladder of one's ribs to climb up to heaven (No. 14), as a hyperbole, is decidedly original.

In smaller details there are also correspondences between the Finnish and some of the other groups. In the Mordvin No. 8 the exorcist seems to identify himself with the god Niške-pas, just as the Finnish wizard calls himself 'the son of Ukko, the father above, the observant man of the sky' (176 *l*). Again, an ailment of some kind or other is told to injure something inanimate instead of a human being. This injunction is very baldly stated in the Lettish No. 1, 34, 68; but it is worked out in considerable detail in the

Finnish examples. 'Let tumours grow on trees, on the earth excrescences, watery blisters upon shoots, boils charged with blood on sapling firs, not on a human being's skin, on the body of a mother's son (146 *a*). Rather than freezing me . . . nip willow-roots, pain roots of birch, shake alder roots, smash aspen roots, freeze swamps, freeze fields, freeze Kalma's rocks (93 *c*).'

The Age of the Magic Songs.

It is far from certain that in the first three or four periods the Finns had any magic formulæ at all. In those early times, judging from what we know of the Ugrian groups and the Samoyedes, in a case of grave sickness, an appeal was made to a wizard, first, to ascertain the cause of the illness, and, secondly, to find out what offering would most likely propitiate the offended household or other god. If they had any formulæ at all, they would be of a very simple character: an appeal to some kindly helper, such as the household or the private god, to free them from their trouble, and this would be far more of the nature of a prayer than of a magic incantation. Indeed, the notion of magic in the modern sense of the word did not exist. There was no thought of attaining an object by other than what seemed thoroughly natural means, and there was no supreme god whose prerogatives would be infringed either by the words used, or by any sympathetic magical procedure that accompanied the words and incantations. The great mass of the Magic Songs belongs to comparatively recent times, and many have been composed since the introduction of Christianity in the twelfth century. Nevertheless they contain much older elements, and the mental

attitude of the composer is often decidedly archaic. The word *runo*, 'a song or ballad,' originally a 'mysterious song,' came into use, as we have seen, in the fifth period, and the earliest germs of magic songs perhaps may be referred to that epoch, though the present regular metre is doubtless later. It seems to me that the Magic Songs would receive their greatest development in the interval between pure heathenism and pure Christianity. By this time the mental progress and the material civilisation of the Finns was very considerable, and nearly if not quite on a par with their Swedish, Slav, and Lettish neighbours. This was accompanied, as is generally the case, with a certain amount of scepticism and recklessness. A power that was formerly supposed to exist solely among professional wizards and wise men was now claimed by laymen. People now began to be their own wizards, to recite their own songs; divining was performed with a common sieve, not with a magic drum; charming by means of versified incantations became vulgarised, so to speak. Instead of holding one or two great public festivals at the opening of the hunting and fishing season, when public religious ceremonies were held and sacrifices offered for the success of the expeditions, every fisherman and hunter recited his own private magic song for himself as occasion required. Every house-father and house-mother knew a few metrical charms that protected their few cows and horses as they grazed in the forest against bears and wolves, or their rye crops from the ravages of insects and frost. The housewife or her near neighbour had always a song ready for every sick child, whatever the complaint might be, for with the increase of civilisation far greater care was taken of the children than in the old days. No doubt there were

still professional wizards and wise men about the country, but their office was not hereditary—it was thrown open, as it were, to public competition; the successful became renowned, the unsuccessful fell back into the ranks of the laymen. At least, an explanation of this sort seems best to account for the frequent interrogations and hesitation on the part of the exorcist, which in the case of a professional would hardly occur. Perhaps the 'origins' are of lay origin, and developed out of a practice of vilifying a man and his ancestors in everyday life. The more or less poetic, sometimes almost lyrical, form of expression, especially in the formulæ 'to benefit cattle'; the similes, the metaphors, and figurative expressions, collected at the end of the chapter, seem to show that the Magic Songs are in a great measure the outcome of a great many minds of people of various vocations, not of a professional class of wizards, sorcerers, and dealers in the black art.

Poetic Element—Similes.

In spite of their purely practical purpose, the Magic Songs, besides possessing regular metre, are sometimes embellished by similes. Doubtless they belong to the latest period, but are not the less interesting as they seem to be of purely native growth, and not to be due to external influence. They are drawn for the most part from natural phenomena, from the animal and vegetable kingdom, or from artificial products and objects made by man's hand.

Firmness, rigidity, steadiness.

Like a wall, stand still, O Blood, remain like a fence, O Foaming Gore, like a yellow iris in the sea, like a sedge

amid the moss; stand like a stake in a morass, a bar of iron in a rock, a stone in a raging cataract, a flag (stone) on a ploughed field's edge (55 *d*).

Then steady as a wall stand still, as firm as a fence, Divining Gear! (59 *a*.)

Stand still like a castle-wall, like a stone church's tower, like the wall of Jerusalem (61).

Let my great kinsfolk rise (in a serried line) like a solid mountain slope, like a long bank of cloud (2 *e*).

Rapidity, ease of movement.

Crawl on the ground like a snake of the earth, like an adder through withered grass; run through deep forests like a bear, like an otter hurry through a lake, like a squirrel through boughs of fir, like an ermine through holes in stones (17 *l*).

Creep on the ground like a little snake, like an otter rush along the shore (17 *o*).

Like a gwiniad thou camest in, like a sea *muik*[1] darted in (45 *a*).

Like a gwiniad rush away, dart like a *muik* of the sea (45 *a*).

Like a gwiniad dash, like a fish of the water dart, like a sea *muik* dive (45 *b*).

Like a ball of red worsted tumble in (to the water) (46 *a*).

Reach the clouds like smoke (46 *a*).

Blow like the wind, like water roll, like air's warm vapour float away from a naked human skin (52 *a*).

(To a hare.) Come like the ruddy fire, like summer water roll from 'neath a tree, from 'neath a fir (67 *b*).

[1] *Corregonus albula*, or fresh-water herring.

(To a hare.) Like a golden cuckoo run, like a silver knob, into this gin of mine, straight into my golden snares (67 *a*).

(To Ukko.) O come from the sky like fire, quiver like a burning brand (117 *b*).

(Convey the scent) to the nostrils of the dog like fire, like smoke to the puppy's nose (125).

(O Ismo,) come like the wind, make speed like a thought (171 *c*).

Into the room like a whirlwind fly (17 *g*).

Bowling along like a golden ball or like a silver chip (176 *s*).

Slower, unsteady movement.

(A stone.) It fell like a scarlet ball of thread, came wobbling like an oaten ball, came rolling like a wheaten lump, through cloudy columns, through rainbows red (196 *a*).

Thou wast not great when thou didst roll like a wheaten cake, or like a piece of barley dough (26 *a*).

Like a sweet dumpling go away, roll off like wheaten groats! (26 *a*.)

Soft movement.

(To a bear.) Like a flax-bundle move along, roll like the flax on a distaff bound (69 *b*).

Helpless movement combined with expansion.

(Thou wast not great) when in the furnace thou didst toss, like summer butter didst flop about, like wheaten dough expand in the raging place of fire (40 *b*).

The iron stretched out like pap, bubbled up like slag,

expanded like wheaten dough, like rye-meal dough, in the smith's huge fire (214 *a*).

(A fir-tree.) It expanded like wheaten dough, like a pat of butter bobbed about (212 *g*).

Eager movement.

Flee to the clouds, O Fire, as any one to his mother goes, to his great parent flies (52 *a*).

Fly down like a cock to the cattle-shed, like a chick to the dwelling-house, right down on the refuse-heap (17 *g*).

Driving furiously.

Like a spark flash past, like a fleet hound rush (9 *b*).

Restless movement.

Keep wriggling there, O 'Honey-paws,' like a wood-grouse on its nest, like a goose on its hatching-place (69 *e*).

Facile and complete disappearance.

May thy injuries dry up, the traces left by copper fade, as wine dries upon a stone, as water on rock evaporates (54).

May sores sink into the earth as a stone sinks in the waves or iron in the sea (7 *a*).

May the angriness of wounds dissolve like salt in the sea, the malignity of wounds sink like sand into water, may vexations melt like wax in the fire, may bitterness evaporate like dew on a sandy heath (7 *b*).

Like brandy drink thine angriness, like ale the anguish thou hast caused, like 'sour water' thy bitterness, like milk drink thy spell-sent malady, like honey thine acerbity, like buttered eggs thy fever fits (7 *c*).

Like brandy drink thine angriness, like all the evil thou hast caused (47).

Nature in a state of flux.

When help from the Lord arrived — Hills flowed like butter then, rocks like the flesh of swine, blue forest-wilds like mead, the landlocked lakes like ale, low land uprose, high land sank down (12 *c*).

Movement associated with joy.

(Thou, Sun) hast mounted above the clumps of firs, like a golden cuckoo, like a silver dove hast risen up to the level sky, to thy former state (110).

(To the Creator's golden wattled cock.) Like a golden cuckoo fly, like a dear silver dove, to speak on my behalf (124).

(To the compassionate mother, the Virgin Mary.) Like a golden cuckoo come, like a silver turtledove, to (heal) the burns of one in agony (171 *e*).

A happy state of existence.

Like a golden cuckoo thou wilt sing, like a silver turtle-dove, in thy lofty home, in thy lovely house (17 *b*).

Easy fracture.

Thou 'lt snap in half like an alder staff (75).

Brightness, brilliancy.

Bright let these eyes become, as the stars of the sky, as the moon in the south, as a ray of the sun (46 *b*).

A tall man in Pimentola, whose bristly beard did gleam like a leafy grove upon a slope, whose hair did sway like a clump of pines upon a hill (176 *j*, and 211 *b*).

Smoothness, slipperiness.

Thou art smoother than a gwiniad, than a *muik* fish more slippery (45 *a*).

Thou wast smoother than a gwiniad, more beautiful than water's fish (45 *b*).

Comb them (the cattle) as smooth as a lynx's coat, as the downy coat of a 'forest ewe' (123 *a*).

Noise and glare.

Cause a crash like a thunder-clap, cause a glare like a lightning-flash (17 *g*).

Whiteness, brightness.

Pure is the snow-finch on the snow, but purer still art thou: bright is the star in the sky, but brighter thy betrothal gifts; white is the foam on the sea, thy body is whiter still (80 *a*).

Cause her (a marriageable girl) to glisten like the moon, to sparkle like a star, to turn the minds of men, to set their hearts on fire (133 *d*).

Ukko has rained fresh snow, as white as an autumn ewe, as white as a winter hare (89 *b*).

Height, size.

A stone as high as a church, a flagstone thick as a tower (28 *a*).

A stone as high as a church, a flagstone thick as a hill (99 *b*).

My dogs have eyes as large as a bridle-ring, my dogs have ears as large as a water-lily on a lake, my dogs have teeth as sharp as an Esthonian scythe, my dogs have tails as thick as the most lovely forest fir (89 *b*).

Lowliness, insignificant condition.

Who knew a stone to be a stone, when it was like a barley-corn, rose from the earth like a strawberry, from the side of a tree like a bilberry? (196 *b*.)

(Speaking of a tree.) Thou wast not great when thou rose from a knoll, from the earth emerged like a strawberry, like an arctic bramble in the woods (38 *a*).

He (a water-Hiisi) reached the land like a strawberry, fell down like a lump of wheaten dough (206 *b*).

(The fir) sprang from the earth like a strawberry, like a rooted plant with unbending head; it grew like a two-branched plant, like a three-branched plant shot up (212 *g*).

(The fir,) like a strawberry, sprouted from the earth, like an arctic bramble—in the woods (212 *g*).

(Bent grass.) It rose from the earth like a strawberry, grew up like a three-branched plant (220).

Unceremonious treatment.

Hops . . . was poked into the ground, ploughed into the ground like a little snake, was like an ant thrown down at the side of the well of Kaleva (209 *a*).

Tightness and softness.

(To a dog.) May thy jawbones be as tightly closed as a flax-break lid is tightly closed; may thy teeth be as soft as (the husks) in my fist are soft (72 *a*).

A minimum of benefit.

Just this much they got out of me, what an axe gets from a stone, a borer from a rock, a stump from slippery ice, or death from an empty room (14 *b*).

Plenty, abundance.

There heads are (plentiful) as hills, hair (plentiful) as withered grass (17 *a*).

Speedy death.

Like a cockroach thou shalt die forthwith (62).

Dishonour, inglorious death.

Well, wretch, thou brok'st thine oath, didst eat thine honour like a dog (40 *b*).

He died with the glory of a dog, he fell with the honour of a whelp (228 *b*).

Besides similes such as the above, we also find more or less quaint remarks, not devoid of humour; sometimes a pun or an example of drawing the long bow.

The forest deities are addressed as follows:—Bind up their wings with twine, confine their instruments of flight, entwine their legs with string, roll up their toes in wax, that with their wings they cannot fly, that with their feet they cannot run, till I am ready with my bow (136 *a*).

Hey! Love, wake up! O Love, arise! without being lifted by a cord, without being hauled by a tarry rope (133 *f*).

The same words are addressed by a housewife to yeast to make it rise: 'Rise, Yeast, when being raised . . . without being raised by ropes, without being hauled by tarry cords. The sun and moon have risen both, yet thou hast not begun to rise' (74).

'Tis better a stone should scream, 'tis better a flagstone yell, than one of a woman born, or by a creature brought

to birth (128 *d*). A stone weeps not at pain, nor a flag bewail its sufferings, though many should be laid on it, be flung on it unstintingly (17 *i*). The pun is rare, but it was not tabooed: Mourning (*suru*) I have for a morning meal (*suurus*), 89 *e*.

Exaggeration is more common: The brutal fellow broke it (an aspen tree) through, completely shattered it in two; with the salve he anointed it . . . the aspen was made whole again, became e'en better than before (232 *a*).

A swallow for a whole day flew from the withers to the end of the tail, a squirrel for a whole month ran between the horns of the ox, yet still it never reached the end, it never came indeed so far (232 *g*).

Figurative Expressions, Metaphors, Epithets.

The familiar language of the illiterate classes of society, the slang of the man in the street all over Europe, is largely composed of figurative expressions and metaphors. Having no literature, for the most part, almost their only intellectual excitement, and the sole exercise of their wit and fancy, consist in the invention of new ways of saying old things. When worn-out and stale, these expressions are replaced by newer ones. Sometimes, too, allusive words are used to avoid pronouncing the proper word, either because it is unlucky to do so, or from notions of delicacy and modesty. It is not surprising then that the inventors or reciters of the Magic Songs, being themselves quite illiterate, found pleasure and satisfaction in intercalating expressions which hinted at what they meant to say in an indirect or roundabout fashion.

The body.

Eye—'a gloomy wood' (?), 45 *b*.
Tears—'the waters of grief.'
Veins—'the blood-pipes.'
Blood—'milk,' 'the berry-coloured,' 'the carmine,' 'man's beauty.'
Milk—'the gift of cows.'
Tongue—'the central flesh.'
Nose—'the scenting horn,' 'the scenting channel.'
Throat—'the breathing-hole,' 'the talking-place.'
Jaws—'pincers,' 'scraping-knife,' 'scissors.'
Venom of a snake—'milk.'
Lap—'the tent.'
Embryo—'the pod.'
Womb and pudendum—'fleshly chest,' 'stove,' 'oven,' 'small nest,' 'cramped abode,' 'fleshly door,' 'fleshly threshold,' 'door-posts,' 'sinewy gate,' 'water gate,' 'Creator's slit,' 'land,' 'fields,' 'fence,' 'wall.'

Persons.

Old man—'a bearded mouth.'
Woman, hag—'long-hairs,' 'bristly snout.'
Son—'calf.'
Marriageable girl—'swamp-grown flower,' 'chick,' 'flower of the earth,' 'village flower,' 'earth's chosen one,' 'sun,' 'moon,' 'little bullfinch,' 'wee snow-sparrow.'
Maiden—'a tinny breast.' (From the tin ornaments on her breast.)
New-born child—'the traveller,' 'wee fingers,' 'a stone,' 'a pebble,' 'the backmost flat stone' (in the stove or oven).

Sorcerer—'archer,' 'shooter,' 'Lapp,' 'the jealous one,' 'Piru,' 'cur,' 'giant' (*koljumi*), 176 *c*, 'elf' (*keijolainen*), 176 *n*, 'Keito,' 'wolfskin coat,' 'fiery throat,' 'squinting eye,' 'viper,' 'frog.'

Sharp frost—'sweller of ears,' 'hurter of nails,' 'demander of toes.'

Maiden of a spring or swamp—'blue socks,' 'red socks,' 'red laces,' 'soft petticoat,' 'slender fingers,' 'golden locks.'

Mist maiden—'leaf-bud,' 'ship-borne yarn.'

Mielikki—'golden buckle of the woods.'

Syöjätär—'fiery throat.'

Para—'stick-shanks,' 'luck-bringer.'

Christ—'the Holy Birth.'

Animals, birds, etc.

Bear—'broad forehead' (*otso*), 'flat nose,' 'honey paws,' 'lover of honey,' 'broad paws,' 'big foot,' 'claw-footed,' 'blue socks,' 'blue stumpy tail,' 'homespun breeks,' 'tiny eyes,' 'forest king,' 'forest beauty,' 'lovely shaggy coat of hair,' 'forest gold,' 'grey one of the forest,' 'backwood's wonder,' 'hulking fellow,' 'black bullock of the forest,' 'reindeer cow,' 'cow,' 'badger,' 'Juumi's dog,' 'hound of Mielikki,' 'hay-cock,' 'little hay-stack,' 'little apple,' 'little bundle,' 'horror of the land.'

Wolf—'forest cur,' 'Esthonian cur,' 'woolly tail,' 'bushy tail,' 'windy tail,' 'windy throat,' 'hairy snout,' 'hairy foot,' 'projecting eyes,' 'everlasting gad-about,' 'fat dog.'

Dog—'the barker,' 'son of Penitar,' 'woolly tail,' 'money-seeker.'

Lynx—'forest ewe.'

Fox—'bushy tail.'

Marten—'money pelt,' 'wee bird.'

Ermine—'furred beauty of winter,' 'dear little hen of abandoned fields,' 'flower at the root of a fir,' 'whitish tube.'

Squirrel—'the fir-branch bird,' 'biter of cones,' 'golden apple of the fir,' 'blossom of the knoll, 'furious forest-cat,' 'blue-wool.'

Hare—'ragged jaws,' 'crooked neck,' 'cross-shaped mouth,' 'squinting eyes,' 'ball-eyes,' 'swivel eyes,' 'bandy legs,' 'Hiisi's bandy legs,' 'slender paws,' 'mad-cap,' 'sheep,' 'distaff bound with wool.'

Game in general—'gold,' 'silver,' 'money,' 'money hair,' 'precious pelts,' 'cloaks,' 'black fur coats,' 'golden fur coat,' 'homespun cloth,' 'flax-stalks,' 'handful of flax,' 'packages of wool,' 'golden distaff bound with wool,' 'fir-tree flowers,' 'mountain cattle,' 'ewes,' 'rams,' 'drooping ears,' 'hoofs,' 'feet,' 'sweet rye-cakes,' 'Kuippana's groats.'

Horse—'bone-hoof,' 'money-skin,' 'camel.'

Cow—'crumpled horn,' 'cloven foot,' 'milk-giver,' 'mushroom-eater,' 'old woman,' 'bell.'

Calf—'small hoofs.'

Pig—'down-turned snout.'

Cat—'greybeard.'

Eagle—'steely jaws,' 'scaly back,' 'stone-talons,' 'iron claws.'

Raven—'Lempo's bird,' 'the eater,' 'ill-omened bird,' 'black bird.'

Swallow—'blue wing.'

Game birds—'feathers,' 'down,' 'downy feather.'

Pike—'few of teeth,' 'water monster.'

Perch—'spiky backs,' 'crooked necks.'

Snake—'tangled ball or cunning one,' 'striped back,' 'evil pod,' 'red ant,' 'snail,' 'dew-worm of the copse,' 'worm of the earth,' 'the distaff,' 'worm of Manala,' 'Tuoni's grub,' 'grub the colour of Tuoni,' 'black worm,' 'grey worm,' 'the ball under withered grass,' 'a rope under a heap of stones,' 'a ghost like a *haltia*,' 'living portent or oracle,' 'braid of hair of Hiisi's girl,' 'Hiisi's scourge,' 'Piru's whip,' 'beard-hair of the evil one,' 'fence-stake of Aholainen,' 'sledge cross-tree of Rumalainen.'

Cow-house snake—'the wall streak,' 'rubbish on the floor,' 'first cuckoo of the mistress,' 'women's golden purse.'

Lizard—'writhing snake,' 'land fish (*Corregonus albula*),' 'water bleak,' 'bow-shaped worm,' 'Lempo's eye,' 'Hiisi's eye,' 'courtyard sweepings,' 'ground sweepings,' 'trash of the fields,' 'trash of Manala,' 'hair-pin of the maid of Panula.'

Frog—'dirty face,' 'slaver-mouth,' 'wide jaws.'

Spider—'Jesus' red worsted ball,' 'Creator's golden flower.'

Grub, caterpillar—'Tuoni's rag,' 'snail of the earth.'

Cabbage grub—'the dog,' 'cur,' 'witch-ball.'

Bee—'honey-wing,' 'blue-wing,' 'king of meadow flowers,' 'the lively bird,' 'nimble bird,' 'active fellow.'

Wasp—'the stinging bird,' 'winged bird,' 'evil bird,' 'feathered chick.'

Hornet—'Hiisi's bird,' 'Lempo's cat.'

Bug—'red breeches,' 'wheel-shaped whelp,' 'roundish flower of the fir.'

Cockroach—'black bloated boy,' 'six-footed ball-shaped thing.'

Diseases, maladies.

Disease in general—'sorcerer's arrows,' 'bloody needles,' 'Keito's spears,' 'bristles of a pig,' 'fearful (lit. holy) sparks,' 'spice.'

The spirit of disease—'Hiisi,' 'hound of Hiisi,' 'Perkele,' 'cur of Manala,' 'Satan,' 'murderer,' 'filthy Lempo,' 'the wraith (*peiko*),' 'kobold (*kehno*),' 'evil cur,' 'shameless cur,' 'unbaptized cur,' 'shameless dog,' 'fiery dog,' 'motherless dog,' 'toad,' 'monster,' 'devourer of flesh,' 'bone-biter,' 'plague of the land.'

Toothache—'Lempo's dog,' 'Tuoni's dog,' 'stinking dog,' 'Tuoni's grub,' 'worm of Manala,' 'Hiisi's son,' 'Hiisi,' 'Juutas,' 'Hiisi's cat,' 'full-grown devil,' 'man-eater,' 'peas and beans.'

Dropsy—'Hiisi,' 'toad.'

Tumour or swelling of any kind—'Lempo's whorl,' 'Lempo's boss,' 'Lempo's lumps,' 'Lempo's hall,' 'Hiisi's toad-stool,' 'Hiisi's filth,' 'needless packages,' 'frog,' 'horror of the land.'

Stitch and pleurisy—'Lempo's leaf-headed spears,' 'Keito's spear,' 'Lempo's arrow,' 'the evil lance,' 'sorcerer's arrows,' 'arrows,' 'jagged spikes of Piru,' 'bloody needles,' 'bloody knife,' 'pointed needle.'

Acute pain—'holy sparks.'

Spell-sent injury—'Hiisi's cankerous sores,' 'Hiisi,' 'Juutas,' 'Perkele,' 'Piru,' 'toad,' 'the bit of death,' 'the chains of Manala,' 'Tuoni's reins.'

Wart—'toad,' 'evil one,' 'annoyance.'

Cancer—'reptile,' 'maggot,' 'toad,' 'biter of bone,' 'eater of flesh,' 'dog,' 'worm.'
Plague—'the red-cock.'
Disease of the eye—'Hiisi's blemish,' 'evil pagan.'
Colic—'gasping, groaning boy,' 'the griping blockhead,' 'water's scum,' 'toad,' 'Lempo,' 'evil insect,' 'the midge.'
Burns—'Fire's broth,' 'burnt-out spark,' 'burnt soot.'
Ringworm—'the Forest's nose.'
Wound—'iron's bite,' 'the evil gate.'
Pains of childbirth—'oppressive bands,' 'belts of pain.'

Trees, minerals, artificial objects, etc.,

Oak—'tree of God.'
Fir—'the moist with honey,' 'honey top,' 'bushy top.'
Rowan—'the murder-tree.'
Steel—'blue-mouth.'
Iron—'worthless dross,' 'slag of iron,' 'rust.'
Rock salt—'hail,' 'hailstones.'
A cannon—'copper bow,' 'iron churn.'
Gun—'copper cross-bow.' 'iron churn.'
Bullet—'stone fruit,' 'the egg.'
Spear—'the borer.'
Trap—'the farrier's silver tongs,' 'golden cup,' 'copper box,' 'silver door,' 'window of gold,' 'honeyed knoll.'
Net—'the hundred-eyed.'
Hearth—'the golden ring' (?), 52 *a*, 172 *b*.
Church—'a hundred planks.'
Coffin—'the house of fir,' 'pinewood nest.'
Millstone—'stony hill.'
Stone—'egg of the earth,' 'clod of a ploughed field.'
Sky—'specky lid.'

Sun—'the grindstone of the sky' (?), 2 *a*, 'the golden ring' (?), 51, 'the Lord's whorl,' 'the god of dawn.'

Moon—'the variegated stone' (?), 2 *a*.

Rainbow—'blue cloud' (?), 232 *d*.

The open air—'God's courtyard,' 'the cattle-sheds without a hole and wholly windowless.'

Cemetery—'Kalma's heath,' 'Kalma's sleeping chambers,' 'huts of the Manalaiset,' 'holy fields.'

Metsola—'the Forest-home,' 'forest fort or castle,' 'golden wilderness,' *i.e.* full of game, 'Fir-branch fort.'

Pohjola—'the Northern Home,' 'speckled lid,' 'snow castle.'

THE MAGIC SONGS OF THE FINNS

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§ 1. Preliminary.

a

How at such time is one to speak, and how should one interrogate when a time of danger is at hand, a day of jeopardy impends? Already I, poor, wretched lad, have met with some embarrassment, with toilsome tasks, with a very difficult work, (when summoned) to eject attacks of sickness, to relieve from pain, to banish ailments wrought by spells, and overcome the enemy. Now they have need of me, they need me, and require that I divine an origin profound, and a great injury remove. Shall I begin, make venture now, shall I catch hold, shall I make bold to grip with hands a pestilence, to attack a devil (*Perkele*) with my hands, to give a hideous one a squeeze, and trample a gigantic one? I cannot anything effect without, maybe, the grace of God, without the true Creator's aid. May the Creator help bestow, O may the Lord assistance give, may God accord his aid to me after receiving my request and after he has touched my hand. May Jesus' fluent mouth into my mouth transform itself; may the ready tongue of Jesus turn into mine; may Jesus' pliant fingers into my fingers fit themselves. Where my words cannot reach let God's word reach; where my hands cannot pass let God's

hands enter in; there where my fingers will not serve let the Creator's fingers serve; and where I can't breathe in a breath may the Lord breathe in a breath instead.

b

If haply I 'm not man enough I 'll send a better one than I; I 'll raise the earth-matrons from the earth, the mounted heroes from the sand, to strengthen me, to give me force, to shelter me, to give support in this extremely toilsome work in a time of sore distress. If haply I am not the man, if Ukko's son is not the man, from a damp dell let men arise, men of the sword from out the mire, glaive-men from out a sandy heath and horsemen from beneath the sand, that in the earth have lain for long, that in the ooze have long reposed, to help a well-beloved son, to be a famous fellow's mate.

c

If haply I am not the man, if Ukko's son is not the man, cannot effect deliverance, nor of this bogie (*riena*) riddance make, Louhi! mistress of Pohjola, come to effect deliverance and of this bogie riddance make. If haply I am not the man, if Ukko's son is not the man, O Päivätär, thou doughty maid, come to effect deliverance, to remove these plagues, to release from spell-wrought woes. If haply I am not the man, if Ukko's son is not the man, old mother Kave, Nature's daughter, O beautiful and darling Kave, come to effect deliverance, to banish sickness wrought by magic, to free from evils brought by curses. If haply I am not the man, if Ukko's son is not the man, O Hiisi, come from Hiitola, thou humpback! from the home of gods to cast out that which needs must be cast out and cause the monster's death.

d

I that am one of little strength, a full-grown man weak-spirited, shall blow a horn towards the sky, shall through a cloud-rift sound a pipe; I 'll shout a cry of dire distress, send forth an agonising cry through earth, through Manala, through the level sky, its gates will burst apart whence favours issue forth. A thousand friends will then arrive, a hundred warriors of the Lord, from the heavens up above, from earth's foundations down below, to strengthen me, the feeble man, to give the weak man manliness in these exceeding toilsome tasks, in these affairs that have no end.

§ 2. Defensive Measures.

a

O where shall I, a powerless man, defend myself, protect myself? There I, a powerless man, defend myself, protect myself, at the open door beneath the shelf, beside the door-post of the hut, at the yard entrance to the lane, at the last gate. There I defend myself against the female throng. If these defences are not strong, these safeguards not reliable, I, powerless man, shall guard myself, I, wretched man, defend me thus against the throng of full-grown men. I 'll dress myself inside a copse, in growing bush five suits I 'll don on a blue stone's back, where two roads part, at an undulating pool, at a rippling spring, at a rapid's wildly foaming surge, at a whirlpool of a violent stream. There I, the helpless man, shall guard myself, protect myself; I 'll put on me an iron shirt, I shall invest myself in steel, equip myself in copper socks, shall gird me with a copper belt 'gainst water, land, 'gainst fire and

flame, against a variegated stone, against the grindstones of the sky.[1] With an iron cap, an iron coat, with an iron helmet o'er my neck, with iron gloves upon my hands, with iron boots upon my feet, with them I 'll enter Hiisi's lands, I 'll wander over Lempo's lands, and sorcerers' arrows will not hurt, nor the knife-blades of a witch, nor the instruments of men that shoot, nor a diviner's steel.

b

May the fiery fur-coat of my sire, to serve as a fiery covering, may my mother's fiery shirt, to serve me as a fiery shirt, be brought from Tuonela and put on me, so that no sorcerer's arrows penetrate nor an archer's shooting instruments. If that is not enough, let the might of Ukko from the sky, the might of the Earth-mother from the earth, and old Väinämöinen's strength come forth to help and favour me, to strengthen me and give me might, lest Piru's arrows penetrate, or the arrows of a sorcerer.

c

Wizards there are in every dell, and sorcerers at every gate, diviners are at every fence, soothsayers are on every path. But I am not at all alarmed, I am not in the least afraid. I clip the wool from off a stone, fluff from a stone that has lain a winter there, I break the hair from off a rock, and from the gravel pluck coarse hair. A shirt of defence I make of that, 'neath which I sojourn every night and occupy myself by day, lest the sorcerer eat too much, lest the witch should wound o'ermuch. If that is not

[1] Perhaps the variegated stone and the grindstone mean the moon and sun, for in Finnish riddles 'the golden grindstone, a tin whorl,' is used for the sun.

enough, ten adders shall I yoke, set saddles on a hundred snakes, here at my side to glide along; from his chains I 'll slip a bear, from his headstall loose a wolf, to rush in front of me, to course in rear of me, to gobble up the village spells, to overwhelm the envious, the sorcerers in every dell, the witches in every lake, the soothsayers on every path, the envious in every place.

d

A maiden darted from a cloud, a holy handmaid—from the sky, and sat down suddenly to weep upon a honeyed, grassy knoll. There she sat down and also wept. Three rivers flowed from a single maiden's tears; one was of water, one of mead, and fiery rapids formed the third. In the rapids was a fiery reef, on the reef was a fiery birch, a fiery eagle was on the birch, its beak was like a sorcerer's nose, its talons like five reaping-hooks, (fitted) to draw a wizard's arrow out, to overcome the powerful ones, to snatch away the soothsayers, to keep watch over jealous folk, so that no sorcerer's arrows hurt, no sorcerer's darts, no witch's knife, no pointed iron of soothsayers. May all the sorcerers in dells through their own arrows come to nought; those that use witchcraft—through their knives; diviners—through their tools of steel; all other strong men —through their strength.

e

If I exert myself, let nine exert themselves; if I spring up with two, let eight spring up in haste to side with me that am a lad, to encircle me that am alone. Let my great kinsfolk rise like a mountain's solid slope, my splendid

kindred like a long-drawn bank of cloud,[1] to stand near me, at my side to march against a mob of enemies, 'gainst places that are perilous.

f

What did I hear? what did they say when I was staying in this land, when I was living in the world, a very long time ago? Thus did I hear, and thus they spoke: My darling God, my powerful *haltia*, ever assisted me when among those sorcerers, in the neighbourhood of sooth-sayers, he helped me with his gracious hand, with his mighty strength; for a whole day he carried me, at eve he let me go to rest.

§ 3. Against Envy.

a

Envy I cannot guard against, nor from opponents shield myself, when dealing with these toilsome tasks, these difficult affairs. May the Envy-matron keep good watch, may Väinämöinen me defend. Whoever looks with jealousy, looks pryingly with eyes askew, resentful glances casts, or some malevolence prepares, may his eyes shed blood, let trickle rheum into the fire of hell, the evil power's flames; into his eyes may the lashes grow, thick as a hatchet-haft, a bowstring long; may these pour blood along, and across his cheeks. Whoever without envy looks may Jesus bless him so that he shall honeyed eyes possess, shall wend his way with honeyed mind.

[1] *i.e.* in a serried line like the solid slope of a hill or a long bank of cloud.

b

Whoever looks with envious glance, keeps turning round with jealous eye, causes bewitchment with his mouth, or imprecates with 'words,' may the slag of Hiisi fill his eyes, the soot of Hiisi soil his face, may a fiery bung plug up his mouth, may Lempo's lock clinch fast his jaws, may his mouth get overgrown with moss, the root of his tongue be broken off, may one of his eyes like honey run, like butter may the other flow into the raging fire, into Hiisi's bin of coals, may his head dry into stone and skin grow on the top.

c

Whoever happens to o'erlook, or from one side intently stares, may he look with honeyed eyes, may he peer with a honeyed glance. But if envious persons look, if cock-eyed people pry, may a twig tear out their eyes, may a branch pluck out their eyes; may a withered fir-tree grow, an iron-branched tree throw out thick shoots, an iron-branched tree with jagged top, before that envious person's house, on which he shall fix his eyes, on which he shall his glances cast, so that unless set free he won't get free, unless set loose he won't get loose, during the span of earthly time, while the moon sheds its golden light.

d

If envious persons look, if the cock-eyed open wide their eyes, from windows shall grimaces make, shall over farm-yards peep about, keep listening at the cattle-sheds or meditate near the homestead fence; may the bloody cloak of Hiitola [*v.* Panula], may Hiisi's [*v.* Tapiola's] gory rug, that needs five men to lift, be bound across the eyes, be fastened round the ears, and the hat of Hiisi round the

napes of those that sit at windows, that stand at the end of a bridge, that spy at the end of a cattle-shed, that lie in ambush not far off, so that with eyes they can't be seen, so that with ears they can't be heard.

§ 4. Vengeance.

a

Whoever incites to anything, or makes his precious [F. golden] tongue to wag, may he receive his words again, may his thoughts of malice roll till they reach his house, or at his cottage land; may they eat into his heart, of his liver may they taste, entwine themselves about his lungs, keep dancing in his lap; upon his body may they seize, down to the quick may they penetrate. Whoever shall repeat my words, may they from his head pass out, from his brains may they slip down, like needles with points of steel, sail-needles with spiky points, may the root of his tongue be twisted round, may the hair of his head be rubbed away. Whoever shall with curses curse, pronounces maledictive words, down his throat may a fiery plug, down his gorge may a copper wedge, may the gag of Hiisi 'tween his teeth, may Lempo's lock upon his jaws be forced, may his tongue turn into stone, may his mouth be overgrown with moss.

b

Whoever has pronounced a curse, with his tongue whined out a curse, with his lips has mumbled out a curse, with his teeth has bitten off a curse, may the stones pronounce a curse on him. He that has melted any one, may the boulder stones melt him; he that has roasted any

one, him may the flat stones roast; he that caused injury by spells, may an attophy injure him; whoever may have borne a grudge, may the grave bear him a grudge; whoever has bewitchment used, on him may death bewitchment use, may his tongue rot off, his mouth get overgrown with moss.

§ 5. To Discover the Cause.

a

Of thy old mother I'll inquire; I'll make thy mother call to mind why thou, Disease, hast made attack, why thou, Elfshot, hast found thy way into a wretched human skin, the body of a mother's son. I know not who thy maker is, I cannot tell who sent thee forth. Art thou a sickness by the Creator made, a bane decreed by God, or art thou caused by human art, both wrought and brought by another man, sent hither for reward, procured with harmful pelf to do the stipulated deeds, to execute work paid in coin, to destroy a person that was born, to ruin one that has been made? If thou be a sickness by the Creator made, a bane decreed by God, on my Creator I fling myself, I cast myself upon my God; the Lord abandons not the good, the Maker killeth not the virtuous. If thou art caused by human art, a disease produced by another man, I'll get to know thine origin, surely thy birthplace ascertain. Thence have attacks of sickness come ere now, thence elfshots have been shot, from the regions of divining men, from the grazing grounds of singing men, from the homesteads of vile miscreants, from the trampled fields of sorcerers, from the humid dells of wizards, from the hilltops of ecstatic men, from spells pronounced by harridans,

from the witchery of long-haired hags, from the distant limits of the north, from the wide country of the Lapp, from spots where reindeer throw their young, from sandy heaths where stags career, from the house of the spectral host (*kalmalaiset*), from Manala's eternal huts, from mouldering heaps of soil, from earth that often must be moved, from the rolling gravel, from the rustling sand.[1]

b

I do not know at all just now, the reason I cannot surmise, why, Hiisi, thou hast entrance made, hast, devil (*Perkele*), made thyself at home in a guiltless heart, in a belly free of blame. From waters of witches hast thou come, from the lilies on a landlocked lake, from Nixies' (*lummekoira*) haunts, from a water-Hiisi's hole, from the sea's black mud, a thousand fathoms deep, or from the heath of death (*kalma*), from the interior of the earth, from a dead man's belly, from the skin of one departed for eternity, from the armpit of a spectral form (*kalmalainen*), from beneath the liver of a shade (*manalainen*), hast thou been torn from a cross's base, been conjured up from women's graves, beside a decorated church, from the edge of a holy field, or from great battle-fields, from the slaughter-fields of men?

c

From where, wretch, hast thou sent thyself, whence, Lempo, hast thou cut away, whence, filthy one, torn thyself away, why, Hiisi's refuse, hast thou shamed thyself? Who created thee, who formed thee, wretch, to eat, to gnaw, to

[1] The last four lines refer to a place of burial where the ground is often dug up.

bite, to crunch? Out of the water hast thou rolled, from the froth of water poured thyself, from rushing streams, from roaring falls, from a rapid's seething foam, from burning swirls, from the great ridges of the sea, from billows capped with foam, or from still waters, running streams, from unfrozen pools, from rippling springs? Or hast thou issued from the earth, ascended from a field, thou wraith (*peiko*), from clearings bare, from land unploughed, from humid dells, from mossless swamps, from near mud-castle, from a watery ridge,[1] from a forest-Hiisi's hole, from the cleft of five great hills, from a copper mountain top, from the peak of a copper Fell, from Bruin's stony grot, from a bear's den of boulder-stones, from the tracks of a running wolf, from the steps of one with a down-turned snout, from places where the foxes bark, from pairing-places of the hare, hast thou been poured from froth of calves, been gathered from the foam of dogs? Or from fireplaces hast thou come, been raked up from the burning brands, hast thou arrived from heated stones, from amid the smoke of a bathing-house? Or by the wind hast thou been rocked, by a wintry blast hast thou been swung in the level sky, behind light clouds, by the wind's path hast thou come here, along the course of a wintry blast, from places shaken by the wind, from where the wintry tempest drives?

§ 6. Reparation for Harm.

a

Approach to discern thy work, to heal the evil thou hast wrought, to anoint the wounds, to souse the sores, before I tell thy mother, and to thy parent say aside: 'Thy son

[1] *i.e.* From mud-banks in the water where fish live.

has done an evil act, thy child—a deed of infamy.' More is a mother's grief, great is a parent's suffering, in healing sicknesses, in dealing with grievous injuries, when her son is doing wrong, her child does damage recklessly.

b

Come hither, hurry up, at thy deeds to feel ashamed, to smell the wounds thyself hast caused, to lick the sores thyself hast made, with thy honeyed lips, with thy honeyed tongue. Into thy mouth put thou the sores, under thy teeth the nasty smell, into thy jaws the suffering, into thy belly smarting wounds, seeing thou wroughtest this infamy, seeing thou causedst the evil deed, evil for thee, evil for me, evil indeed for both of us. If thou hast acted wrongfully, better thou dost to make amends; it will be nicer for thyself, more advantageous for thy life.

§ 7. Against Inflammation and Angry Symptoms.

a

May the raging of angry wounds depart, may a pure blessing come instead, when I have spoken with my mouth, when I have breathèd with my breath. May the inflammation roll into a lake, sores sink into the earth, as a stone sinks in the waves, as iron—in the sea.

b

So may thine angriness dissolve, as salt has melted in the sea, so may thy malignity subside, as in the water sand has sunk; may thy vexations melt away, as wax has melted in the fire, may thy bitterness evaporate, like the

dew upon a sandy heath, from a poor human being's skin, from the body of a mother's son.[1]

Fluid is tar when being made, and fat when being melted down, may thine angriness more liquid be, more meltable than that. May thine angriness as fluid be, as butter when it melts, as milk in summer when it 's milked, as an ice-hole in the winter-time.

c

Eat up thine angriness thyself, put in thy mouth thy malignity, thy spell-wrought horrors—down thy throat, the pains thou occasioned—down thy gorge; like brandy drink thine angriness, like ale the anguish thou hast caused, like 'sour water' thy bitterness, like milk thy spell-sent malady, like honey thine acerbity, like buttered eggs thy fever-fits,[2] down through thy bony jaw, through thine aching teeth, through the dry channel of thy throat, through thy tongue's root, into thy golden belly, thy copper paunch, into thy dainty liver and thy yellow lungs,—let them be coiled about thy heart, and into thy gall let them be brought.

§ 8. Expulsion.

a

How, formerly, was needless harm removed, how were malicious deeds made good? By those ere now was needless harm removed, by those were malicious deeds

[1] As the past tense is used in the similes, perhaps it implies that the exorcist, while pronouncing the words, threw salt and sand into water and wax into the fire, as a symbolical act.

[2] *i.e.* drink them with readiness and avidity, as thou wouldst drink brandy, ale, etc.

made good, by those words that are handed down, by pronouncing the deep origin. By them remove, thou needless harm, by them take flight, thou evil one; remove when driven to remove, decamp when driven to decamp. The needless harm must now remove, the evil power must flee away; now is the time for thee to move, the starting time for thee to start from this poor human being's skin, from the body of a mother's son.

b

On snow-skates, Hiisi, now depart, thou evil man, begin to flee, tall fiend, begin to scud away, Satan, begin to hurry off before the rising of the sun, the dawning of the god of dawn, the uprising of the sun, the crowing of the cock. Now it is Hiisi's time to skate, the time for Satan to hurry off, the time for the evil power to jog, a very timely hour of flight. A road is made for thee to use, more than enough to glide upon, moonlight thou hast to travel by, there is light for thee to wander by, on a horse along the road, on snow-skates o'er the hill, or across the water in a boat to the distant limits of the north, that there thou mayst remain so long as there is neither sun nor moon.

c

Why formerly in days of yore the solid gates of a castle moved, its iron hinges shook again, the turrets of the castle reeled, the castle's bulwarks flashed with fire, the castles moved, the lakes were stirred, the copper hills quaked suddenly; the atmosphere from its socket moved, with a crash the earth shook out of joint, great clouds were broken through and through, the sky was riven into holes, all the atmosphere into apertures (F. windows), at

the coming of the hour of God, when the help of the Lord approached; So, why dost thou not likewise move, not move, thou uninvited shape, why, evil one, not flee away, why not withdraw, thou good-for-nought, at the expiry of this hour, the termination of this term? Now is the precious time of grace, the solemn festival of God, the priests are going to the mass, proceeding to the preaching-house.

d

Thou hound of Hiisi, disappear, be ashamed, thou shameless dog, from my belly sally forth, thou brute, from my liver, monster of the earth, bugbear (*riena*) of Hiisi, cease to rage, cease to abuse a living man. Wilt thou not quit when thou art loosed, not quit with him that lets thee loose, when he causes the deliverance, when he effects the grievous task, when he ejects the injury, when he ousts the troubles caused by spells?

The Sun's son formerly escaped, when Päivätär let him escape; from a cell (F. ring) the moon formerly escaped, from the inside of an iron 'barn.' Kave released from the cell the moon, released the sun from the rock, by which it had by Kuume been circled round, had by a devil (*Pirulainen*) been concealed in a stony rock, in an iron 'barn.'

§ 9. Posting.

a

If thou shouldst ask to travel post, shouldst for a driving horse beseech, I 'll give thee, troth, a posting horse, I shall procure a dark grey horse, that thou mayst travel home, to thy country mayst return. I 'll make for it hoofs of stone,

I'll have cast for it copper legs, I'll bit it with a sinew bit, and if the sinew will not hold, I shall prepare an iron bit. If that should insufficient prove, I'll give a stronger posting horse, a better runner I will add. From Hiisi take a horse, from the mountain choose a foal. A good horse lives in Hiisi's place, a black-maned horse among the Fells, for one that can hold the reins aright, for one that driveth skilfully in iron harness, in copper driving gear. Its head is made of stone, in copper is its body cast, its back is made of steel, of iron are its legs built up, its muzzle scatters fire, its legs spirt sparks. Its hoofs slip not upon the ice, its legs crack not against a rock, e'en on the air's slippery path, even of Kalma's icy track.

b

If thou the mountain cannot climb, cannot ascend the Hill of Pain, good horses live at Hiisi's place, on the mountains there are first-rate foals. From Hiisi take a horse, from the hard land a trotting horse, the chestnut nag of Hiisi with forelock of fire, with iron mane, which from the housetop must be bridled, which must from the fence be saddled;[1] the mountains it can well ascend, it can gallop over every rock; its feet don't slip, its hoofs don't knock when it hurries over stones, when it rattles o'er the beach; on its croup is a lake, clear water on its back-bone lies, water of which the sorcerers drink, fire-throated ones, who drinking make it hiss. Harness the fiery foal upon the fiery plain, drive furiously over rocks, make the dens of Hiisi to resound, like a spark flash past, like a fleet hound rush, for Hiisi's gelding does not sweat, nor the beauty of Manala turn a hair.

[1] On account of the horse's height.

§ 10. Pain or Sickness.

a

Thither I send the pains away, thither I shove the grievous aches, into the middle of the open sea. The vehement maid of Kipula is sitting in a lazy way on the lower end of a speckled stone, on the edge of a bulky flag, spinning pains on a copper spinning-staff, into a ball she winds the pains, into a bundle gathers them, into the water she flings the ball, to the depths of the sea she hurls it down, whence it may never more be fetched during the span of worldly time, while the moon sheds its golden light.

b

Three maidens, Luonnotars, are sitting as they sob and weep where three roads part, four rivers flow; they gather pains, torments they cram into a speckled chest, a copper box; they bark their hands, they tear their breasts, their annoyance they bewail, if pains perchance should not be brought. For only then would it be nice, if I brought pains and sicknesses in the evening, morning and again at noon. Cease weeping, surely I 'll give you pains, I bring this moment a walletful, a lapful I present, that came from a wretched human skin, from the body of a wretched beast, that bears upon it a hundred hairs, that sheds a thousand hairs.

c

A kettle is owned by Kivutar, the daughter of Väinö has a pot in which she boils up pains in the middle of the Hill of Pain (*Kipu-mäki*), on the summit of Mount Suffering (*Kipu-vaara*). At the hill's centre stands a thorp, in

the middle of the thorp a field, in the middle of the field a spring, in the middle of the spring a stone with nine holes in it, bored with a borer, with an auger drilled. The centre hole is nine fathoms deep and into it the pains are flung, the dreadful sufferings are thrust, the dangerous wounds are cast by force, the calamities are pressed, so that by night they cannot act, so that by day they can't escape.

d

The old wife of sickness, Kivutar, was carrying a fiery bugle-horn in the middle of the Hill of Pain, on the summit of Mount Suffering; one spark dropt off, the red fire fell on the summit of Mount Suffering and became inflammatory burns, turned into sickness for men.

The girl of Tuoni, Maid of Pain, herself in pain was weeping tears, was lamenting in her suffering, as she bustled about with her knees in hot ashes, her arms in the fire, collecting the pains with stone gloves on her hands. She boils the pains and sickness in a wee kettle, an iron baking pan, at the end of an iron bench, that no one should receive a pang, that no one should receive a hurt.

§ 11. Reproaching.

Who bade thee do the deed, incited thee to a sneaking act, to raise thy nose, to turn thy snout, to do these deeds, to execute these deeds of death?

Did thy father order thee, thy father or thy mother or the eldest of thy brothers or the youngest of thy sisters or some great one of thy family, a brilliant member of thy race, when thou didst commit the spiteful deed, didst perpetrate the needless act?

Thy father did not order thee, thy father nor thy mother nor the eldest of thy brothers nor the youngest of thy sisters nor some great one of thy family, a brilliant member of thy race. Thyself hast done the spiteful deed, hast perpetrated the ghastly act, abundance of evil thou hast wrought, entirely on thine own account, contrary to the will of God, to the dignity of the Blessed One.

§ 12. Falling into Ecstasy.

a

My Nature I shall try to raise,[1] I shall summon my genius (*haltia*): my Nature, from thy hole arise, my Haltia, from under a fallen tree, my Helper, from beneath a stone, my Guide, from out the moss; come, dread-inspiring Death (*Kalma*), come at a time of anguish dire, to give support, to safeguard me, to help me and to strengthen me for the work that must be done, the hurt that must be known about.[2]

b

Arise, my Nature, reliantly, awake, O Genius (*haltia*) of my life, from under a tree, O Brilliant Eyes, from under a flag, O Spotted Cheeks, my Nature that is hard as stone, my hair that is tough as iron; O Nature of the old man and wife, my mother's Nature and my sire's, the Nature of my ancestor in addition to my Nature rise; may I be clothed with a burning coat, with furs of fiery red, that Hiisi's folk may be confused, earth's awful beings may be abashed while this sorcerer uses magic arts, while a Laplander is uttering words.

[1] *i.e.* I shall try to inspire my nature or inner man.

[2] Var. to help the man that throws the lots.

c

My Flesh, bestir thyself in me, in a fellow's neck, O Strong desire; arise, my Nature, reliantly, my Genius, with austerity to seize with me, cause fright with me, to conquer enemies, to crush the warring hosts; rise, cease from slumbering, from reposing in a leafy copse. Thou hast lain in the ground for long, a long while in a gloomy place, so thou art no better than a corpse, no handsomer than a defunct; arise, as thou hast risen afore, when I try to raise thee up. Hills flowed like butter then, rocks like the flesh of swine, blue forest-wilds like mead, the land-locked lakes like ale, low land rose up, high land sank down at the coming of the hour of God, when the help of the Lord approached, when I, the child, was conjuring, when trying to inspire myself.

§ 13. In Distress.

How do they sing and how lament when a time of danger is at hand, when a day of jeopardy impends? Thus may they speak, thus ask in truth: may the hour of God arrive, may help from the Lord approach the while this elfshot is giving thrusts, this loathsome thing is torturing, when a man is shouting in distress, when a man in pain is yelling out. Thou 'hound of the Hiisis,' avaunt! avaunt! thou 'cur of Manala' leave off from striking one that has been born, from destroying one that has been made. If thou, O Hiisi, art from hell, or a devil (*piru*) from Pimentola, if thou of devils (*perkele*) the smallest art, of Satans the most glorious, then, Hiisi, go to hell, thou devil, to Pimentola, they need thee there, thy coming they expect, thy father is weeping there, thy parent is bewailing thee on bloody beds, on bolsters red.

§ 14. Boasting.

a

No sorcerer bewitches me, no Lapp can place me under spells; for my bewitcher I bewitch, my would-be conqueror I subdue, I gouge the eye of a jealous man, I tweak the nose of a sorcerer, let him be any man alive, a black-complexioned countryman, or any woman now alive, a reddish brown-complexioned witch, or a woman of complexion fair, of any complexion—'tis the same. When I begin to sing, begin to speak, I split his shoulders by my song, bisect his jawbone by my lay, I rend the collar of his shirt, from the breast-bone I tear it off; then on his head by song I bring a cap, and underneath the cap a sheaf of Viborg worms, of hairworms quite a heap. Him that would eat me up I feed with these, and make them bite whoever would bite me. I feed the best divining-men, the sorcerers, the jealous ones, on toads with all their feet, on lizards with their wings, on snakes, black snakes with their venom, paws and all.

b

Hither I have not come indeed without my skill, without my art, without my father's force of mind, without my father's armaments, to a place where men are eaten up, to a place where full-grown men are drowned. Let them eat a sheep raw, an uncooked one tear, but not a man like me, nor yet a worse man, or a clumsier. With a man's girdle I am girt, with a man's buckle I am clasped, am fastened with a hero's brooch. Sorcerers once were bewitching me, three Laplanders attempted it, three cruel sorcerers, nine extra wicked ones, three summer nights, nine autumn nights, completely bare, without a rag of clothes; this

much they profited by me, just this much they got out of me, what an axe gets from a stone, a borer from a rock, a stump from slippery ice, or Death (*Tuoni*) from an empty room.

c

Not me will the arrows pierce, not on me the sharp iron take effect. The wizard's arrows will not pierce, nor the diviner's steel; I should make blunt the points, into a hook I 'd twist the heads. I have a sandy skin, a hide of iron-slag, a body made of steel, ta'en from the branches of a fir. If I desire to match myself, with the men to compare myself, I sing the sorcerers with their darts, the archers with their instruments, the witches with their iron knives, the diviners with their steel into the mighty Rutja [*v.* Turja] Falls, into the awful midstream broil, beneath the highest cataract, beneath the most tremendous swirl, amid the rapids' stones, amid the burning boulder stones, to blaze like fire, to sparkle like a spark. There may the sorcerers fall asleep, there may the jealous ones repose, until the grass shall grow through the head and the tall cap, through the shoulders of the sorcerer, right through the muscles of the neck of each sleeping sorcerer, each slumbering jealous one.

d

Perchance I am not after all a person to be termed a man, born of a powerful mother, or by a steady-going woman rocked, if I be eaten without a cause, though innocent be torn to bits. I am a sorcerer's youngest son, the 'calf' of an old divining-man; I to a smith's went formerly, went formerly, went yesterday, again this very day, where things of steel were being made, where things

of iron were being wrought; I ordered shoes of steel, I had a coat of copper cast, which a sorcerer's arrows will not pierce, a sorcerer's arrows, witches' knives, the sharp weapons of divining-men. May all spells that the sorcerers cast, all things that the seers see, that the roadside prowlers snatch, all charms the Laplanders repeat, return to their proper homes, arrive at their tents again; may they cast spells upon themselves, over their children sing their charms, may they destroy their families, may they dishonour kith and kin, may the sorcerer wither up, may the roadside prowler be transformed, may the magic-drummer (*Käsikannus*) fall, may the Laplander be killed by the sharp tools himself has made, by the spell-sent harm himself has caused, let the sorcerer perish by his darts, the wizard by his steel, the witch by her iron knives, by his songs the Laplander.

e

Not me do the sorcerers bewitch, the wizards lay no hands on me, that I should die upon the road, on the journey should fall faint, though young should fall asleep, though ruddy should expire. My mother washed me naked on a nether stone, three times upon a summer night, to become a wizard on every road, a skilful man in every land, to be a singer when at home, a good performer when abroad. Troth, formerly in days gone by, the sorcerers were bewitching me, the sorcerers bewitched, the 'vipers' cursed, had a mind to lay me down, were threatening to sink me down, to serve as a plank on the swampy spots, to serve as a bridge on the miry bits, but being a capable man indeed I was not much concerned thereby; I set myself to cast a spell, myself began to utter words, by

song I turned the best of singers into quite the worst, brought a pigskin o'er their eyes, a dogskin o'er their ears, brought stony shoes upon their feet, and stony gloves upon their hands, a lump of stone upon their necks, and a stony tall cap on their heads.

f

I am the son of a Northerner, that by a Turja girl was rocked, by a Laplander was swung in a cradle made of iron; the old man (Ukko) rumbled in the sky, the old man rumbled, the earth did quake, like water the Creator's clouds got wet, the heaven crackled like a fire at the creation of this boy, when he was brought upon the world. I should term that man a man, consider him a full-grown man, who could draw my bow, could tighten my crooked bow. 'Twas only yesterday I drove the shaft of my spear a fathom deep into a clay-bottomed field, into the unyielding earth; I milked fierce adders with my 'nails,' with my hands I handled snakes, I armed a thousand men with swords on a single summer's night; bruin I visited at home, at his own house a brindled bear, I bitted wolves, I shackled bears to a she-Lempo's tether-post, on Hiisi's gallows I hung them up.

g

On me another man can't put his shoes, nor his laces tie. I put my own shoes firmly on, I draw the laces tight, I stick an arrow in the floor, an oaken shaft into trampled ground, lest a sorcerer eat too much, lest witches wound excessively. If that be not enough, a chestnut stallion I possess, a splendid-looking horse upon whose croup is a lake, on whose backbone clear water lies, a fountain where

the collar sits, the water of which the witches drink, the jealous folk of the village swill, fire-throated ones who drinking make it hiss. But the wizard did not know the least I had already drunk therefrom, before the sorcerer had risen, the jealous person had awoke. Of gravel I made my mitts, my gloves of stone with which I handled adders and with my fingers gathered snakes; I took ten adders, a hundred snakes to go with me, to speed with me, to course in front of me, to wander at my side, to eat the spells of villagers, their incantations to devour.

h

Already in days gone by three attacks of sickness came, to the danger of my wretched self; one came along the swamp, the second came by other ground, by water came the third. The one that came along the swamp had a pole-like neck; the one that came along the ground had a crooked arch-like neck; the one that came by water was the hardest of the three attacks. But, being a capable man indeed, I was not much alarmed thereby; from an eagle I took the claws, the talons from a hawk, from a bear the paws, from bruin the crooked hands, with which I clawed the miscreant, for all time checked the hideous thing, elfshots I squeezed with them and smashed the arrows of disease.

i

No man is eaten without a cause, no man is slain without disease, without the great Creator's leave, without the death-decree of God. If I am not the proper man, can't recognise this cruel pain, from spell-sent troubles can't give release, my comrade is the proper man. He dwells

with Hiisi's folk, on the mountain roams around. If I should take him as a help, to strengthen me, to give me might, then no oaken club will break a bone in my knee nor will a copper hook from my neck draw blood, nor the most violent gust of wind raise from my ears a single hair.

§ 15. To Still Violence.

a

Thou 'hound of Hiisi' disappear, cease, 'dog of Manala,' get wearied, 'shameless cur,' unchristened and unbaptized, of deranging a christian man, of rubbing one that is devout, of eating the core of the heart, of twisting up the lungs, of stamping on the wame, of cutting gashes in the paunch, of gnawing at the navel cord, of laying hands upon the loins, of boring at the sides, of gliding along the vertebræ, of crunching joints, of fracturing the ends of bones, of rending the bones of the thigh, of smashing the bones of the shins, of dislocating arms, of causing rattling in the chest, of nibbling the skull, of scraping the scalp.

If I am not the proper man, I that am rather strong can't help, then I shall send a better man to remove this malady, to effect this grievous task, to destroy the monstrous thing. A man from the sea displays himself, he shakes his furs, flips his coat of skin; his hose are a fathom at the knee, two fathoms wide below the knee; here now let him show himself to remove this malady, to bring about deliverance. But if it pays no heed to him, nor speedily removes itself, there is the Ogress (*Syöjätär*) in the sea with a mouth in the middle of her head, a tongue in the middle of her throat, who has eaten a hundred men, destroyed a thousand

full-grown men; may she now also eat thee up, as the bread she eats, as the feast she holds.

If little good results from that, if still it pays no heed at all, I 'll raise the earth-matrons from the earth, the first house-fathers from the field, all the swordsmen from the ground, the mounted-heroes from the sand; I 'll raise the forests with their men, with their folk the clumps of juniper, fir-thickets with their families, with their bairns the land-locked lakes, a hundred persons armed with swords, a thousand heroes with swords of iron, to strengthen me, to give me might, to be my refuge, my support, in this my terrible distress, this specially laborious task.

May the aerial god himself, old Väinämöinen and the smith Ilmarinen themselves make their appearance here, to recognise these fearful pains, to give release from spell-sent harm, to grind this Hiisi, and this Juutas crush.

b

With what shall I the elfshots squeeze, check the sickness caused by fairy darts (*amputauti*), with what extract the sorcerer's bolts, with what the bloody needles draw from a wretched human being's skin, from the body of a mother's son? Quite lately, only yesterday I was in company with smiths, on the trampled floor of hammerers; I got made for me little tongs, a pair of splendid nipping-irons with which I 'll lift the sorcerer's bolts, I 'll draw the spears of Keito out.

A bear has brawny paws, I 've paws thrice brawnier, five, six times more effectual with which I 'll seize the malady.

But, if it pay no heed to that, I 'll take the hands of one deceased, the fists of one that has disappeared, that in the

earth has lain for long. More dreadful are a dead man's hands, those of a corpse more horrible, with them shall I the elfshots squeeze, tightly compress the fairy darts, shall jerk the bloody needles out, shall drive the pointed things away, shall snatch the 'bristles of the pig' from a naked skin without a stitch of clothes; with them I shall the nightmare put below the earth, below the ground, below a plough's black soil, below five coulters and below a mountain's copper edge.

§ 16. Menacing.

a

If thou remove not speedily, motherless dog, dost not depart, thy old mother I 'll interrogate, thy mother I 'll inform; a mother first of all is milked, the boy is afterwards let drink of his mother's milk, his parent's own white milk.

If thou shouldst pay no heed thereto with willows I 'll belabour thee, I 'll fustigate with rowan shoots, I 'll flog thee well with tips of fir.

If that be not enough, if thou remove not speedily I 'll raise a ram with twisted horns, procure an ox with outspread horns, I 'll order it to butt at thee, I 'll make it strike thee with its horns. If little should result therefrom, I 'll take the hands of one deceased, from under the ground a dead man's fists, from a burial-place I 'll rout up hands; with them I 'll claw the 'toads,' the Satans I shall hurt with them.

If that be not enough, from an eagle I shall take the claws, the talons from a hawk. There is an eagle, a famous bird, plashing on the water of the sea, dwelling on

the billows of the sea, one of its wings the water skimmed, the other nearly touched the sky; with its hard claws I'll chase the sudden maladies away, I'll crush to bits the 'murderers,' the evil-doers I shall squeeze.

If it should pay no heed thereto, have no intention to remove, from a bear I'll take the claws, from a blood-drinker hook-like claws; an eagle has cruel claws, a squirrel (F. firbranch bird) rake-like nails, the paws of bruin are crueller, the claws of a bear more terrible; with them I'll claw the miscreant, for ever check the hideous wretch.

Now, if it pay no heed thereto, I still remember other means, I know more words of magic power and mightier antagonists. In a den I've a hairy-nosed black dog, it was formerly my father's dog, precisely was my parent's hound. Its mouth is burning with fire, its throat is glowing with flame, its teeth resemble cinder-rakes with a tongue shoved in between, of iron is its heart composed, of copper the entrails in its paunch. It has eaten already a hundred men, destroyed a thousand full-grown men; by it I'll have thee eaten up, have thy father and mother eaten up, I'll make it eat thine ancestor and thy other mighty relative; it will bite thee bones and all, it will crunch thee bones and all, till thou canst not shake thy head, till thou canst not draw thy breath.

b

Hast thou regarded me as dead, missed me as if I'd disappeared? I have not died at any rate, I have not wholly disappeared. Quite lately, only yesterday, I was at bruin's home, at the house of an iron[-coloured] bear; I bitted by my song the wolf, the bear I fettered with iron chains. I walked upon a viperous field, I ploughed the

viper-swarming soil, turned up the snaky earth with a keen-edged plough, with a copper share. I held the vipers in my nails, in my hands the snakes; ten of the vipers I put to death, a hundred of the swarthy snakes; with vipers' blood my nails are still besmeared, my hands with the fat of snakes. I take my viperous gloves, my snaky mitts, with which I drive the 'monster' off, I crush to atoms the 'murderer,' I make the 'flesh-devourer' budge, I make the 'bone-biter' slip away, make the fiery 'dog' cease eating up, the evil 'cur' from mangling cease, cease injuring a christian man, destroying one that is baptized. If thou shouldst injure a christian man or destroy a man that is baptized, christening perchance will injure thee, baptism will haply thee destroy.

§ 17. Exorcisms.

a

The evil beings I send away, the kobolds [*kehno*] I incite away, destructive beings I force away, malicious beings I drag away, to sproutless clearings run to waste, to lands unploughed, to swampy dells, to untraversed swamps in which frogs spawn, where muck-worms crawl, to a nameless meadow, unknown by name, where from the earth no herbage sprouts, from the sward no grass exalts itself. If there thou findest not a place, thee I conjure away to the head of the waters of Sumukse, to dark Sariola, to the mist of the sea, to the haze of the lower air, to the feather-tip of a swan, right under the tongue of a pintail duck.

If that be not enough, thee I conjure away down the mouth of Antero Vipunen, down the belly of him that is rich in means, who in the earth has slept for long, long lain

like a tree that is waterlogged. Now, go where I command, into the sleigh of a brindled cat, into the cart of a dusky cock, that the brindled cat may carry thee, that the dusky cock may hurry thee to the solid shutters of a gaol, to its creaking gate.

If that be not enough, thee I conjure away to the fleay cavern of a fox. Get into the fox's sleigh, on the gliding runners of the sledge, the fox has a low-built sleigh, easily the runners glide, the fox will draw thee to the beach and into the water roll thee down. Now, go where I command, where I command and order thee, to the end of a rolling log, to the top of a stump of juniper, into the mouth of a shrieking crow, into a croaking raven's throat, into an ermine's stony hole, to a summer-ermine's paws, into an iron-horned ram's head, into an iron stallion's mouth, into an elk's coarse-fibred flesh, the shoulder-blade of Hiisi's elk, under a summer-reindeer's tongue, into the groin of a tame reindeer, into the mouth of a running wolf, under the tail of a dusky dog, into a bear's hard bones, a black bear's hip, into casks of unripe cloudberries, inside an iron 'egg.'

b

If from 'Kalma's chambers' thou art come, from the 'huts of the spectral host' (*manalaiset*), from raspberry-covered heaps of stones, from the border of a 'holy field,' just make endeavours to go home to 'Kalma's heath,' to the mouldering heaps of soil, to earth that often must be moved, into which a people has fallen prone, a mighty crowd has quietly sunk, where families are enclosed, a deadman's heirs are hidden away. It is good for thee to live, pleasant for thee to pass the time in a 'house of fir,' in a 'pinewood

nest'; like a golden cuckoo thou wilt sing, like a silver turtle-dove, in thy lofty home, in thy lovely house.

c

If thou hast bolted from a corpse [*Kalma*], into a corpse just disappear, go, Kalma, to a burial-ground, to the edge of a holy field, to the home of a man deceased, to the house of a vanished one, to the bed of one that has collapsed, under the rug of one that swooned. There it is pleasant for thee to be, delightful 'tis for thee to live; there thou hast bread of sifted flour, fat delicacies ready made, elbows enough are there and much fat flesh for a hungry man to eat, for one that longs for it to bite. A dead man will not greatly weep, one gone for ever will not cry, if in thy lust thou make a gash, take a bite in thy strong desire.

d

I order smarting pains away, I cause the sufferings to sink at the brink of fiery rapids, in the whirlpool of a holy stream, which by the root drags trees along, causes great-headed firs to fall, destroys the heather in its bloom, sweeps grass and all its husks away. In the rapids is a fiery reef, on the reef is a fiery bull, whose mouth is burning with fire, whose throat is aglow with flame; to Mana it will bear the pains, the sufferings to Tuonela, whence all their life they won't escape, will nevermore be fetched away.

e

Where I command, there get thee gone, into the hateful Ihari [*v.* Ilari, Inari], into the boisterous Kalari, into the violent Rutja [*v.* Turja] rapids, into the gurgling, foaming

surge, into the roaring rapids, into the rapid water's swirl, into the burning whirl, which the trees fall into with their heads, oaks topple into, crown and all, upsetting firs by their root-end, broad-headed pines with spreading crown, in which the stumps of birch are smashed, the roots of aspens are snapt in two, the grass with its roots rushes noisily, and heather tumbles with its bloom.

f

Where I command, there get thee gone, to the fiery rapids' centre point, into the violent Vuoksi falls, into the space between two rocks, into the awful midstream broil, whence all thy life thou won't escape, thou wilt never get away, unless by the Creator freed, without the Almighty's providence. If thou raise thy head from there or exalt thy snout, may Ukko pain thy head with sharply pointed needles, with packing-needles, or with iron hail.

g

Now move thy quarters, 'toad,' change, Murderer, thy dwelling-place, Monster, begin to move away, Plague of the land, to take to flight. Begone whence thou hast come, I cannot bear thee company. Be more impetuous than wind, more rapid than a waterfall. Not here is thy proper place, transfer thy tent to somewhere else.

If thou a master shouldst possess, away to thy master's seat; if thou a mistress shouldst possess, away to thy mistress's feet; to the mouth of thy brother's door, to the end of thy sister's floor, ere the close of day, ere the setting of the sun. Then on thy arrival there, when thou hast reached thy home, the abode of him that fashioned thee, thine originator's place, on thy arrival give a sign, a secret

signal on reaching home, cause a crash like a thunder-clap, cause a glare like a lightning-flash. Kick open the court-yard door, fly down like a cock to the cattle-shed, like a chick to the dwelling-house, right down on the refuse heap. Kill the mare on the cattle-stand, crush the horse in the stall, the horned ox in the cattle-shed. Into the dung stick in its horns, on the floor let its tail fall down, its legs upon the earthen floor, on the threshold strew the hoofs, and scatter the hair upon the walls.

If little should result therefrom, draw the window-shutter back, through it transfer thyself within, into the room like a whirlwind fly, seize by the sinews of the heel, by the hindmost leg, by the narrowest heel, the masters in the farthest nook, in the door-corner the mistresses; of the master break the neck, twist this head awry, draw his eyes askew, of the mistress smash the head, and into a hook bend her fingers round.

h

Go to thy home, thou 'toad,' flee to thy country, Evil One, to the tongue of him that incited thee, to the palm of him that commanded thee. Dog, if thou reach thy home, thy loathsome father's house, commit a spiteful action there, perform one of corpselike hue; pass the threshold on thy hands, on thy knees through the door of the porch, to the shoulder of him that directed thee; enter within by his eye, by his guts, by the bladder, the muscles under the arm deep down to the flesh of the heart; into a bundle twist his heart, by the forelock lug him down, shake the framework of his breast, cause his head to rattle, his bones to creak, the back of his head to strike the ground till he cannot draw a breath.

If little ensue therefrom, blow up the glowing coals, heat furiously Lempo's forge in the hollow of the begetter's heart, claw thy mother's womb, twist thy parent's paunch, in her liver set thy tent, thy cellar in her lungs, give her veins a sudden squeeze, make her blood-pipes pipe a tune. If still that has but small effect, kill the boy that's in the porch, the eldest child that's on the floor, make it fall senseless as a stump, into a hook twist round its nose, in a twinkling break its beak.

i

Scoundrel of Hiisi! to thy home, to thy family return. Thy relatives are greatly vexed, thy family is alarmed that thou from thy country hast gone away, that thou from thy place hast fled. For thou hast tarried long, hast vegetated long at village thresholds, at alien gates, at screeching hinges, at creaking doors. Thy home is gloomy, thy dwelling desolate, thy mother seeks about the house, thy parent sore bewails, feels a sinking of the heart, moves here and there with downcast eyes, at the gate she constantly awaits the coming home of her 'Dog.' Thy mother says, thy parent shrieks:

'My luckless boy is journeying in a houseless tract; who now will snowshoe after elks, will halter reindeer, fetter bears, put heavy bits in mouths of wolves?'

In his house thy father weeps, thy grandmother gives vent to grief, thy brother's eyes with water pour, with gory water, with tears of blood. And there thy son is lying sick, thy sore tormented son shrieks out. For the soul's departure they prepare themselves with bloody beds, with gory rugs, in bloodstained clothes, in horrid gory coats, with bloody mouths, with bloody heads, with all their hair

embrued with blood, thy father at the maiden's spring, thy mother in Äijö's den, thy son at the fountain of Vuojela, thy daughter under the Tyrjä falls.

j

If thou art caused by human art, art an evil sent by any one, a disease produced by another man, an evil raised by a sorcerer, or by a scheming woman wrought, by a strong woman shaken out, return to the man that cast the spell, to the jaws of him that sang the charm, to the throat of him that pronounced the curse, to the heart of him that incited thee, to the breast of the witchcraft-using man, to the chest of him that conjured thee, before the rising of sun, the uprising of the 'morning star' (F. sun), the dawning of the god of dawn, ere the cock's crow is audible.

k

If, Disease, thou wert thrown by another man, by another thrown, by another brought, sent hither for reward, for the sake of money wert procured, thou now art ordered without reward, without any money to run away, without any gold to turn thy steps to thy mistress's morning meal, to the egg-scraps of thy grandmother. There, wicked pagan, eat under the bench, poke in thy head, from there don't raise it up before the flooring rots, the wall-beams get o'ergrown with mould, and the ceiling loosens overhead.

l

If from Metsola thou art, go seriously to Metsola, to the famous village of the woods, to sharp-sighted Tapiola, to places with knotty roots, to places of hard dry stumps, or between two stumps, beneath three birches' roots, to the

home of an old he-bear, to the house of an old she-bear. In there is thy buttery bed, thy milky sleeping-place, thy bacony couch, thy pillows of linen stuff. If time permit thee not to sleep, thy mind won't carelessly repose, crawl on the ground like a snake of the earth, like an adder through withered grass, run through deep forests like a bear, like an otter hurry through a lake, like a squirrel through boughs of fir, like an ermine through holes in stones.

m

Thee I conjure away to murky Pohjola, to the doors of the gate of Pohjola, to the homes of the 'speckled lid,' where there is neither moon nor sun, nor ever any day. 'Tis well for thee to go there, over the trees or along the ground, to rustle in among the firs, to go tumbling in among the pines; huge is the gateway of the north, hingeless the Pass of the atmosphere, for a great devil (*perkele*), for a small, for a tall devil to scamper through.

'Twere well for thee to slip in there, there it is well for thee to live; a sea-beach thou hast to scamper on, gravel thou hast to rattle along, fine sand to shuffle through, a lovely heath to shamble through. Raw flesh is there, cooked flesh is there, lying in pairs at the kettle's spout, there is boneless flesh, there are headless fish for a hungry man to bite, for one with an appetite to bolt. An elk is hanging from a tree, a noble reindeer has been killed, a portly ox lies roasted there, a great animal lies slaughtered there for a voracious man to eat, for one a-hungered to devour.

n

Thither I send thee forth, thee I command and exorcise across nine woods, nine forests and a half, to the fires of

the sons of the North, to the flames of Lapland's bairns. Blazes are made upon the trees, upon the trees, across the ground, by which thou, stupid, canst tell the way, though a stranger, canst quickly find the track. The path is built of iron, is provided with posts of steel, so that a great or a little man or a middle-sized may also reach the hovels of the North, the ground near Lapland's Gulf. There it is well for thee to live, pleasant for thee to pass thy time; there a place is made for thee, a delicious bed to rest upon, something to eat is there set out, something to drink is quick prepared, stags of the forest have been killed, beasts of the field been put to death, there is boneless flesh to eat, the blood of game to drink. There thou canst eat without a care, canst munch according to desire, when thou art hungry gnaw the elk's coarse-fibred flesh, the fat reindeer's flanks, the fleshy armpit of a bear, or a bear's hard bones, in a pigstye sleeping all the night, in a sheep-pen all the day.

o

Thee I conjure away, I command and order off to great battlefields, to the slaughter-fields of men, where men are battling with the sword, in combat are fighting hand to hand. There it is well for thee to live, 'tis easy to visit thy relatives, to eat flesh raw, to drink blood warm; there blood is as high as the knee, filth on a level with the leg, there heads are (plentiful) as hills, hair (plentiful) as withered grass.

p

Whither I order, thither go, in front of some great cannon's mouth, down the throat of the 'copper bow,'

down the gorge of the 'iron churn,' among the war-horse's feet, 'mong the hoofs of a battle-foal, where there is blood for thee to drink, and flesh for thee to gobble up; by eating, the food will not fall short, by drinking, the drink will not grow less, there blood is as high as the shin, red blood is the height of the knee.

q

If thou art from the sky, from the limit of the rainless clouds, mount up to the sky again, ascend into the air, through by the moon, and below the sun, up to the level of the sky, to the dripping clouds, to the twinkling stars, like a fire to flame, to sparkle like a spark on the orbit of the sun, on the circuit of the lunar ring, on the seven stars' back, in the sky behind.

r

Thee I conjure away into moaning hills, into sighing firs, to the top of a copper hill, to a copper mountain peak, where the clouds surround the hill, a steam rolls over the stones, into an iron mountain rift, into the space between two rocks. Tormentor, shriek, O Nightmare, howl, in the deep valleys of the hills, in the fine mountain cleft, whence all thy life thou won't escape, wilt never extricate thyself.

s

Thee I conjure away to the Norja mountain's dell, to the flank of Turja Fell, to a snowy mountain peak, to the northern side of the hill, with thy mouth in snow, thy head in rime, thy hands in the bitter storm, there by the wind to be propelled, be buffeted by the raging storm until thou dry into a rag, become the plaything of the storm.

t

Where shall I warn the pains away, where exorcise the hurts from a wretched human being's skin, from the body of a mother's son? Thither I warn the pains away, thither I force the bitter pangs, the pains to swamps, the pains to fields, the pangs to clearings now run wild, into moving gravel, into rustling sand. If they pay no heed to that surely I know another place. I 'll whisk away the pains, I 'll squeeze the intermittent pangs into stony rocks, into iron heaps of stone, to pain the stones, to torment the flags. A stone weeps not at pain, nor does a flag bewail its sufferings, though many should be laid on it, be flung on it unstintingly.

u

I warn the pains away, I force the evil pains inside a variegated stone, into the side of a bulky flag; I 'll break the stone in two, the flagstone into three; into the water I 'll roll the pains, down under the deep sea waves, into the skin of a kindly seal, who to the deep will bear the pains, will float them to the open sea, or under the inky mud, the dust of other times, that there they may remain so long as there is neither moon nor sun, nor human beings in the world, nor any dwellers under heaven.

v

Sickness, if thou wert brought by wind, brought by the wind, by the water dragged, art a present from the chilly wind, art whisked here by an icy blast, take, Wind, what thou hast brought, what thou hast given, Chilly Blast; into thy cradle take the pain, place it below thy powerful wing, that thou mayst hurry it away to creaking weathercocks, to

whistling winds, to hissing clouds, to be rocked by winds, to be handled by the clouds.

w

Thee I conjure away to other, to foreign lands, to Sunku's great farmyards, to the adjoining Russian land. There it is well for thee to live, pleasant for thee to pass thy time, in a pig-stye sleeping all the night, in a sheep-pen all the day. If there thou canst not find a place, go there where I command, to other, to distant lands, to other waters that are black, which by the eye have not been seen, were never heard of by the ear, to priestless places, unchristened lands, where thou 'lt be heard of never more, whence thou wilt never show thyself.

x

If from the water thou hast rolled, into the water roll forsooth, creep on the ground like a little snake, like an otter rush along the shore, to the unstable sea, to Lapland's ample bay [*v.* to Väinö's open sea], into an iron burbot's mouth, into the teeth of a steely pike, who will eat thee bones and all, with thy bones will crunch thee up; to the eye of a blue sik-fish, to the tail of a salmon red, that travels in the waves, swims in the rapids' foam, dwells under swirling pools, whirls round below the stream. The sik will bear thee to the deep, will float thee to the open sea, far will the salmon carry thee, transport thee further off, down under the deep waves, down on the inky mud, where not a breath of wind is felt, no ripples on the water move.

If thou raise up thy head from there, Ukko will split thy head with a golden club, with a silver wedge.

y

If from the water thou art come, I exorcise thee far away to the clear surface of the sea, to the endless waves. There it is luck for thee to live, pleasant for thee to move about, there the wind will rock thee to and fro, the windward shore will cradle thee, the swell of the sea will make thee sway, the gentle water make thee shake. The wind affords security there, a wave will drive towards thee a perch, the small sik-fish at thy side thou 'lt eat, and the salmon that are close at hand. Three swelling waves are on the sea, at the head of each swelling wave—a fire, in front of each fire there stands a man, in each hand he holds a spit, on the spit there is roasted flesh, here is an elk and here an ox, and there the head of a whale. These are the best of roasted meats for a hungry man to eat, for one with a crave to gobble up.

z

Sternly I warn the pains away from this human being's skin. May the pains be shot, may the torments sink into the cup of Kivutar, into the box of Vammatar, into the bed of Vaivatar, down on the pillows of Päivätär. If there no place is to be found, may the torments into the water roll, may the suffering subside into the sea's dark depths, to the lower parts of Saarva lake, nine fathoms deep, whence they will never more escape, will be heard of never more in this long period of time, in all my length of days.

§ 18. To make fast.

a

Now move to where I ordered thee, where I conjured and ordered thee, to pass thy weeks and spend thy months

till I shall come to let thee go, till I appear to liberate, shall come to carry thee away, myself arrive to let thee loose with nine rams born of a single ewe, with nine bulls, calves of a single cow, nine stallions, foals of a single mare.

b

Begone to where I ordered thee, commanded thee, exhorted thee, whence unless loosed thou 'lt ne'er get loose, unless set free wilt ne'er be free, while this world lasts, while the Lord's moon shines. No liberator liberates thee, no releaser set thee free unless I come to liberate, myself approach to set thee free in company with my three dogs, with five or six of my 'woolly tails,' with seven white-collared dogs, with my eight hounds, with stallions nine, brought forth by a single mare.

WORDS OF HEALING POWER.

§ 19. For Stings from Wasps, Gadflies, and other Insects.

a

Outrageous wasp! who bade thee do this evil deed, incited thee to a sneaking act, what fool made such a dolt of thee, what madman made thee so insane, that thou with thy sting (F. pike) shouldst pierce that human being's skin?

Don't shoot, O wasp, don't sting, thou 'stinging bird'; thou art no bird at all unless thou use thy sting! Into a wood-pile stick thy sting, into a juniper thy spur, or hurl thine arrows at a stone, cause them to rattle against a rock, confine the feathers of thy wings, into a hook twist up thy snout, or shoot thyself, give one of thy mates a prod, to pass the time shoot stones or stumps of trees and each of

them six times. I have a sandy skin, an iron-coloured hide.

b

O wasp, the stinging bird, O gadfly, bubbling o'er with wrath, O hornet, thou complaisant man, don't shoot thine arrows forth into that human skin, that body of a mother's son. Surely I know thine origin, together with thy bringing up; thou wast conceived by Synnytär, brought up by Kasvatar. Blind was thy father, blind thy mother, thou art blind thyself. In the snow thy father died, in the snow thy mother died, in the snow thyself wilt die.

Don't rise high now, no higher than the knee. Into a sheath force down thy nose, into a rotten stump thy head; bite a tree, bite earth, sting little stones; into a copse thy malice cast, thy spur among the down-cut trees, under a fallen tree thy smarts, on a sandy heath thy bitterness, to the wilderness thy cruel harm, thy other poisons into mud; make thine arrows ineffectual, thy crossbows that they can't be strung. Thy place is in the wilderness, thy lovely dwelling on a swamp, thy birch-bark room, thy pine-bark hut is there. There it is nice for thee to live, a tent is ready in which to sleep, 'tis nice to shoot to pass the time, 'tis nice to give thy mates a prod; thou wilt not hear a passer-by, of man wilt not know anything.

§ 20. For Sickness caused by Elfshots, for sudden Strokes, Fits, etc.

a

I sew a fiery coat of fur with fiery selvages in a fiery room. In it I dress myself and then proceed to hunt the sudden stroke, to combat the elfshot disease. I hunt the

stroke to fields run wild, I blow the elfshots to the clouds. If he has shot one arrow forth, two arrows I shall shoot; if he has shot two arrows forth, three arrows I shall shoot; if with three arrows he has shot, again I shoot with several, a hundred arrows I discharge, a thousand I launch forth. My bolts are swift and stronger are my tools of steel.

b

An eagle rose from Korvio, a 'steely jaws' from a muddy strand, a 'scaly back' from a gravelly place to sit upon a flat stone's edge, to fray a boulder's edge. I snatched away the eagle's claws with which I meet the fiend, drive elfshot-sicknesses away, with which I scratch paralysis and claw attacks of sickness, too.

Attacks of sickness are threefold: the one approaches by the swamp, another by the winter road, the third along the water springs; it is the mildest of attacks that strode along the ground; it is the intermediate sort that came by water here; it is the worst of all attacks that has arrived along the swamp. The very worst of all attacks I now shall force into the cleft of five big hills, the interval between two rocks, the others into fields run wild, to places soft and water drenched.

§ 21. Against Toothache.

a

A 'stinking dog' that biteth bone, a hound that teareth at the jaw threw his peas, pressed down his beans[1] into

[1] Peas and beans probably refer to the black spots in decayed teeth. Under the word *Meslins*, Mr. Palmer, in *Folk Etymology*, gives a number of instances in which words for skin diseases are derived from some grain, including peas and beans, in various Indo-European languages.

a very old man's jaw, into his aching teeth. The aged one drooped, the old man died, from the unusual disease, from the gnawing of the 'dog,' from being torn by 'Lempo's hound.'

The short old woman, Tuoni's girl, into his jawbone drove a nail, that had been forged three times, with her tongue she salved the pains, the toothache sufferings, and uttered certain words of hers:

'May the salt sound forth propitiously for the good soothsayer (*lukija*) near thee, may the old man from sleep arise, may he be free to stand upright.'

From his sleep the old man rose, he was free to stand upright as in his former life, as in his previous way.

b

O 'stinking cur dog,' 'Tuoni's hound,' thou 'kitchen-cook,' thou 'fire-place screen,' that liest beneath the devil's tongs, his son, the offspring of the evil one, with eyes askew, with crooked jaw, thou spark of hellish fire, hast thou sent here thy 'beans,' hast thou cast here thy 'peas,' hast sent them secretly to eat and publicly to whine, to eat, to gnaw, to fret, to bite, to distend the jaws, to hack the teeth, the charming jaws, the cherished teeth?

c

I have a pair of tiny tongs, of pincers ever adequate, with which I draw out 'Tuoni's grub,' and slay the 'worm of Manala'; I take the eater from tree, from bone, extract it from a human skin.

But if thou pay no heed thereto, do not this very moment cease from gnawing, tearing, and from grubbing in, O Hiisi's dog, I'll bend my willow bow, prepare my

shaft of alderwood, with which I 'll shoot down Tuoni's grub, fell the bone-biter with a bang, shoot the Hitto through the sleeve, the evil being through the beard, crush the gnawing worm inside, the destroyer of the jaw.

If that should insufficient prove, I still remember other means. There are stones on the hill of Kimmola, upon the steadfast mountain slope, with which I 'll grind thee into dust, shall in a mortar pound thy lips, shall with a pestle thresh thy head, split thine abominable teeth.

If after that thou pay no heed, I have a little sleigh of logs, of birch, of hard-wood logs, of solid rowan logs, of evil alder-buckthorn logs, and of reliable tarred logs, with which I 'll set thy house on fire, and kindle, wretch, thy bed of straw.

If after that thou pay no heed, dost not give way the very least, I shall discover some new dodge, some five or six that are cleverer. I 'll carry thee among the coals, 'neath Ilmarinen's forge. Thy coat will burn, thy skin will peel between the pincers of the smith, in the agonising fire.

And if that still is not enough, I send thee off into the fire of Hiitola, into the evil power's flames, into the iron frying-pan, into the evil baking-pan. There will thy feathers melt away, thy downy feathers give off fumes. Thou 'lt roast, O worm of Manala, wilt frizzle well, O Tuoni's grub, in the glow of Hiisi's coals, in the evil baking-pan.

§ 22. Against Wounds caused by Hiisi.

O mare that wast reared in Karjala, with iron hoofs, with copper 'claws,' push Hiisi down upon his side, make Hiisi sideways fall, kick Hiisi down upon his knees with thine iron hoofs, thy copper 'claws,' (to make him cease) from injuring a Christian man, destroying one that has been made.

§ 23. Against Whooping-Cough.

I know not now the very least, whence thou, O wretch, hast flung thyself, O disease of children, hast arrived, whence thou hast come, O whooping-cough. If thou from Hiisi's bin, from Hiisi's coals art come, may thou to Hiisi's bin, 'mong Hiisi's coals, return. If from the fire thou art come, then, Fury, into fire return; among thine ashes plague thyself, in thy hot ashes hide thyself, conceal thyself among the sparks, away from a child that is innocent. This one to Mana will not go, this mother's son—to Tuonela.

§ 24. Against Injuries caused by Kalma.

Kindly Kalma, lovely Kalma, Kalma of the fair complexion! surely do I know thy lineage, with thy birth I am acquainted. So if thou wert generated from the stock of Eve and Adam, go into a graveyard, Kalma, to the huts of the departed, from the skin of a human being, from a much tormented body.

If thou art the work of others, sent by some one, some one's 'arrow,' sooth, pray try and reach the cottage, the surroundings, of thy sender,—dressed in gory clothes and tatters.

§ 25. When Torn by a Bear or Wolf.

A maiden liveth in the air, on the edge of a little cloud, with a skein of sinews on her lap, and under her arm a roll of skin. They fell to the earth through the wind, that dwells on the mountain top, that roars in the wooded wilderness, that flutters through the leavy groves. From them (new) sinews are obtained, from them are taken bits

of skin, from them the potent salves, the effectual magic remedies (*katse*), to place on wounds from tooth of wolf, from cruel clawing of a bear.

§ 26. For Contusion from a Stone.

a

Stone! Kimmo Kammo's son, 'egg of the earth,' a 'ploughed field's clod,' the offspring of deep rapids, and by a rapid torrent shaped, called by half-witted ones a stone, entitled by them 'egg of earth,' why hast thou raised thy beak, hast sought to turn thy snout against a human being's skin, the body of a woman's [*kapo*] son?

Just call to mind thine ancient state, reflect upon thine origin. Thou wast not great when thou from out the earth didst rise, or from the sky didst roll, didst fall from a cloud's periphery, didst roll like a wheaten cake or like a piece of barley dough from the foot of the glorious God, from the tip of Jesus' sole, when thou wast coming to the earth, when thou wast falling from the clouds.

If thou hast risen from out the earth, then mayst thou crawl along the earth, like a sweet dumpling go away, roll off like wheaten groats. If thou wast rained upon the earth, hast fallen from the clouds, then to the sky ascend, flee upwards to the clouds, and do not raise thy beak, and do not turn thy snout against a wretched human skin, the body of a woman's [*kapo*] son.

b

The blind old man of Väinölä, the sightless man of Ulappala, was walking on his way, was on his journey

stepping out. He knocked his foot against a block, his elbow point against a stone, to his incessant suffering. There he lay sick for half a year, lay a whole summer on his back; the floor is rotting underneath, the roof is mouldering above,—the bed of linen tow, the pillows stuffed with straw.

§ 27. Against Syphilis.

a

Thou wicked heathen, woe to thee, thou wretch below the petticoats, thou filthiness between the thighs, with sloppy mouth, with shameful jaw, thou village horror, women's shame, thou disgrace of an honest man, if thou hast noxious water cast, hast yellow-coloured water spewed, to cause a suppurating sore upon this human being's skin, then, wicked heathen, get thee hence, thou fearful villain, disappear, desist from seizing on the loins, from twisting up the testicles; poke, gimlet, thy malignant sores, thine own offscourings down thy throat, that in thy gullet they may seethe, under thy navel they may squeal. Thee I conjure away, flee to thy country, evil one, to a malicious woman's rug, to the linen of an angry one.

b

Woe to thee, scorn of girls, thou glowing heat below the skirts, thou tattered fellow, Syphilis, thou draggled thing in skirts of shame, thou progeny of Syöjätär, and lulled to sleep by Mammotar. Thou wast not great in days gone by, thou wast not very passionate, when under the heart of Syöjätär, under the liver of Mammotar. Great hast thou

now indeed become, into a passion hast thou flown, since, Lempo, thou hast ta'en in hand, hast, wicked heathen, set thyself to gnaw a man that has been born, to injure one that has been made?

Into this place whence camest thou, into this room whence forced thyself, whence, scoundrel, hast thou broken loose, why, wretch, hast thou become a wretch? From German linen hast thou come, from homespun breeches dragged thyself, from the folds of a harlot's coat, from the blanket selvage of a whore, into this human being's skin, the body of a mother's son?

Thou hound of Hiisi, now desist, keep quiet, cur of Manala, a human skin ought not to he by thee, the filthy one, profaned. Whither I order, get thee hence; into cloth trousers turn aside, into the drawers of shopkeepers, into the folds of a harlot's gown, into a strumpet's blanket seams, into a wicked woman's clothes. From there hast thou, the rascal, come, been flung, thou villain of the place, to cause a suppurating sore, with swelling bubos to wreak harm.

If there thou find no place at all, go, filthy one, to Metsola, to the wolf's immense resorts, to the stone-heap dwellings of a bear, to eat the flesh of wolf, to crunch the bones of bear, the shoulder of a bluish elk or a full-grown reindeer's legs. A horse with crooked neck is there, tear with thy teeth its thighs, its shank bones smash, and wring its neck.

If that should insufficient prove, I know in sooth another place. Thee I conjure to eternal hell. A horse has died in hell, inside the hill a colt slipped up, so a foot is there for thee to bite, a hoof for thee to gnaw, without thy gnawing human skin, the body of a mother's son.

§ 28. To Remove Tumors, Abscesses, Boils.

a

If I a poor lad can't rightly guess how the trouble came, the tumor rose, on the narrow muscles of the neck, on the place where the throat is rubbed, if I should want for 'words,' them I shall go and fetch from the distant limits of the north, from Lapland's widely-stretching woods. An old wife lives in Pohjola who can inform how a tumor should be squeezed, an evil swelling should be pressed with an eagle's powerful claws, with the talons of the bird of air, with which I shall the tumors claw, shall also press the swellings down.

But if it take no heed of that, a bear has massive paws. Dig in, O bear, with thy great claws, keep clawing with thy paws, press down these lumps, these bearish knobs.

If still it does not care for that, I shall lift out three stones from the river of Tuonela, from the sacred river banks, with which I shall compress the bumps, shall press the tumors to the ground. Then if it does not care for that, nor pay the slightest heed thereto, may a stone as high as a church, a flag as thick as a tower, begin to squeeze the lumps, to compress the knobs.

If insufficient that should be, I take my axe for lopping boughs, and with it I 'll reduce the knobs, with it I 'll excavate the ends, and likewise shall uproot the roots, between the muscles and near the bone, to prevent its crumpling up the bone and causing stiffening of the joints.

b

Become, thou 'Hiisi's toadstool,' light, thou 'boss of Lempo,' now desist, cease, evil one, from swelling up, thou

abscess, cease from being cross. Whene'er I twist, do thou shrink up, whene'er I press, do thou sink down, sink, evil one, don't swell, get lower, do not rise. May a rotten stump grow large, a dry stump get puffed out, may a sand ridge burst, may fat earth split, not a poor human being's skin, the body of a mother's son. Now, 'quim of Hiisi,' wear away, vanish, thou scoundrel, do not grow, with the moon's waning wear away, in course of a week disappear. The moon in waning is obscure, the sun when sinking is obscure, the sun the while it sets, may thou be more obscure than it.

§ 29. For Snake Bites.

a

Black worm, that hast the look of earth, thou Tuoni-coloured grub, ball, living under withered grass, scoundrel, among the roots of grass, that goest through knolls, that wrigglest through the roots of trees, who raised thee from the withered grass, awoke thee at the grasses' root to crawl upon the ground, to creep upon a path? Who raised thy snout, who ordered and incited thee to hold thy head erect, the column of thy neck quite stiff, against the ordinance of God? Thee the Creator cursed, on thy belly on the ground to crawl, on the earth to creep and to gnaw a stone.

Was it thy father ordered thee, or did thy parent thee compel to this atrocious deed, to an iniquity so great in that thou, hideous one, hast struck with thy tongue and with thy gums, or didst thou act on thine own account, according to thine own caprice?

Thou devil, bite thy sons, thy proper progeny, not a human being's skin, the body of a woman's [*kapo*] son.

b

'Black worm,' that livest underground, 'grey worm,' beneath the fallen trees, that livest under the earth's moss, 'dear dew-worm of the leavy grove,' thou 'braid of hair of Hiisi's girl,' thou 'beard-hair of the Evil One,' thou 'fence-stake of an Aholainen [*v.* Ahkolainen],' a 'Rumalainen's [*v.* Ruomalainen's] sledge cross-tree, thou 'whip of Piru,' 'Hiisi's scourge,' thou 'fastening of the Evil Spirit's coat,' that fliest through alder groves, that bustlest through the willow groves, that drivest through fences, and that burrowest through a stump, who raised thee, Mammo, from the earth, who awoke thee in the grass, to come and rustle in a house, to hang about on a heap of dust, to strike with thy little tongue, to taste with thy grovelling mouth? Who ordered this iniquity, incited thee to this sneaking act? Was it thy father, mother, or the eldest of thy brothers, or the youngest of thy sisters, or some other mighty relative, when thou didst come with a look of fire, or with an iron-coloured look and bittest a human being's skin, the body of a woman's [*kapo*] son? Didst thou think to have bitten a tree, to have injured a willow's root, when thou bittest a human skin, the body of a woman's son?

c

'Black worm!' thou hissing snake, thou wrathful, coiled up snake, 'thou ghost (*haamu*) that lookest like a *haltia*,' thou 'apparition beside the barn,' thou 'rope beneath a heap of stone,' thou 'bundle at a tree-stump's root,' that passest through the turf, that crawlest on the ground, that from a tree branch droppest down and throwest thyself upon the grass, didst thou eat thy food, didst thou nibble to thy heart's content, when thou bittest the wretched animal,

didst pinch the wretched beast, didst nip the teats of the cow, didst taste below the paunch? What excited thee to wrath, deluded thee into acts of shame, who raised thee from a heap of chaff, awoke thee on a plot of grass, to glide from underneath a nook, to crawl upon the ground, to hiss with thine ugly head, to cut with thy swarthy mouth? Who untied thy tongue, who ordered the crooked one, when thou didst become extremely wroth, exceeding furious, didst nip the cow's teats, and pinch the wretched beast?

d

From out the ground a black worm rose, from the Water-Mothers came a 'snail,' to bite and sting that human skin. Thou hairlike snake, thou villain's son, why hast thou done the spiteful deed? Come now to recognise thy work and make thy poison innocuous. Remove thy venom speedily, take home thy gall, or I shall loudly shout to my father, to Jesus, and to my mother Mary, to behold these deeds.

That made thy poison innocuous, took home thy gall, into a deep place hurled thy sting, removed thy bite's effect, it pinched thy 'pincers,' and compressed thy 'scraping knife.'

e

In appearance snakes are various; blue, red, and yellow ones there are, or looking like a speckled stone, but not the evilly-disposed, not those of Kammo's hue. Full well I know thine origin, thy parentage, thou cunning one; from the earth the larger one proceeds, the larger one, the smaller one; thou too wast born of earth, thy father is earth, thy mother earth, the earth is thy great ancestor, and thou art mould, and I am mould, on the selfsame earth we live.

Such was thine origin. Allow me now to see thy hue, to take stock of thine outward shape. Thy colour will be told at once, whatever colour it may be, blue, red, or yellow, blonde, or an iron scraper's hue, the colour of a bluish finch, or the hue of all the air, the bluish colour of the sky, a colour of every kind, the hue of every animal (*kave*), the hue of Hiisi certainly, a Piru's execrable hue, the accursed hue of the Evil One.

§ 30. For Gout or Heartburn.

Good gout, thou lovely gout, Mary's sweet gout, depart, turn back elsewhere.

Ukko struck fire on a surface of tin, into some alder chips, into which I blew the gout from a sufferer's skin.

§ 31. For Cutting off Excrescences.

From the clouds fell a bowie-knife, from the sky rolled down a knife, forged by the sky most cleverly, with silver blade, with a haft of gold. It fell on my knees, into my right hand, in my hand the haft remained, the blade in the Creator's hand. With it I cut excrescences away and uproot the roots.

Pray do not be the least concerned, the treatment will not last a month, I shall not fumble for a year, one moment will the treatment last and all is over in a trice. I do not touch with heavy hand, I shall not prune to cause thee pain, with river horse-tail I shall touch, will stroke it with a water-sedge, will push it with a rush's edge, I term it—'blown away by wind,' 'removal by a chilly blast' or 'snatching by a raging storm.'

Where I make incision with the knife or rasp with the

iron blade, upon that spot may honey fall, on it may virgin honey stream, into the wound a honeyed salve, honey where iron has made a gash.

And if the iron acts amiss, if Lempo cause the knife to slip, the flesh of Lempo shall be sliced, the Evil One be cut in twain, with a blade that himself has made, with iron hammered by himself, on his own mother's knee, when in his parent's care.

§ 32. For Contusions or Lesions.

a

From Turja comes an aged man, from Pimentola a little [*v.* tall] man; slowly he trails himself along, trudging with heavy gait. In his breast is a roll of veins, in his hand a ladle filled with blood, under his arm is a lump of flesh, in his fist a longish piece of bone. Into a wizard (*loitsia*) he made himself, into a man of healing arts, tied firmly flesh to bone, tied firmly bone to flesh, united veins with veins and in the veins caused blood to flow.

b

The Virgin Mary, mother dear, pure mother, beautiful of shape, wandered along the sky's boundary, along the air's edge was hurrying with a skein of veins upon her back, under her arm a can of blood, in her hand a longish piece of bone, on her shoulders a lump of flesh. Where a vein had suffered injury, she spliced on it another vein, where blood had leaked she poured in blood, where a bone was loose she made it fast, where flesh was removed she added flesh, put the patches in their place, gave a blessing to the spot.

§ 33. For the Hiccough.

Go, hiccough, to a clump of limes; I'll come to strip the bast; go, hiccough, to a clump of birch; I'll come to strip the bark. (This has to be repeated till the hiccough ceases.)

§ 34. For Sprains.

a

Jesus was going to church, Mary proceeding to mass, in the morning very early, on the morning of a Sunday, on a mouse-coloured horse, on a pike-coloured one, on one of a black salmon's hue, on one as smooth as a sïk. He rode o'er swamp, he rode o'er land, rode over clearings run to waste, to Kalevala's heath, to the unploughed edge of Osmo's field; and then he rode along the side of a clanging sandy path to a long bridge's head.

A trouble arose, an accident at the blue bridge ensued, at the red foot-bridge's head. A wood-grouse started up, the earth did quake, the heart of Jesus throbbed.[1] The horse's foot was sprained, the colt's leg broke in the clanging sand, in the swelling mould, at the turn of Ahti's fence, at the very gate of the rogue. Jesus dismounted to the ground, threw

[1] The Finns believe, that formerly the wood-grouse, *pyy* (Tetrastes bonasia), was an enormous bird,—the size of a draught-ox according to some—so large that :—

'When the wood-grouse started up
The earth gave a sudden crash,
The heart of Jesus throbbed.'

The Saviour then cursed the *pyy* and ordered it to grow smaller and smaller every year. So the *pyy* becomes continually smaller till finally it will become so small as to pass through a ring and then the end of the world will come. (Told me by Lektor Suomalainen. Also given by K. Krohn, *Eläinsatuja*, p. 280.)

himself from the horse's back, to inspect the sprain, to repair the harm. He sat himself upon a stone, sank down upon his knee to adjust the veins, to set the limb. Into his hand he snatched the foot, into his palm he took it up, puts bone to bone and joint to joint, a ruddy thread for blood and a blue thread for veins. Everything did he put right and gave his blessing to the place.

b

An old man rides to church on a saddle of ash [*v.* bone], on an elk-like horse with the fatness of a seal. He over a blue bridge rode, across the Kedron brook, along a stony path he rode towards a lofty hill. The horse's foot slipped up, the mare's leg broke in the hole between two rocks, the cavity between three stones. From its back the old man fell, from the croup of the white-starred horse. Then Vuolervoinen, bastard son, prepared himself to help to bind the veins, to reset the limb. Where a bone was snapt apart, a bone was snapt and veins were cut, he joined the bone, tied up the veins, inserted a ruddy thread, adjusted a dark-blue thread.

c

Where are veins knotted up and threads prepared with magic words? There veins are knotted up and threads prepared with magic words—near a blue bridge, at the end of a red foot-bridge. Who knotted up the veins, prepared with magic words the threads? The beauteous woman Suonetar, the lovely spinner of the veins, on a splendid spinning-wheel, on a copper spindle-shank, on the top of a golden stool, at the end of an iron bench, she knotted up the veins and the threads prepared with magic words.

d

Saint Anni, gracious maid, the beauteous maiden of the veins, span a ruddy thread, with buzzing sound, a thread of blue, with busy hands a thread of black, on a copper spindle with silver whorl, on an iron spinning-wheel. She bound it on the foot, on a poor living creature's skin, on the body of a wretched beast, or on a human being's skin; if a joint was sprained, the socket of a joint had cracked, had shifted from its place, had been from its position knocked.

§ 35. Against Nightmare.

I have a sack below, a sack below, a sack above, a steel-yard underneath my stern, on which I set the nightmares down, I gather together 'Hiisi's dead.'

If no assistance come therefrom, then Rahko in his iron boots, who makes a stony hill revolve, will put the night-mares underneath a ridge-pole or beneath a spar, 'neath an iron roof, 'neath a tongueless bell.

§ 36. Against Frostbite.

a

Sharp Frost, the son of Blast (*Puhuri*), ice-crusty, wintry boy, now hast thou hurt a human skin, hast sorely injured a mother's son, destroyed a woman's progeny, for sapless has the man become, the stalwart man insensible.

Sharp Frost, the son of Puhuri, come now to recognise thy work, to remedy thine evil deeds; if thou hast bitten, heal the bite, if thou hast touched, undo the harm, or else thy mother I shall tell, to thy father I shall make it known. Enormous trouble a mother has, when treading in her sons'

footsteps, effacing traces he has left, anointing sores that he has made.

b

Sharp Cold, the son of Närappä, hard-frozen, wintry boy, where shall I exorcise thee now? Thee do I exorcise forthwith to distant limits of the North, to the flat, open land of Lapps. There is it nice for Cold to live, for Chilly Weather to abide. There thou wilt level trampled ground, wilt slay a reindeer out at grass, wilt eat flesh lying close at hand, wilt gnaw the bone that 's near to thee.

Since thou dost pay no heed thereto, I exorcise thee forth into the belly of Pakkanen (sharp cold), the fervid paunch of the frosty blast. As there thou mayst not find a place, depart to where I order thee, flee to the clouds above, thou wintry weather, to the sky, cease injuring a christened man, destroying one that is baptized.

§ 37. Against Stitch or Pleurisy.

a

The devil (*Piru*) forges bolts, the son of Äijö jagged spikes in the smithy of Hiitola, on Lapland's bird-snare plains. I happened to go there myself, a previous day, quite recently, while Piru was making bolts, was sharpening jagged spikes. I ordered tiny tongs, a pair of useful tweezers to be made, with which I draw a sorcerer's bolts and the weapons of an 'archer,' out from a wretched human skin, the body of a woman's son.

b

Woe on thine 'arrows,' sorcerer! on thy 'knives of iron,' witch! tall Piru! on thy 'shafts'; Lempo! on thy 'leaf-headed spears.' Archer! remove thine evil things, thy

shooting instruments, O Piru, snatch thine arrows out, O Keitolainen, thy 'spear,' from a wretched human skin, the body of a mother's son. Shoot thine arrows forth into an evil willow's cracks, into swamps without a knoll, into the subsoil of the fields, into hills of steel or iron rocks; shoot the vipers, too, in the cleft of an iron hill; or mount up to the sky, flee to the air above, to meddle with the clouds, to pierce the stars.

c

How now do I lift out the shaft of the sorcerer, lift Keito's spear, snatch forth the sharply-pointed iron, extract the evil lance's head from a wretched human skin, the body of a woman's (*kapo*) son? Whether it be a human skin or the hide of an animal, the arrow may be drawn, be plucked away, by virtue of the word of God, by the spirit of the Lord's decree.

If I am not the man, if Ukko's son is not the man, to extract this arrow or attend to this blunt-headed bolt, may the black-sided Vento ox, that is tough of flank, of body is extremely strong, of sinew very stout, now here appear to tug the arrows out, whisk out the spears, extract the spikes. Ere now, a long time ago, it extracted arrow-heads, took out sharp spikes, plucked iron darts, from a poor human skin, the body of a mother's son.

If that is not enough, there is an ox (*v.* stag) in Hiitola, at Satan's, one with a hundred horns, with a mouth a hundred fathoms wide, like triple rapids is its throat; O here may it now appear! The hump-backed ox would slowly lug, would draw the arrows out, from rattling in the heart, from creaking underneath the skin, and free the heart from pain, the belly from its suffering.

If that is not enough, there is a wolf in Manala, a bear on Kalma's sandy heath, a boundless braggadocio. O may it here appear to draw the bolts of the sorcerer! If that is not enough, there is a lad in Pohjola, a tall man in Pimentola; O may he here appear to wrench this arrow forth, twist out this iron barb! If that is not enough, no heed at all is paid thereto, tall men there are in Pirula, terrific heroes in Hiisi's home, in the devils' nesting-place, in front of Hiisi's den, to pluck all arrows out, to disengage all spears.

§ 38. For Contusions from Trees.

a

How at such time is one to speak, and how should one interrogate, when the 'cheek' of a birch has touched a man, the 'cheek' of a spruce has given a kick, when the trunk of a tree does wrong, or a bough inflicts a wound? Thus at such time is one to speak, and thus should one interrogate: Pure God-created tree!—stump! caused by the Lord to grow—thou wast not great when thou from a knoll didst rise, from the earth emerge like a strawberry, like an arctic bramble in the woods, wast growing up while rocked by wind, while lulled to sleep by a chilly air, like a leaf wast fluttering in the grove, like a spray wast swaying in the wilds. Why hast thou done a spiteful deed, why perpetrated a ghastly act and violated a human skin, the body of a woman's (*kapo*) son? Bear now thy malice to a copse, to the wilderness thy grievous hurts, to a sandy heath thy bitterness, or I shall manage otherwise: by the roots I 'll dig thee up, lay low thy crown in a marshy dell.

b

Many a tree does an injury, many a branch inflicts a wound. When a willow does an injury it is mentioned to a birch, the birch-tree is astounded and makes good the injury. When a fir commits an injury, they tell it to a hardwood tree; astonished is the hardwood tree and soothes the injury. When a hardwood tree does an injury, they tell it to a softwood tree; astonished is the softwood tree and foments the injury. When a stem commits an injury, it is mentioned to a branch; astounded is the branch and repairs the injury. When a branch commits an injury, it is mentioned to the stem; astonied is the stem and removes the injury. Much honey does a stem possess, much virgin honey have the boughs for the injuries they have done, for the troubles they have caused. One day, a little while ago, honey rained down upon their tops, from their tops upon their boughs, from their boughs upon their roots. The roots caused tender herbs to grow, both tender herbs and little stalks, with honey, virgin honey, filled, from which an ointment is prepared for bruises caused by a wicked tree, for troubles it has brought about.

§ 39. Against Cancer or Whitlow.

a

A Cancer ran as Cancers do, came floundering along a road, where Ukko at the roadside stood, and Ukko of the Cancer asked:

'Whither, O Cancer, goest thou? whither, O toad, dost thou proceed?'

'To the village yonder do I go, to plague the bones of

villagers, to cause the flesh to putrefy, to cause the limbs to fret away.'

Ukko to the Cancer said: 'Thither thou must not go to violate a christened man, to ruin one that is baptized. Betake thee to the fire of hell, to the evil power's flame, and violate unchristened ones, play havoc with the unbaptized.'

b

Jesus was walking along a road with little Peter, with his talkative companion; towards them a Cancer came. Jesus began to speak, and of the Cancer sternly asked:

'Whither, reptile, goest thou? whither, maggot, crawlest thou?

Quoth the Cancer in reply: 'I to yonder village go, to bewitch young people's bones, cause the flesh to putrefy, gnaw the joints and pain the nails.'

To the Cancer Jesus sternly said: 'To the village Cancer must not go, to smash the bones of villagers and pinch the flesh. Get thee beneath yon boulder-stone, squeeze in below that thick flat stone, shriek there, thou criminal, yell there, accursed one, where moon ne'er shines nor sun illuminates.'

§ 40. For Injuries from Iron.

a

Woe on thee, miserable Iron! bewitchèd Steel, why hast thou maimed thy brother[1] dear, touched with thy mouth thy relative? Why hast thou meddled with the flesh, and also caused the blood to flow? Didst think to have bitten

[1] Because mankind and iron were equally the product of the spirit of Nature (*Luonnotar*), and because they are both of earth, according to 40 *d*.

a tree, to have tried a birch, to have hacked an aspen tree, to have pinched a half-grown pine, to have bitten a branch of fir, to have eaten the heart of a stone? Thou didst not bite a tree, not try a birch at all, not hack an aspen tree, not pinch a half-grown pine, not bite a branch of fir, not eat the heart of a stone, when thou didst injure a human skin, didst cut a living creature's hide, then madest assault upon the veins and came in contact with the flesh, letting the blood escape in streams, causing the ruddy blood to leak from a wretched human skin, from a body racked with pain.

b

Woe on thee, Slag of Iron! thou Slag of Iron, wretched Rust! What? hast thou now become so great, hast grown so exceeding grand, as to gash a member of thy race, as thy proper nature to offend?

Thou wast not great in former days, not great nor small, when thou as milk didst lie, as fresh milk didst repose in a young maiden's teats, wast growing in a maiden's breast, on a long bank of cloud, under the level sky.

Thou wast not great in former days, not great nor small, when thou as miry clay didst rest, or as transparent water stand upon the greatest reach of swamp, on a wild mountain top; a wolf trod on thee with his foot, a bear with his little paw.

Thou wast not great in former days, not great nor small, when thou wast washed from a morass, wast dug with trouble from the mud, wast taken from the clay, wast carried in a network bag, wast brought to the smithy of a smith, into Ilmarinen's forge-fire. Thou wast not great in former days, not great nor small, when in the furnace thou

didst toss, like summer butter flop about, like wheaten dough expand in the raging place of fire, in the forge of Ilmari the smith. Thou wast not great in former days, not great nor small, when thou wentest through the fire into Ilmarinen's forge-fire, and at the enormous bellows-mouth didst like a golden cuckoo call, sworest thy solemn oath, that thou thy brother wouldst not cut, not violate thy kith and kin, not touch thy kinsfolk with thy mouth. Well, wretch, thou brok'st thine oath, didst eat thine honour like a dog, when thou didst cut thy brother dear, didst chip thy mother's child.

c

Thou Slag of Iron, worthless Dross! soft and bewitchèd Steel! hast for vexation's sake grown great, grown cruel out of wickedness. Surely I know thine origin, with all thy bringing up. Thine origin is from the swamp [*v.* mist], from water do thy people come. Thou grewest, Slag of Iron, in a low locality, in chilly water didst lie stretched, lie powerless in a water-pool, didst crackle under Bruin's claws, spurt under shepherds' feet, 'neath the paws of a wolf on the swamp, the dirty balls of a fox's foot. I also came that way, to the place where iron was born; I dug thee from beneath the sward, I scraped thee free of rust, scoured off the horse's stale, to a smith's smithy bore thee off, for the smith to hammer with his sledge, with a hammer to keep battering. Then didst thou swear, Slag of Iron, while being made sharp instruments, to thine elder brother thou didst swear thy solemn oath, in presence of the well-known God, on the shoe of Kaleva, that thou against thy nature wouldst not sin, wouldst to thy brother do no harm.

d

Woe on thee, miserable Iron, thou wretched Iron, worthless Dross! who bade thee do a spiteful deed, set thee to do an evil act, egged thee to do a shabby thing,—thy father or thy mother, or the eldest of thy brothers, or the youngest of thy sisters, or some other mighty relative, one of thy splendid family? If thou be iron by witchcraft sent, attack the man that sent thee here, passing the innocent aside, leaving alone the guiltless ones.

Pert iron (*Rauta rekki*) with a golden shield![1] make a lasting covenant with me, swear brotherhood, especially for all our life, for all our time, our generation, and our days. Our families are mouth to mouth, our seed is intermixed, earth art thou and earth am I, black mould we are each one of us, we live upon the selfsame earth, there do we meet and come into each other's company. If the desire occur to thee, if thou should have a mind to eat, don't violate a christened man, but violate the unbaptized, clutch in thine arms the criminal, leaving the innocent aside.

§ 41. For Rickets, Atrophy.

O Rickets, thou corroding boy, the son of Ruitukainen's son, that rendest the lower cuticle, that cuttest the stomach's sack, seizest the navel cord, layest hold upon the groin, glidest slowly along the veins, that drillest into the nails a hole, wearest down the temples of the head and gnawest the bone. Who brought thee to the house, conducted thee to

[1] Ganander quotes this and the next two lines in his *Mythology* (1789) to prove the existence of *Rauta Rekki*, or *Rehki*, as a god of iron. Lonnrot explains *rekki* by 'pert, wanton, brisk, glaring'; but is doubtful about *rehki*, 'the *haltia* of iron' (?).

the moss-stopped room, to the pillows of my little one, under the rug of my innocent, the sheets of my weenie bairn, the blankets of my tender babe, to touch the skin upon its head, to penetrate the vertebræ, to twist the navel and to squeeze the trunk?

As thou, O filthy Rickets, art a mouthless, eyeless progeny, how couldst thou eat without a mouth, or munch without the power of sight? how suck a teat without a tongue, bite off a piece without a tooth?

§ 42. For Injuries caused by Spells.

a

Is a man to be eaten causelessly, to be put to death without disease, without God's mercy and without the true Creator's leave?

The Creator formerly freed moons, the Creator formerly freed suns, with a curse he sent Satan off to hills of steel, to rocks of iron; men with their swords did he release, men with their instruments of war, the horses with their saddles on, the colts in full caparison, and the priests with their parishioners from mighty battle-fields, from the slaughter-ground of men. May he effect deliverance, may he effect the toilsome task, remove this harm by magic wrought, dispel this spell-cast injury!

b

Kuume of old enclosed the moon, enclosed the moon, concealed the sun; Kapo [*v.* Kave] released from its cell (F. ring) the moon, from the inside of an iron 'barn,' from the rock released the sun, from the mountain of steel.

So I too now release this man from the spell-brought

harm of villagers, from utterances of the moustached, enchantments of the long-haired ones, charms spoken by the women-kind, from curses of the filthy sluts, I with the Maker's leave release, through the mercy of the Lord alone. Just as the son of the sun escaped, when freed by Päivätär, so may this person too escape when freed by me.

§ 43. Against the Plague.

Alas! thou Plague, O thou red Cock, to these parts do not come, for I know thine origin, the place of thy nativity. Thou wast brought forth on battle-fields, on the slaughter-grounds of men. There [*v.* wind] is thy father, there [*v.* wind] thy dam, there [*v.* wind] is thy great progenitor. Abide in the outlying isles, move in and out among the reefs, on the brink of Rutja's sea, on the immeasurable beach. If there thou findest not a place, go whither I command, to the tremendous Vuoksi Falls, into the awful mid-stream broil. If there thou findest not a place, I exorcise thee forth to Manala's eternal huts, nine fathoms under ground.

§ 44. For Thrush.

A share is given to the moon, another portion to the sun, to the Great Bear its share as well, but nothing at all to Thrush.

§ 45. For Pain in the Eye from Particles of Chaff, etc.

a

Surely I know thy family, together with thy lovely name. Thy name is 'Particle of Chaff,' 'Barn Sweepings,'

'Blossom of the Knoll,' 'Field's ordinary Chaff,' 'Bawler on Frames for drying Hay,' 'Gift of the Wind,' 'Donation of the Stream,' 'Result of burning down-felled Trees'; hither 'twas well for thee to come, but better for thee to return; like a gwiniad thou camest in, like a sea-muik darted in. Now go away, withdraw elsewhere, who art smoother than a gwiniad, than a muik-fish more slippery, for here it is bad for thee to stay. Before thee lie the gloomy woods, the gloomy woods, the murky night, behind thee lies the heaving sea, the heaving sea, the lucid sky. Turn round to the heaving sea, with thy back to the gloomy woods; like a gwiniad rush away, dart like a muik of the sea, into the heaving sea depart, to be rocked by a summer wind. Thy relatives are there, thy splendid family, thy sisters, thy five brothers and six daughters of thy godfather, thine uncle's children, seven in all, are on the clear and open sea, on the wide-stretching main.

b

O thou Bent-grass of prickles full, thou knobby blossom of a knoll, of barley the external husk, the external droppings too of oats, refuse behind a heap of stones, thou cobweb hanging on a wall, thy name is 'Particle of Chaff,' the ordinary chaff, from the earth by Mantu made to grow, by Pellermoinen made to sprout. Thou wast pretty flitting through the shed, and lovely moving through the house; wast smoother than a gwiniad, more beautiful than water's fish, till thou struckest an evil path and entered a gloomy wood.[1] Thither 'twas well for thee

[1] 'A gloomy wood' seems to mean 'the eye,' the eyelashes being compared to trees; or the accident of a splinter entering the eye may have happened while working in the forest.

to go, here it is bad for thee to stay. Better thou dost if thou return from following a path unknown, for there destruction will ensue, a cruel end will quickly come: to Mana thou wilt rotting go, nodding to Tuonela. A peg thou wast when coming here, a golden muik when going away. Now turn, when thou art bid, from the gloomy wood into the gentle sea. Perpetual night is there, bright sunshine here. So wheel about, turn back again, and in going take thy pain; like a gwiniad dart, like a fish of the water dart, like a sea-muik dive. In exchange for pleasant fat take a fancy to the gentle sea, to lap the heaving sea, and to quit the gloomy wood, lest thou should suppurate as pus, as matter to the ground should flow.

§ 46. For Disease in the Eye.

a

Blemish of Hiisi! woe on thee, thou evil pagan, woe on thee, blemish by men or women caused! thou blemish caused by cats or dogs, thou blemish caused by cocks or hens, blemish by wind or water caused! blemish from bathrooms or from smoke! why, wretch, hast thou set up thyself, ta'en thy position in my eyes, to compress the temples of the head, to jerk the orbs of sight, and under the temples to swell? If thou art a blemish caused by men, go away to the men, to the slumbering-places of the men. If thou art a stain by women caused, flee to the women's petticoats, to their clattering over-socks.[1] If thou art a stain by water caused, enter the water, paltry wretch, like a ball of red yarn tumble in. If thou art a blemish caused by wind, enter the whirlwind of a storm, the driving

[1] Worn for walking through the snow.

sleigh of a chilly wind. If thou art a blemish caused by smoke, into the air mount up, reach the clouds like smoke. If thou art stain by a bathroom caused, enter the moss in the bathroom chinks or the furnace built of stone.

b

Ho! Rickets, why hast thou begun to cause the eyes to drip, to compress the temples of the head? Thee I conjure away from the poor human being's eyes.

Let the eyes of a mountain run, the temples of a mountain swell, let roofs with water run, let eaves begin to drip, but bright let these eyes become, as the stars in the sky, as the moon in the south, as a ray of the sun, and brighter too than that.

§ 47. For a Lizard's Bite.

O Lizard, Hiisi's eye, the son of Kihonen Kähönen, O Ikitetty, Äijö's son, surely I know thine origin. Thou out of copper hast been cast, from copper ore hast been produced, thou 'writhing snake,' thou 'bow-shaped worm,' 'hairpin of the maid of Panula,' 'the offspring of a bristly beard,' 'the hatching of a greyish beard'! Come to observe thy work, to repair thine evil deeds. Like brandy drink thy angriness, like ale the evil thou hast done, down through the bony jaw, the blue eye and the painful teeth in thy thin skull, to thy cold rib bone, to thy only navel cord.

§ 48. For Laceration by a Wolf.

Nukuhutar, a youthful girl, made preparation on the beach for washing her little shirts, for the bleaching of her clothes. A huge and hungry wolf coming along gave her

a bite. To Mana did the maiden go, the lass, indeed, to Tuonela, in consequence of the wolf's great bite, of the damage wrought by 'windy tail,' to be by Tuoni's daughter asked, to be addressed by Mana's child: 'To Mana did a wolf bring thee, a "windy tail" to Tuonela?'

To Mana the lassie did not go, nor a mother's child to Tuonela. Tapio's daughter, honey-mouthed, the tiny little forest lass, boils honey day by day on the top of the hill of Metsola; by night she sprinkles it on an alder-tree's good leaves, on the traces left by the wolf's great bite; with it she healed the little girl, and restored her former comeliness.

§ 49. For the Pains of Childbirth.

a

How at such time is one to speak, when women are concerned, when pains of travail are at hand, constraint is laid upon a girl, when the belly is getting hard, the womb's contents get troublesome? Now is there in this generation, among the youth of nowadays, one to remove this obstacle, to perform this troublesome affair, to split this hindrance in the way, to stretch apart the thighs,—one that could be of use to help in this laborious work, could bring to the earth a 'traveller,' into a world a human child?

b

The Virgin Mary, mother dear, the holy little serving-maid, was on her way, was travelling; she found an apple on the path, an arctic bramble on the ground; she brought the berry to her lips, into her belly the berry slipt. The Virgin Mary, mother dear, the holy little serving-maid, in consequence became with child, already by the tenth

month a son is kicking in her lap, tumbling about below a 'tent.'

Ukko the 'lord on high, the old man in the sky, freed the lass from her sore constraint, the woman from internal throes, helped to the earth 'the traveller,' 'wee fingers' to the outer air, to behold these lands, to feel a pleasure in the world.

§ 50. For the Itch.

O Itch, O Scab, thou evil heathen, get thee gone from this human skin, from the body of a mother's son, when I give thee a thorough pommelling, point out to thee four roads to the deep gloomy woods, to the awful wilderness recess, whence never any man at all, no human being in his life doth to these parts again return. Don't mind if thou shouldst meet in the wilderness an angry bear; go into Bruin's house, the chamber of the forest bear, tickle his sides and scrape his groin. From there pray don't come here for an eternity of time, while the moon sheds its golden light.

§ 51. For Skin Eruption.

I observe all warts, warts caused by the earth or by the soil, warts caused by fire or caused by wind, I see all warts produced by air.

If thou, O wart, hast come from earth, to the earth I exorcise thee back; if thou, annoyance, art from fire, depart, annoyance, to the fire. Speed to thy home, thou toad, flee to thy country, evil one, force thyself in beneath the stones, into the evil spirits' flags, if from barn-sweepings thou hast come, or from the edges of a field, or from the heat of steam, from the furnace's hot stones, from the bath-house smoke or from sweltering heat hast hurled thyself.

§ 52. For Burns.

a

Thus at such time is one to speak, to investigate in truth, when Fire commits an evil deed, Flame causes damage foolishly, against the character of God, the compassion of the Blest.

Thou Fire whom God has made, thou Flame by the Creator formed, without a cause hast gone too deep, without a reason gone too far; better thou dost if thou return away from a wretched human skin. Blow like the wind, like water roll, like air's warm vapour float away from a naked skin, from a body racked with pain. Mount to the sky, O Fire, flee to the clouds, O Flame, as any one to his mother goes, to his great parent flies—to thy former state, to the centre of the 'golden ring,' so that thou shalt not burn my boy nor destroy my progeny.

b

With what shall I extinguish Fire, reduce the flame, make Fire innocuous, the flame of no avail, that it shall not burn his cheek, not spread itself upon his sides, not hurt him on the flank, not cause his sides to shriek? With this I shall extinguish Fire, reduce the flame: From a swamp I raise up Sumutar, the portly woman from the mud, to survey the deeds of Fire, to repair its injuries.

If that is not enough, then my three eagles I shall take,—for I three eagles own, one is an eagle with iron claws, the second eagle has copper claws, the third is a silver-taloned bird—to eat the pain produced by Fire, to lap the 'broth' of Fire. If it pay no heed to that, I 'll bring my homestead dog—for I a black dog own, a hound of iron hue; by him I 'll have the eater eaten, I 'll have the biter bitten.

c

An ox grew up in Kainuhu, a bull in Finland grew in size, it flapped its tail in Tavastland, at the Kemi river shook its head. From the sea a wee man rose, a full-grown fellow from the wave, he struck the ox and made it reel, bent down its side against the ground. Ointments are obtained from it, charmed remedies are chosen out, with which the burning pains are drenched, fire's violence is overcome, fire's burns are quite removed and its injuries are healed.

d

Porotyttö [*v.* Sinisirkku], the Pohja girl, the wife of Tapio, Hiiletär, gropes in the cinders on her knees, with her fore-arm in the sparks, with her hands in the ardent fire, with her arm in the blaze. In the cinders she burnt her knee, her elbow in the sparks. A horse was running from Pohjola, on its croup was a pool of slush; some slush she took, she took some ice from the mouth of the Pohjola horse. With the slush she chilled, with the ice she iced the places that were burnt, that were injured out and out. Holding a golden cup in hand, and with a copper twig she sprinkled water on the scabs, on the places that were burnt, and rendered fire innocuous, deprived the fire of heat.

e

In the east a cloud springs up, far off a rainbow shows itself, a holy maid is on the cloud, a woman (*kapo*) on the rainbow's rim; under her arm is a golden box, in her hand a golden wing, with which she wiped away the pain from places that are burnt, and salved the injuries of fire, spots that for long were running sores.

f

A tiny little cloud appears, from behind begins to loom. In the cloud is a water-drop, in the drop is a little pond, beside the pond a maiden stands. In her arms is a lump of slush, on her breast is a load of ice with which she extinguished fire, kept icing what was burnt, kept pressing down the nose of Fire.

g

Poor wretched Fire inflicted harm, the Fire committed ravages, it damaged a human being's skin, it injured a mother's son. Sapless the man became, the stalwart man insensible.

They hired a yellow wren, an insignificant yellow wren. 'Just go for the old crone, in gloomy Pohjola.' But the old woman never came. They hired a bee. It fetched the crone from Pohjola. So the ancient crone with bended back, puffing and blowing, comes along, tramping away through the melting snow, her skirts all slushy, her knees all ice. In her breast is a lump of slush, under her arm is a piece of ice, in her hand is an icy cup, in the cup three feathers lie. She asks concerning the damage done, inquires concerning fire's exploits, whether the skin is badly burnt, whether 'tis crusted hard with scab. The place that was badly burnt did she anoint with salves, and what was crusted hard with scab with a wing she lightly stroked, with melted butter she softened it.

h

A maiden comes from Turjaland, from Lapland starts a girl, in a red-sterned sailing boat, in a skiff with a ruddy sail; on the bows of the boat hang icicles, the sail is

covered with icicles, in the bows is a kettle of slush, in the kettle a ladle of ice. While she is dealing out the ice I keep imploring her :

'Pray give me, happy one, give me some slush and give me ice. Thou hast abundant cold, I a tormenting heat.'

i

An old man comes from Turjaland, a tall man from Pimentola, with the stature of a forest fir, the greatness of a swamp-grown pine, the hair of whom to his shoulders falls, his beard to a level with the knees, the legs of his breeks are a fathom wide, two fathoms at the hips. He has great knowledge in his mouth, prodigious wisdom in his breast, he knows the art of bewitching Fire, and how to address a fiery brand, that inflammation won't last long, nor cause for long a burning pain. Up to the sky he lifted Fire, into the clouds forced Fire to flee.

j

Red Fire rushed forth and burnt a lassie's breasts.

From the sea a wee man rose, a hero from the wave emerged, the height of an upright thumb, three fingers high ; on the back of his neck is an icy hat, and gloves of ice upon his hands; he knew the art of bewitching fire. He sits in a cottage neuk and recites 'the ravages of Fire.' Thus he healed the lassie's breasts, made them more comely than before, better than in former days.

k

A fiery river flows, a sparky river throws off sparks in murky Pohjola, in strong Sarentola. A dry-throated man of Pohjola, a drinker, living behind the stream, drank up

the fiery stream, sipped up the lake of sparks. May he now make appearance here, where Fire has acted stupidly, to eat the injuries of Fire, lap up the broth of Fire.

§ 53. For Scalds.

Fire has already done amiss, unlucky Fire caused injury by means of limpid water mixed with salt and mixed with groats. Fire burnt his friend, Water—his oath-bound friend,—in an iron-bottomed pan, in a kettle made of brass. Pray, Water, be upon thy guard, do not proceed to injury or stoop to causing wounds. I know thine origin; in a mountain thou wast bred, in a rock wast reared.

§ 54. For Injuries from Copper.

Pray, Copper, do not slip, pray don't be dangerous; surely I know thine origin. From a hill thou art obtained, thou art a casting of Vattala. At whose command, thy father's or thy mother's, didst thou perpetrate these brutal acts? May thine injuries dry up, the traces left by copper fade, as wine dries upon a stone, as water on rock evaporates.

§ 55. For Hæmorrhage.

a

Here an injury has taken place and blood has flowed abundantly, has reached the summit of a hill, has over a mountain flowed. A fox might enter through the holes, a 'bushy-tail' sneak in. So why is nothing done, why is the blood not staunched, the foaming flood from the veins not checked with fiery sods of turf, with the grassy knolls of a hill, with powerful instruments of iron?

The son of Lempo received a cut, the evil boy was severed through, on his mother's knee, when under his parent's charge. They knotted up his veins and united them, that blood to the ground no longer flowed, that the gore no longer dripped.

b

Father Lempo received a cut, into the water they flung his head; mother Lempo received a cut, into the fire they whisked her head; boy Lempo received a cut, into a swamp they stamped his head; all the Lempos received a cut from their own knives, sharp knives they had made themselves, from an instrument they made on the top of a juniper stump, on the end of a rolling block. Their veins were knotted up, so why not this vein too, why is the blood not stopped, the deadly cataract not plugged?

c

How ought one to recite a charm, and in what manner sing, when iron makes a gash, a sharp edge gives a sudden cut, when a sword shall slash a man, a blue-edged weapon mutilates and blood is caused to flow, the ruddy blood to leak? 'Milk' never on the ground should fall, on a grassy meadow guiltless blood; 'tis better blood should be inside, more beautiful when 'neath the skin, when purling in the veins and gliding in the bones, than flowing to the ground, falling on refuse drop by drop.

Pure ruddy Blood! cease trickling down, cease dribbling, darling, to the ground; the forest first was on the ground. No stream thou art that thou shouldst flow, no lake thou art that thou shouldst sink, no pool in a swamp that thou shouldst shine, no worn-out boat that thou shouldst leak.

Thy place is in the heart, thy cellar lies below the lungs thy chamber, lovely one, is there, thou beautiful, thou precious one, that art worth the price of a man, art worth in price a stalwart man.

d

Cease dropping, red-, cease spilling, berry-coloured Blood, cease, 'Milk,' from flowing to the ground, cease, drop of blood, from trickling down. Like a wall stand still, O Blood, remain like a fence, O foaming Gore, like a yellow iris in the sea, like a sedge amid the moss, stand like a stake in a morass, a bar of iron in a rock, a stone in a raging cataract, a flag on a ploughed field's edge. Thy duty is to stop, while I am causing thee to stop; but if thy mind should be disposed to move thyself more speedily, then in the flesh pray move about, keep gliding also in the bones; more proper 'tis for thee within, than streaming downwards to the ground.

e

What should be fetched and what brought here, as a plug for the fearful hole, for the gash that was made by iron, the incision made by blue-mouthed steel, the slashes caused by a slender blade, when blood is flowing in a stream, is roaring like a cataract?

Stoups of silver did they fetch, golden cans were brought; they held no quantity at all, they didn't hold the smallest drop. They brought from the water birch-bark pails, from the waves pails made of alder-staves; already they hold a little drop, a very little they contain. Whence now can one obtain a bar, may one fetch a real plug, to check the streaming of the blood, the spilling of the 'golden-hued'?

If by other means it will not change, with gravel make it change its course, cast sand in front of it, let it be mixed with sand.

If that is not enough, O dangling spider, come and spin thy web in front, to dam the passage of the blood. May it grow into a skin, may it harden into stone, as a stopper to the flood, as a bar to the rushing blood.

If that is not enough, should it pay no heed at all, may the word of God become a bar, may trust in the Maker be a plug. If blood should flow in rapid drops, if a drop should hastily spirt forth, may the Creator hold it fast, may God seize hold of it, before it tastes the earth, before its sprinkling on the dust; let some of kindly Jesus' flesh, a bit from the side of the Lord, be a plug for the fearful hole, a dam for the evil gap.

f

When countries were upheaved, the hard dry land was lifted up from 'neath the sea, from 'neath the wave, from under all the fish, our great Creator then made an incision in his flesh, caused his blood to stream away from under his own left foot. Then the great Creator spake, thus the glorious God expressed himself:

'Let tar to the ground in drops distil, may fir-fat drip with hissing sound, rather than guiltless blood. Blood has its place within the heart, warm flesh through which to course, warm bones through which to glide.'

§ 56. For Dropsy.

Water's master, water's mistress, water's golden king, the water's mighty lord, why art thou angry causelessly,

without a reason art enraged? why hast thou sent thy sons, thy hireling men, a hundred belted men with swords, a thousand carrying guns, to bite, to gnaw, to eat, to crunch, to knot the heart, to twist the lungs, along the liver creep, to smash the bones of legs, and trample on the knees? There's no place here for them, although they should want a place.

Arise, thou iron-crested cock! jump quickly up, spur-footed bird, to claw these toads, to rub these Hiisis down, that they'll be heard of never more, while this world lasts.

§ 57. For Cough.

Why, Cough, hast thou arrived? why, Glanders, made attack? If thou, O Cough, art brought by wind, whisked here by a humid wind, presented by a chilly wind, along the path of the wind depart, along the track of the chilly wind. Go rustling in among the firs, go wallowing in among the pines.

If from old women thou art come, avaunt, thou Cough, to the home of a crone, from the home of a crone to an old man's home, there they have want of thee, await thy coming back. Let the old women cough, the crooked-jawed ones have a try, let old men bewail themselves, mustachioed men set up a din and cough till their necks are bent, till their backs run down with sweat.

§ 58. For Colic.

O Colic, gasping, groaning boy, thou griping and block-headed boy, why dost thou, toad, keep swelling up, why, Water's scum, dost thou annoy, why hast thou, evil one,

begun, why, Lempo, hast thou lent thyself to violate a Christian man, destroy a man that has been made? Why hast thou not thy journey gone, past the blue bridge,[1] the red foot-bridge, intending to reach the polar star; not entered a lynx's skin, the mouth of a howling wolf, the arms of a forest-bear, the powerful bones of a bear?

How shall I squeeze the gripes, remove this Colic boy, so that the sick man get repose, the afflicted man his senses keep, the weakly man may draw his breath, the luckless man may heave a sigh? With this I squeeze the gripes, remove this Colic boy. The teeth of a bear I 'll go and fetch, with them I 'll bite the evil boy, from a bear I 'll take the paws, from the blood-drinker crooked claws, with which I 'll squeeze the gripes, I 'll crush the head of Colic's son, the evil insect strike, and shall enrage the midge.

If that is not enough to tranquillise the Colic quite, may a fiery ram approach, may one with twisted horns arrive to butt the Colic's gripes, to make his 'prickles' sob. Now, Colic, don't be clamorous, nor puff and proudly swell thyself; from the belly, toad, depart; thou worm, from the belly flee; go home, thou toad, flee to thy country, evil one; there a bitch has littered twins, dog-puppies both of them; eat their hearts' core, in their livers crawl.

If thou shouldst pay no heed thereto, thee do I exorcise, under a full-grown goose's wing, inside the feather of a swan, inside the rib-bone of a sīk, the liver of a burbot fish.

If thou shouldst pay no heed thereto, I still remember another place. Go as a comrade to the moon, to pay a visit to the sun, whence thou wilt never be removed, nor ever more be fetched away.

[1] Or floor. Perhaps it means the rainbow.

FORMULÆ.

§ 59. Divination Formulæ.

a

I crave from the Creator leave, assistance from the Lord I beg, from heaven's ruler (*haltia*), breaker of the earth's surface, this I wish. Tell the divining-gear (*arpa*), O God, divining-gear, declare to me whence the calamity arrived. Begin, divining-gear, to move.

If from a burial-place the plague has come, move with the sun, divining-gear; if it proceed from village-spells, then move thyself against the sun; if from the water come the harm, then seawards quickly turn thyself; if from the earth the fellow rose, then northwards veer without delay. If thou bring true intelligence, trustworthy and from falsehood free, then steady as a wall stand still, as firm as a fence, divining-gear!

b

Now is the time for gear (*arpa*) to move, for a man to ask for presages; Creator's presage! tell the truth, divining-gear of God, report, bring hither true intelligence, divulge the appointed destiny at this hour's end, at this day's close. The real truth tell, divining gear! not what would please a man, not according to a man's desires. Announce the truth and do not lie. If the divining-gear tells lies, its reputation diminishes, into the fire the gear is cast, flung there in order to be burnt. If the divining-gear speaks truth, its reputation is enhanced, the divining-gear is raised aloft to the knees of the holy God.

c

If to divining-gear I turn, start seeking human auguries, I demand a precise reply, I demand the truth and not a lie, exactly I make it speak, according to the facts—divine whence the calamity arrived, the grievous trouble was produced.

Hiisi, bring now thy linen cap, Lempo, thy broad-brimmed hat, in which I 'll set my divining-gear, I 'll cast my slips of alder wood. Old mother Kave, Nature's daughter, O golden Kave, the beautiful, come hither, when required, to arrange the divining-gear, with thy hands to turn the gear, with thy fingers set the gear aright.

§ 60. For a Bite from a Horse.

Into a pipe with a puppy's bite, into a pestle a woman's blow, into the sand with a horse's bite, into the heath with a 'bone-hoof's' bite!

§ 61. To Make a Horse Stand Still.

Thou horse that hast been brought, been placed below a wheel,[1] with thee 'tis needful there should be two attendants purposely, invisible and visible, who will press down thy head and will tire out thy strength. Stand still thou must, thou must not fidget any more, stand still like a castle-wall, like a stone church's tower, like the wall of Jerusalem.

§ 62. Against Mice.

A scrap in a mouse's teeth, a straw in a gnawer's throat. Bite a hair,[2] gulp another down, but of the third beware,

[1] Preparatory to being castrated.

[2] Probably the beard of oats or barley is meant.

for if thou touch the third, like a cockroach thou shalt die forthwith. If thou shouldst feel the wish, shouldst have a mind to eat, on the field's edge lies a boulder-stone, allowed thee as a morning meal, as a delightful early meal. Bite that, accursed one, thou villain, nibble that, for this long period, for the duration of my days, don't meddle with my stack.

§ 63. Against Spiders.

Shrivelled, wizened, shaggy spider, Jesus' ball of reddish worsted, the Creator's golden flower, if thou evil hast committed, come to recognise thine action, else I 'll flay thee with my fingers, with my thumbs will make incision, I shall take thy hide to Viborg, to the German town convey it, where I 'll get a hundred shillings, shall receive in piles a thousand, five at a time in Viborg money, six at a time in golden pennies.

§ 64. For a Cross-bow Man.

Strike now, thou birchen bow, pray give a blow, thou fir-backed bow, spring, hempen bowstring, hastily discharge forthwith and powerfully. If my hand shall point too low, just so much may the arrow rise; if my hand shall point too high, just so much may the arrow fall.

§ 65. For a Best Man.

A careful man is needed then, a steady fellow is required, when a man is about to wed a girl, a man is led to be betrothed, when trouble comes at a wedding-feast, shedding of blood at the drinking-bout.

Smith Ilmarinen did himself shoe me a horse in summer-time, a stall-fed nag in winter-time, that I might go to woo the girls in Hiisi's fort, the Rakko-vuori cousins. If that is not enough, from Hiisi I shall take a horse, from the mountain a splendid foal, ay, Hiisi's brownest nag, whose hoofs will never slip, whose hoofs will ne'er rebound on the ice-like path of the atmosphere, on the slippery road of death.

On a previous day from a stone I shore off wool, from a rock broke off the hair and made of it a defensive coat, with which I 'll hide the little maids, and cover the budding heroes round.

On a previous day my Ukko's fiery sword dropt on its handle from the sky, fell on its point from out the clouds into my right hand; with it I 'll thresh the hounds, I 'll chase away the ghostly crew (*kalmalaiset*), from the space in front of me, from my rear and both my flanks.

If that is not enough, if I am not the proper man to give away a maiden's hand, to lead a man to be betrothed, I 'll go to seek help from a rock, to seek strength from the stone of a hill; in the hill there is help, in Hiisi's castle are supplies, to let me give this girl away, to let me aid the stalwart youth, to lead the man to be betrothed.

§ 66. Against Grubs, Slugs, etc.

a

O grub of Tuoni, worm of earth, thou grim root-worm, may salt destroy, may iron injure thee, that thou sha'n't take my shooting corn, not pilfer from my growing crops, not visit my food-supplies, not vent thy malice on my crops.

If salt should not destroy, nor iron injure thee, begin,

unbidden guest, to move, thou evil one to flee away. Depart, where I command, to rustling grassy fields, to boundless fields, to mossless swamps. There there is swamp for thee to eat, and roots for thee to gnaw, to go among head first, to grub at with thy teeth, for a repulsive snail to eat, without its touching human food. A wretched man performs his work for nought, exerts his strength amiss, when an adder drinks his ale, a worm draws off his wort, when a snail devours his aliment.

b

O corpulent and bloated grub, thou rag of Tuoni, snail of earth, humming thou camest from withered grass, with clanging noise from grassy tufts to my food-producing plants, to my life-preserving herbs, to take my shooting corn, to play havoc with my kail. Now this I do not know at all whence thou thy 'scissors' hast obtained, and whence thy bony jaws, to eat this excellent, to gnaw this lovely corn. Come, villain, let thy gnawing cease, into the earth press, worm, thy head, into concealment poke thy pate and hide thy nimble tongue. Into the forest, snail, depart, into the thicket glide, O worm, to cut the alder roots, to hack the aspen roots; rub in thy sand the nose, into the heath dig in thy head! There there is room for thee, bottoms of ditches to frequent and banks on which to dwell; may thy teeth in sandy soil grate harshly upon stones, and scrunch against a bit of slag. If it should not be pleasant there, into the sea depart, thou worm, attack the herbage of the sea, settle thyself beneath the waves. There it is nice for thee to live, sea-sand is there for thee to eat, sea-water too for thee to drink, sea-gravel in thy mouth to put, sand—in the clefts between thy teeth. If thou shouldst pay no heed

thereto, I'll draw a fiery sword from a fiery sheath, with which I fasten up thy throat and shall disperse thy teeth. If that is not enough, there is Ukko in the sky. May Ukko smash thy head, may he crush it to a mash with a copper wagon, an iron cart!

§ 67. For Catching Hares.

a

I arrange my snares, attach these flaxen threads of mine, on the snow I attach my flaxen threads, I drop my nooses on its crust. O crouching leveret, with cross-shaped mouth, with ragged jaw, along the bends of the valley run, along its depressions press thy way, like a golden cuckoo run, like a little silver knob, against this gin of mine, straight at my golden snares. Approach without anxiety, without precaution play about, strike on the threshold with thy nail, with thy paw the front of the trap; don't choose out one of the trigger-pins, bite the nearest trigger-pin, with forest-honey it is smeared, with woodland-sweetness is be-daubed.

On no account approach near other people's trigger-pins: there death would seize thee in its mouth, a dreadful death encounter thee. All other triggers are malign, which thou shouldst be on thy guard against, but this is a honeyed trigger-pin, which has been set with its upper end, placed with its upper end in snow, with its lower end to the sky inclined; the top end holds a pair of tongs, the lower end tight strains a bow.

b

O crouching hare, O 'crooked neck,' run now against these snares of mine; speed, 'bandy-legs,' to the noose-

hung tree;[1] 'bent-legged of Hiisi'[2] to the trap; thou, 'mad-cap,' to the gin; thou 'ball-eyed,' to the snare; to the trap, thou 'swivel-eyed.' Come like the ruddy fire, like summer water roll from 'neath a tree, from 'neath a fir, from under a fir with branching head, from under a lovely juniper, past other people's snares, under the other people's gins, behind the other people's traps, head-foremost to this trap of mine, to my golden loop, to my wide sweep-net, before the shining of the sun, the releasing of the moon, the rising of the sun, the dawning of the god of dawn.

§ 68. For Fishing.

O perch, belovèd little fish, and thou, O pike with scanty teeth, come here to take the hook, to twist the barbèd iron, to bend the crooked hook, to tug the line, to jerk the rod. Now is the time to take the hook, the time for bending crooked hooks, the time for twisting barbèd iron, the time for tugging fishing-lines. Approach with a wider open mouth, with widest jaws, with fewer teeth; come hither, and still quicker come past other people's hooks, past other people's lines, straight to this hook of mine. Then take the hook, gulp down the 'nail,' snatch at the bent-up iron, tug straight my line and bend with a sudden jerk the rod. Of virgin-honey are my lines, my hooks of honey; my bait is sweet, the lines of other people are of dung; their hooks are barbed, the bait of others is of tar.

[1] A sapling to which a noose is attached is bent down and secured by a trigger-pin. When this is touched the sapling flies back and the animal is hung in the noose.

[2] Hiisi was believed to assist hunters in their pursuit of game, as he was formerly a Spirit of the Forest.

§ 69. Against Bears.

a

My 'wee broad forehead'! my beloved, my lovely 'honey-paws,' commit no ravages nor confound thyself with shame, don't eat a creature's (*kave*) hide, and don't drink guiltless blood all this great summer-time, the Creator's fervid summer-time. Permit a 'crumpled horn' to walk, a 'cloven hoof' to roam about, a 'giver of milk' to wander round, a 'mushroom-eater' to move about, and do not touch it in the least, in thy bad humour seize it not. Remember thine ancient oath at the river of Tuonela, at the furious cataract, in front of the Creator's knees. Permission then was given thee to roam within the sound of bells, on ground where jingling bells are heard, but it was not permitted thee, permission was not granted thee, to perpetrate unlovely deeds and to confound thyself with shame.

b

O forest beauty, forest 'gold'! thou splendid creature of the woods, go circling round the cattle grounds, steal past the pasturage of cows, avoid the clanging of the bells and flee from the shepherd's voice. If thou the sound of copper hear, or the clanging of a bell, the jingling of a horse's bell, the husky sound of rusty iron, or the lowing of a calf, or the prattle of a herding lad,—if thou hear that upon a hill, then to the foot of the hill descend; if the cattle should be on a sandy heath, trot off to a morass; if the cattle plunge into a swamp, then strive to reach the wooded wilds; when the cattle wander on a hill, along the hill-foot make thy way; when the cattle at the hill-foot move, along the hill-top make thy way; when they across a clearing

pass, to a copsewood turn thy steps; when they to a copsewood turn their steps, do thou across a clearing pass.

Like a flax-bundle move along, roll like the wool on a distaff bound; thy father was a woolly one, thy mother was a woolly one, thyself art a woolly beast, thy mouth is wool, thy head is wool, the tall hat on thy head is wool; on thy hands are woollen gloves, on thy feet are woollen socks, and thy five claws are wool; of wool are thy teeth, thy malice is of wool. In thy fur conceal thy claws, like a distaff bound with flax; in thy gums conceal thy teeth, like a lump in a mess of pap; turn down thy copper nose under thy golden paunch, at the cattle do not look, but look at thy hairy feet, so that the cattle sha'n't take fright, the 'crumpled horns' sha'n't start with fear, the little herd sha'n't be alarmed, the housewife's herd sha'n't suffer harm.

c

'Black bullock of the woods'! ball-like with lovely hair, let us eternal treaties make, let us conclude eternal peace, that we may live in harmony and pleasantly all summer-time, e'en though in winter we go to war, in the hard season make a din. In common we possess the land, but our subsistence privately: the leaves on trees, the grass on earth, the ants in a mound,—in these thou hast thy provender from summer night to winter night, whatever clump of firs or heap of stones on a heath thou mayst be in, when passing the ground where cattle graze. If that is not enough, eat rather thy heart's core, cook rather thine own lungs, thy liver rather taste than touch my property. If thou shouldst get enraged, thy teeth shouldst feel a crave, may thine anger melt away, thy bitterness evaporate, into thy wool may it roll away and disappear among thy fur. If

that is not enough, into a copse thine anger fling, to heather thy bitterness, to the firs thy bad desires, to softwood trees thy virulence. Go grub at a grassy knoll, keep shaking a rotten tree, upset a weathered birchen stump, fling from a mountain stones, twist bushes which in water grow, thereby thy claws will get matured, thy forearms gain in strength.

d

My 'wee broad forehead,' my beloved, my 'little bundle,' 'honey-paws'! just listen when I speak, when I pipe with a golden tongue: if I were a bear, if I went about as a 'honey-paws,' I should not live in such a way, always at the 'old women's'[1] feet. A fur coat here gets spoilt, fine downy hair gets rubbed on these field banks, these narrow lanes. There's land elsewhere, hard, grassy plains lie further off, for an idle fellow to run upon, a leisured one to speed along, to walk till his heels are cracked, till the calf of his leg is split, in the blue backwoods, in the famous wilderness, where men drink honey, imbibe sweet mead; a bed is ever there arranged, a bed is there prepared of old, in the honeyed, wooded wilds, in the liver-coloured woods.

e

From the pile I take my pike, from the rack my pointed spear, I, leaving men, start forth to hunt, leave men and start for out-door work. With my three dogs, with my five bushy tails I go to the door of Bruin's room, to the 'bashful fellow's' house, to the yard of 'tiny eyes,' to the trampled ground of 'level nose,' where fat is found abundantly, fat that has lain a winter long, at the root of stunted pines,

[1] *i.e.* the cows'.

under a bushy-headed fir. O roving forest-king, flat-nosed and corpulent, if thou shouldst hear me come, the approach of a doughty man, get up and away from thy sooty lair, from the bed of fir-wood boughs; in thy fur conceal thy claws, in thy gums thy teeth, on linen lay thy head, bind silk across thine eyes, lie down to sleep on a grassy knoll or a lovely rock, where firs are swaying overhead, where pines are murmuring above; Broad forehead! there keep turning round, keep wriggling there, thou 'honey-paws,' like a wood-grouse on its nest, like a goose on its hatching-place.

f

I thought a cuckoo had 'cuckoo' cried, that the darling bird had sung; it was no cuckoo dear at all, it was my splendid dog at the door of Bruin's room, before the bashful fellow's house. O 'wee broad forehead,' my beloved, my little beauty, 'honey-paws'! Don't take it quite amiss, if anything befall us now, cracking of bones and thuds on heads, or a time when the teeth get smashed. Surrender thy head-ornament, insert thy teeth in it, cast thy scanty teeth away and fasten up thy nimble jaw.

§ 70. To Protect Cattle.

a

When Jesus makes it summer-time, when God the summer season forms, the marshes melt, the firm land melts, the waterpools get likewise warm, shall I disperse my cows as yet, send out my beasts to pasturage, to the copse drive forth my kine, to the bushy scrub my little calves; shall I, poor fellow, loose my sheep, entirely free my 'drooping ears,' for my sheep to go to a water-pool, my

horses to a grassy spot, to the famous forest-home, to the slopes of the forest-fort; shall I send my swine to the wilds, my 'down-bent snouts' to abandoned fields, to a strand that faces the sea, that faces a sandy sea?

b

When pleasant summer has arrived, when the water-pools have warmed, others send shepherds out, get herds but whom shall I, poor wretch, a mistress quite devoid of means, whom shall I as my shepherd send, procure as my cattle-herd? whom shall I make into godfather, make into guardian of the 'bells'?[1] Shall I send a willow-tree as herd, an alder as guardian of the cows, a rowan-tree as manager, a wild bird-cherry to drive them home, without the mistress's seeking them, without the housewife's bothering, without the herd-lass watching them, without the shepherd's driving them? Pray be my shepherd, willow-tree! be my cow-watcher, alder-tree! pray be my manager, rowan-tree! be drover, wild bird-cherry tree! If thou won't shepherd, willow-tree, won't herd the cows, thou alder-tree, won't manage well, thou rowan-tree, won't drive them home, bird-cherry tree, I'll cast the willow into a stream, cut into two the alder-tree, stick into the fire the rowan-tree, plunge into flames bird-cherry tree. As a shepherd the willow's bad, as a cattle-watcher the alder-tree, as a manager the rowan-tree, as a drover the bird-cherry tree.

O 'maid of rapids,' maid of foam! that art the briskest of my girls, the best of my hired serving-girls, as a shepherd thee I send, I make thee into godmother, I make thee guardian of the 'bells.' But if thou do not manage well, I

[1] *i.e.* the cattle, each of which carries a bell.

still have other ones. The distinguished woman Suvetar, wood's daughter-in-law, the Mielikki, the kindly mistress Hongatar, Pihlajatar the little lass, Katajatar the lovely girl, and Tapio's daughter Tuometar, as my shepherds I shall send and make them into godmothers.

If that is not enough to watch my kine, the Creator I shall send as herd, as a watcher the Omnipotent; the Creator is the best of herds, of watchers the Omnipotent; to the fire he brings them all, to the smoke[1] conducts them all, while the sun is shining still, while the Lord's 'whorl' is shining hot, while the cattle of God are all in file, the kine of the Lord come swinging home.

§ 71. A Spear Charm.

A wolf was running o'er a swamp, a bear was hurrying o'er a heath, with a shout the wolf cried out:

'In the swamp I have found a spear.'

The bear spoke out from the sandy heath: 'Is the spear of the larger size?'

The wolf made answer from the swamp: 'None of the largest is the spear, none of the smallest is the spear, the spear is of medium size.'

It happened that Hiisi overheard, the evil man was noticing; he snatched away the pointed spear, seized the copper-headed lance, to perpetrate vile deeds, to do acts of violence: he made the end vibrate, caused a quivering of the shaft, and hurled it into a human skin, the body of a mother's son.

[1] Smoky fires are made in summer at the place where the cattle pass the night to keep away the midges.

§ 72. For Dogs.

a

Hiisi's Hilli, Hiisi's Halli! Hiisi's dark-grey Hawk! Hiisi's dog with crooked jaw! Bloody Nixie [*Näkki*], Tuoni's Jackdaw! close thy mouth, conceal thy head, while a fellow passes by. If thou shouldst much desire to bark—go, Jackdaw, bark at the feet of battle-horses, on the sandy heath of nags, but don't thou bark at me.

I know thine origin, thy lineage and thine origin; eyeless was thy father born, eyeless was thy mother too, eyeless thou art thyself. May honey stop thy mouth, honey press down thy head, that thou canst not give tongue until a man has passed. May thy jawbones be as tightly closed as a flax-break lid is tightly closed, may thy teeth be as soft as (the husks) in my fist are soft.

If that is not enough, may Hiisi close thy mouth, Lempo distend thy jaw, that thou canst not conclude thy speech, canst not become great-mouthed. May the bloody cloak of Hiitola, may Lempo's gory rug envelop thy meagre skull, and both thine ears; may silk be bound across thine eyes, that thou cannot hear a passer-by nor see a passing traveller.

b

What has come o'er my dog, perplexes my barking hound, as the dog won't give tongue suitably, the puppy won't point properly? Who has been trying to hurt my dog, done injury to my grey dog? has he been seen by a jealous eye, by a skew-eyed person been observed, as he barks at boughs of fir, keeps yelping at leafy boughs? I don't bow down to firs, don't fawn on trees with branching tops,

I make my bow to a fir-tree's 'flowers,'[1] I flatter 'luxuriant' trees.

§ 73. For Taking Ermines.

O pure and whitish 'tube,' furred beauty of winter-time, 'dear little hen' of fields run wild, 'flower dwelling at the root of firs,' run hither hastily, speed hurriedly, immediately, this very night, slip noiseless as fresh-fallen snow, past other people's fields, 'neath the fences of other men, right into these gins of mine, right into my ermine-traps, to taste my honey, to reach my hook, to eat the honeyed food of the honeyed 'knoll,'[2] in the little golden 'cup,'[2] in the little copper 'box.'[2] The bait is made with cunning skill, made to taste salty in the mouth, to be virgin honey to the eye and honey to the mind.

§ 74. To Make Yeast Rise.

Rise, Yeast, when being raised, work, Barm, when being made to work, before thy raiser rise, ferment in thy fermenter's hand, rise without being raised by ropes, without being hauled by tarry cords. The moon and sun have risen both, yet thou hast not begun to rise.

§ 75. To Charm Snakes.

It needs a careful man, it requires a reliable man, when a viper trails along the hand, a snake on the fingers glides, a 'worm' upon the hands doth crawl, when 'Tuoni's

[1] 'Flowers' here means small game, such as ermines (§ 73, line 2), squirrels, or game-birds, and 'luxuriant' applies to trees that contain game of some sort.

[2] These refer to parts of the trap.

maggot' creeps along. Thus may one speak and thus express oneself:

My sweet heart, my wee bird, my beauty, my wee duck [F. hen]! glide through the withered grass like gold, like silver through the grassy tufts; don't stray on a fir-tree bough, don't hurry to get on a stone, and into the water do not roll. If thou stray on a fir-tree bough thou 'lt snap in half like an alder staff; if thou hurry to get on a stone, thou 'lt break in twain, if into water thou shouldst roll, to the bottom thou wilt fall. Now bar thy mouth, conceal thy head, bite thy teeth through, hide away thy nimble tongue, and under thy copper navel thrust thy golden nose. That thy mouth may go, thy head may go, that thy poisoned teeth may go, that thy mind may go, turn round on these my palms, upon these fingers prepare to turn. When the command is given, then straighten out thyself, stretch thyself straight, turn round and quit my hand to crawl upon the earth, to creep among the shrubs.

§ 76. Court of Justice Charm.

May the advocate be smothered, may the jurymen be mollified, may the judge be suffocated, may the law fall prostrate to the ground, and the law-books tumble on the floor. Let justice stand before the door upon my entering the room, while I am standing by the wall, while I remain behind the door, while I am walking to the court; let the magistrate become a child, the jurymen become as sheep, but myself become a ravening wolf or a destructive bear. Though bitter is the gall of bears, yet mine is twofold bitterer; may any word that I shall speak have the effect of a hundred words, so that I sha'n't incur a fine, nor find myself compelled by force.

§ 77. For Sheep.

Go to Finland to be bred, to Karelia to grow up, to Esthonia to put on wool, and home to be shorn. Take wool from time to time from humid turf, from a honeyed knoll, from a lass light-footed as a cloud.

§ 78. For Bathing Children.

I wash my little child, I souse my little innocent.

Begin to move, thou needless pain,—depart, thou evil Suffering,—while I scrub with the bathing-switch, remove with its leaves the pain, ere the rising of the moon, or the rising of the sun, into stony rocks, into hills of steel. The stones are shouting loud for pains, flat stones for accidents, the crags lament, the hills are whimpering. There is nought for the steam to find, for the water to demand,[1] so the steam may enter the furnace stones, the smoke the moss between the logs, the water begin to trickle down, my little beauty begin to thrive.

§ 79. To Quiet a Child.

Lull the child to sleep, O God; cause it to slumber, Mary dear! So Sleep outside the door inquires, Sleep's son, who is in the porch, who is waiting behind the door:

'Is there an infant in the crib, in the blankets a little child, under the clothes an innocent?'

Into the cradle come, dear Sleep, enter, dear Sleep, the cot, 'neath blankets of a little child, the covering of the innocent; permit the little child to sleep, the feeble bairnie

[1] It means the pain or ailment has already disappeared, and there is nothing more for the steam to do or insist on the pain's doing.

to repose; I should get repose myself, the infant's slave would be disengaged.

§ 80. To Excite Love.

a

Who played this prank, who effected a wondrous thing, that this our girl, this lovely chick, wasn't wed in the wedding-year, not taken in the taking-year, affianced in the wooer's-year, last summer was not carried of? What whore of Hiisi here, what lunatic of Lempo was't, that repressed the girl's love-god,[1] destroyed the girl's renown, and made him sleep below the earth, repose in a leafy grove? Does the reason lie in harlot's gibes, in the words of whorish womankind, of a youth, of a man of years, or of one of middle age, as the young men do not fall in love, nor suitors let themselves be pleased?

I raise the girl's Love-god, I exalt the girl's Renown from sleeping underneath the ground, reposing in a leafy grove, I raise up Love[1] to hover round, Renown to blossom forth, above the renown of other girls, beyond the loves of other girls, to rollick in the streets, to whirl about beside the gates, I make betrothal gifts spring forth, make silver give a jingling sound, I open the gate and make a way, I send the suitors in. In future never again, if not this summertide, will lovers be allured by thee, will young men fall in love with thee. Pure is the snowfinch on the snow, but purer still art thou; bright is a star in the sky, but brighter thy betrothal gifts; white is the foam upon the sea, thy body is whiter still.

[1] The spirit or god of love.

b

What has stung my lass, has hit my girl, as young men will not come for her, of wooers nought is heard at all? E'en flat-nosed women husbands find, the wrinkly-visaged are led away, so why not this young girl, the swamp-grown flower, a flower of earth, the flower of all the town, that has red clover's tenderness, the beauty too of horse-tail grass? Why wasn't she wed in the wedding-year, affianced in the year of love, in the ale-summer[1] not ta'en away? If the girl's Love-god, the girl's Renown into a cave has been conveyed, to a wayside post, to a wayside ditch, or the tiny nest of a woodpecker, there we shall find the God of Love, we'll raise again Renown, to cause the minds of men to veer, to cause their hearts to burn like fire, that procession-leaders shall arrive, that bridal heralds shall drive up, messengers come from Åbo town and other lads from Tornio.

c

My little mother, old old-wife, wise woman, old old-wife, that art by birth a Swede, a Russian though by creed, just tell me in a word why no one marries me. In pairs are all the fairest things, in pairs the trees, in pairs the pines, in pairs the fishes in the sea, in pairs the birdies of the air, in pairs the shoes beneath the bench, in pairs the fence's stakes, why am not I, poor thing, in pairs? Is my skin all over hair, do my surroundings smell of tar, or is my Love-god in a grove, quite buried under boughs of fir, concealed beneath a bench, since young men do not come for me, bridegrooms won't let themselves be pleased?

[1] A summer when much ale was drunk, when many wedding-feasts took place.

My little girl, my younger one, for this cause no one marries thee, for this cause, Michael's daughters too, and Seppo's daughters for a long time did remain unwed and were not to betrothal led, because their eyes were full of dust, their heads were full of husks of flax, their eyes were cleanly as a pig's, their ears were cleanly as a dog's, on their necks was a fathom of soot, on the rest of the body a span, an ell of ashes was on their heads, of soot a full quarter ell. Divest thee of thy filthy rags, fling away thy disgraceful shift, cast evil prattle from thy head, from thy socks all witchery; attire thee in thy best, put on thy lovely shift, thou 'lt go to church to become its flower, wilt be as a golden statue there, as a tinkling sound to attract the lords, as an audible sound to attract the kings; thee will the congregation praise, the community extol, each one of the married men will one and all regard the girl, each full grown married man will be quite struck with wonder at the maid.

I too was black in days gone by, among the women especially, I waited long, he never came who to betrothal me would lead. In a grove I broke a bathing-switch, whisked off a lovely bathing-switch, from a ditch's water I took some wood, I gathered unsullied wood, I heated a vapour-bath with these soft bits of wood. I stripped off my old working-rags, the clothes I wear when felling wood, I washed my head both morn and eve, at midnight rubbed it dry, precisely on Johannes' eve, the time between St. Peter's day. My Love-god I appeased with that, for no long period elapsed ere wooers came from Savolax and other lads from Bothnia in order to behold my face, to view with beaming eyes my form.

§ 81. To Alienate Love.

O god of Love begin to move away, from the maiden get thee gone, to take thy rest beneath the earth, to take repose in a leafy grove. Let her skin perspire a lathery sweat, let her surroundings smell of tar, o'er her eyes may the skin of a pig be bound, and Lempo's filth upon her ears, on her head let evil gossip fall, let nothing good be said of her, so that no suitors fancy her, no young men come to fetch her off.

§ 82. To Take Redstarts.

Fly, redstart, fly, that thy wings may point where my bird whistles to allure; fly west and east, dart towards the north, keep speeding to the south.

§ 83. For Fowling.

a

Fly, fly, poor bird! fly hither to these parts, to the little trees, to low-lying spots; pray stretch thyself upon a branch, upon a bough extend thyself. Wait here, my little bird, wait at the branch's root, stir not, O bird of air, don't spread thy wings for flight, unless the flaxen string should move, the wretched wood produce a bang. If thou shouldst stir, poor bird, shouldst spread thy wings to fly, the aspen trees are full of hawks, of speckled eagles the wilderness; while moving they will eat thy flesh, while fluttering will bite thy bones.

b

Fly, wood-grouse, from thy worthless perch, from dreary places, wood-grouse hen! light-footed blackcock! fly, fly

round-necked hazel grouse! to my gold decoy, to mine iron carrion. In the morning early fly, when mid-day comes, in front of him that seeketh thee, to a shooter's steps, to coo to my decoy, to sing on a tree with branching head. And when I hiss at thee, lie on the ground with helpless wings.

§ 84. For Making an Artificial Decoy-Bird.

I to a churchyard hurry off, from a grave I gather sand, procure a magpie's nest, snatch birch-bark shoes from off the road, and shape them into a bird. Then I make up a steady fire and thither carry my decoy, I procure a bathing-switch, I cut one off of alder twigs, give my decoy a rubbing down and wash it with water pure. My decoy-bird then I carry home, without being pecked at by a witch or discovered by a 'squinting eye.'

§ 85. Against Bugs.

O Bug, the son of Flat, 'red breeches,' 'wheel-shaped whelp'! thou little roundish flower of fir, into the wall retire from me, with thy head to it and thy back to me; I have a tarry back, of fat is the crevice in the wall. If thou shouldst pay not heed to that I'll burn the biter's castle down, in a mortar pound his lips, his head with the pestle's point, with a stone I'll grind his teeth.

§ 86. Against the Cow-house Snake.

a

O round and plumpish cow-house snake, snow-coloured, corpulent, both somewhat round and somewhat long, and in the middle globular, hast thou already great become?

Thou wast not great in former days when thou wast an apron round the waist, when rustling on women's legs, when thou wast Väinämöinen's clasp, the son of Kaleva's belt-clasp. Thou wast not great in former days, thou didst not hold thy head erect when thou didst tumble in the muck, among the sweepings of the byre, doctor thyself in mud, mingle thyself with muck, in cattle-urine long didst lie, for a month in horses' stale.

b

White creature wholly white, thou winter-coloured imp, tongue-shaped and slippery, 'wall-streak' and 'rubbish of the floor,' that livest 'neath timbers of a house, that dawdlest underneath the nook, the mistress's 'first cuckoo dear,' the women's 'golden purse,' that countest the girdle clasps, that reckonest up the keys, that layest a winter in the dung, a long time weltered in the cold, why hast thou tasted of my milk, why touched my pans of cream, and entered a house of pine, a habitation built of fir? Thy place is in the grass, 'neath withered herbage in the shed, 'mong sweepings of the shed for months, in winter 'neath the stable floor. Roll down thy malice there, roll there thyself as well.

§ 87. For Making Vapour.

a

Yonder the gods above, the earth-mothers down below, have baths that are heated up, new rooms that give forth whirls of smoke; may water on the fire be thrown, may vapour here be given off, a steam from the furnace-stones, hot steam from the bath-house moss, as ointment for the injuries, as embrocation for the wounds.

b

Welcome! O Vapour, welcome! Warmth, welcome to him that welcometh. Vapour is Auterinen's son, is Auteretar's child. Enter the steam, O God, to heat it, father of the world, to bring about a state of health, and to establish peace; excess of vapour mitigate, O send away excess of heat through a hole by an auger bored, through a drill-made aperture.

c

O welcome, welcome, my dear Steam! my darling Steam, my darling Warmth, thou steam of wood, dear water's warmth, old Väinämöinen's sweat! The wood was made by God, by Maatar the shoot was made to grow, from a hill dear water originates, fire from the sky originates; there is nought for steam to find, there is nought for heat to shun, for the wind to blow away, for intemperate weather to touch, for water to roll away, for a jealous person to see, for a squinting eye to spy, for an evil-wisher to hurt, when I with mine eyes have seen, when I have handled with my hands, when I have spoken with holy lips, when I with my breath have sighed.

§ 88. A Milk-Charm.

a

O Hikitukka, Hiisi's girl, why hast thou hid the gift of cows, to Mana conveyed my milk, my quite fresh milk to Tuonela? To Mana milk ought not to go, nor the gift of cows to Tuonela. May milk flow here in streams, may sweet milk journey here, may milky holes discharge themselves, may milky rapids froth from the cup of every flower,

from the husk of every grass, from verdant sloping tracts, from honeyed grassy knolls, from sappy turf, from horsetail-grass; the rapids then must froth, the milky holes discharge themselves into a little golden cup, into a vat with copper sides.

b

I, the unlucky wife, don't know, in these unlucky days of mine, where the 'gift of cows' has remained, where my fresh milk has disappeared from swollen udders, distended teats; if it has stuck upon the trees, has perished in the woods, got scattered in the leafy groves, has disappeared on sandy heaths, or to stranger folk been carried off, been tethered fast in village yards, in the bosoms of village whores, in the laps of the jealous ones. To a village milk ought not to go, the gift of cows to stranger folk, to the bosoms of village whores, to the laps of the jealous ones, it should not stick upon the trees, ought not to perish in the woods, get scattered in the leafy groves, nor get upset on sandy heaths; the milk is needed in the home, at every moment is wanted there, the mistress waits for it at home, holding a pail of juniper.

c

How at such time is one to speak, in verity to investigate, when a cow has been bewitched, has been bewitched and has been eyed, the milk to Mana has been brought, the gift of cows to Tuonela? Many there are and evil ones that unto Mana carry milk, the gift of cows to somewhere else, but few they are and good ones who from Mana bring again the milk, the quite new milk from Tuonela. My mother did not formerly ask counsel of

he villagers, advice from another farm, from Mana she ›btained her milk, from the detainer her thick milk, from ›ther parts the gift of cows, from jealous persons of the arth, from sorcerers of the waterside, from imprecations ›f village hags, from malice of the district folk.

And I am like my mother, I don't ask advice of villagers, let milk come from further off, arrive from a place still urther on, I make milk come from Tuonela, from Manala, rom 'neath the earth, come in the night-time by itself, in he darkness stealthily, along the valleys following, and hooting past the fields run wild, unheard by any mis-reant, by a worthless fellow unperceived, unenvied by the :nvious, unhurt by any bearing hate. To the sky I thrust ny herding-horn, to the clouds direct my pipe, from that and do I bring the milk, from the villagers' grasp—my urdled milk.

§ 89. Hunting Charm.

a

I have a mind, a thought occurs, a mind to go to Metola, to the foot of Brushwood Town (*Havu-linna*), to the ide of the forest girls, to courtyards of the woodland naids, to drink the forest mead, to taste the honey of the voods in delightful Metsola, in very watchful Tapiola. doff my tattered working-clothes, dash down my working ›irch-bark shoes, put on my winter shoes, my stockings :ept for autumn wear; I afterwards equip my limbs, my ›ody I protect with a jacket shaggy at the edge, with a hirt of palish blue, I brush my head with twigs of fir, . comb it out with juniper, in order that no smell escape, ›o human breath exhale; I put my bow in order and

detach my spear, my snow-skates I anoint with grease, snow-skating-shoes with fat of swine, I take my handsome dog, most eager of any barking dogs, I push the left skate o'er the snow, I shove the right skate o'er the heath, I carry my two staves on either side of my right skate. Then I quietly skate away, push on at an easy pace, skate towards the forest's edge, and into the hazy wooded wilds, at the head of a copse I sing a song, in the inner depths of the forest—two, to amuse the forest girls, to delight the maidens of the woods.

b

Ukko has rained fresh snow, fine snow has Palvonen cast down, as white as an autumn ewe, as white as a winter hare; I, leaving men, start forth to hunt, quit full-grown men for outdoor work, on Ukko's newly-fallen snow, on Palvonen's fine snow, without the footprint of a hare, unbroken by a fox's track. First I make ready with my bow, unloose my spear, address my snow-skates with my lips:

A skate is of the family of foot, a spear is of the axe's race, a bow has kinship with a hand; grand is a bow of hardened pine, a spear-shaft made of a tree's hard side, grand is a snow-skate fitting well, neat is the right skate's upper part.

I then when going to the woods, when I am leaving home, take my three dogs, five dogs of mine with bushy tails, my splendid dogs, my useful animals. My dogs have eyes as large as a bridle-ring, my dogs have ears as large as a water-lily on a lake, my dogs have teeth as sharp as an Esthonian scythe, my dogs have tails as thick as the most lovely forest fir.

c

What temper and what change has come o'er the delightful hunting-ground (Metsola)? While tramping, a maiden[1] formerly made rich my tract of wood, she made my beat abound with game, my district full of ruddy ones. But now-a-days it is not so, the days when I go forth to hunt; in vain my gold is spent, is my silver growing less, for long the forest is irate, the wilderness is upside down, for my silver it does not care, for my gold it does not ask. Why was the great Creator wroth, the giver of game enraged, that he never gives at all, and never renders an account? He fed the tribe, gave the race to drink, he nourished the first ancestor, so why does he not feed me too, not nourish me, a wretched man, with the great morsels of the tribe, or with the tit-bits of the race? If I have a swarthy look, a swarthy look, a narrow face, with eating comeliness would come, with cherishing—a pleasant look.

d

Kauko bewailed his want of luck, another brother his want of nets, the third the smallness of his share, I with the deepest reason weep, over the worst do I lament when I bewail my want of luck. Gift-giving Maker, why not give, why promise not, thou faithful God, when I with chosen words beseech, propitiate, conciliate? I do not laud a stone, I do not worship boulder-stones, I do not hunt on holy days, exert myself on Sabbath days, I always hunt on a working day, I remain for a week away. In nowise better are the rest, nor other hunters holier; others will take by knavery, will take by fraud, I would not take by

[1] *i.e.* a forest maiden, a nymph of the forest.

knavery, I would not take by fraud, I'd take with excessive work, I'd take with the sweat of my brow. The gold of other men indeed is not more glistening, their silver not more glittering, their lumps of tin more shimmering, when walking to the hunting-grounds; if they offer an offering, or if they say a prayer, I bring more solid offerings, I say the best of prayers to the donors that are best.

e

My power is insignificant, my run of luck is short; with other men luck does the work, their guardian spirit (*haltia*) fetches coin, my luck is lying down, my guardian spirit is confused, with gloves on his hands beneath a stone, with a hat on his head beneath a bough. Others have better breakfasts too, more ample are their morning meals and wider are their haversacks, more voluminous their butter-box, it is not so with me, poor wretch. Mourning (*suru*) I have for a morning meal (*suurus*), and sorrow for an early bite, annoyance for an evening meal. The other hunters are holier, more agreeable the other men, clinking they walk in gold attire, they sway about in a silver dress, it is not so with me, poor wretch, with a jacket shaggy at the edge, with a cap all clouted at the brim, a coat of which the fur is frayed. Others recount what they have caught, confess what they've brought back, but I relate that I've caught nought, I shake my head o'er nought brought back, at coming empty to the fire, with illusions to the flame.

f

When I went hunting formerly on my days for catching game, in the season for seeking game, three forts in the forest

lay, the one of wood, the other bone, the third was a fort of stone. I took a glance at them inside as I stood at the foot of the wall; there the givers of gifts abode, the mistresses lived there. As for the wooden fort, the forest lassies dwelt in it, the mistresses in the one of bone, but in the fort of stone the forest's master dwelt himself. The master of Tapio's house, the mistress of Tapio's house and Tapio's maiden Tellervo all tinkled in their gold attire, swayed to and fro in silver dress; on his head the Sun's son had a hat, three branches were in the hat. The arms of the forest's mistress, of the kindly mistress Mielikki had golden bracelets on, on her fingers golden rings, on her head were plates of gold, on her hair wee flowers of gold, in golden ringlets were her locks, pendants of gold were in her ears, her skirts were hung with golden tags, around her neck were goodly pearls. The kindly mistress then, the pleasant mistress of the woods was well disposed to give her gifts, indulgent with her largesses.

'Twas different then and yesterday, 'tis different now-a-days: Halli was barking along the swamp, myself was walking along the hill, I skated towards the forest's edge and Tapio's farm was visible, the golden doors were shining bright across the northern swamp, from the bushy grove at the mountain foot. I approached quite close, came near and crouched to look through the sixth window-hole. The givers of gifts were living there and the old wives that give game lay just in their working dress, in their dirty ragged clothes. Even the forest's mistress too, the cruel mistress Kuurikki was very black in countenance, in appearance terrible; bracelets of withes were on her arms, on her fingers withy rings, with withy ribbons her head was bound, in withy ringlets were her

locks, and withy pendants in her ears, around her neck were evil pearls. The evil mistress then, the cruel mistress Kuurikki was not disposed to give away, or inclined to helpfulness.

§ 90. Against Forest Fires.

How at such time is one to sing and how lament, when fire is committing ravages, flame causing injury, when swamp and land are in a blaze, the sandy heaths are all aflame, deserted clearings are in a steam, hills in the clutches of a fire? Thus at such time is one to speak, in truth to investigate:

Fire! formed by God, O Flame, by the Creator made, to the depths thou wentest causelessly, quite far for amusement's sake, when thou didst rise in the woods just now and attack a clump of junipers; better thou dost if thou returnest to an oven of stone, confinest thyself among thy sparks, concealest thyself among thy coals, to be used by day with the kitchen's birchen logs, to be hid by night in the hollow of a golden hearth. If thou payest no heed thereto, then turn away, return elsewhere, to fishless tarns and don't come hither any more. Two rivers flow, two waters stream around my home, on both sides of my dwelling-house, frost-covered ducks keep paddling by the frosty river-bank, ice-covered swans float slowly down by the margin of the icy tarn, rime-covered hares skip here and there, ice-covered bears trot round my home, on both sides of my dwelling-house, they will destroy thee out and out, will altogether ruin thee.

§ 91. An Ale Charm.

A tiny cloud appears, a distant rainbow comes in sight, in the cloud is a water-drop, in the water-drop is a little pond, in the pond is a little boat, in the little boat—three men. Saint Andrew pulls the oars, and little Peter is in the stern, in the boat's centre Jesus sits. What are they doing there? They are combing Hiisi's elks, are washing his runaway deer.[1] The elks got combed, the runaway deer[1] got washed. O elk of Hiisi, hither run, O runaway reindeer amble here, where adders are drinking ale, where snakes are drawing off the wort. For a wretched mistress gets less ale, when adders drink her ale, when snakes are drawing off her wort.

§ 92. For Catching Squirrels.

a

My little squirrel, my wagtail, my foster-brother beautiful, in fives withdraw from the bushy copse, in sixes from the forest dells, in sevens from the fir-branch's back, in eights from clumps of juniper, towards these my dogs, my bushy-tails. O squirrel, where art thou, where rovest, 'biter of cones?' Now hie thee to this wooded knoll, move to this higher ground in front of him that seeks, round him that waits. O don't be frightened at the dogs, my blunted arrows don't mistrust, our 'barkers' are but puppy dogs, our archers—half-grown men, with bows of splinterwood, with arrows blunt that will not carry far.

[1] Reindeer.

b

Wee squirrel! 'blossom of the knoll,' 'knoll's blossom, 'beauty of the earth,' thou 'golden apple of the fir,' thou 'furious forest-cat,' that art a dweller upon boughs, that lightly movest among the firs, bite at a tree, devour a cone, cry cukoo on a branch of fir, like a hazel-grouse upon its nest, a heath-cock in a budding birch; stretch out thyself upon a branch, extend thyself upon a bough, while I in haste prepare my bow, make ready my blunt-headed bolts, or wait to be captured with a staff, to be laid hold of with the hands.

§ 93. Charm for Sharp Frost (*pakkanen*).

a

Sharp Frost, the son of Puhuri, hard-freezing wintry lad, when he of his mother first was born, in summer he was rocked in pools, on the greatest reach of swamp, in winter he on fences rode, he froze morasses, froze dry land, froze clearings run to waste and dells, nipped willows by the water-side, he frost-bit knobs on aspen trees, he barked a birch's roots, and nipped the sapling firs; he froze with ice a river's banks, made the shore of the sea congeal, he froze the springs, he froze the lakes, and great he afterwards became, he froze an iron bar in the forge of Ilmari the smith, exactly under his furnace fire, upon the margin of his hearth. He meant to freeze the smith as well, Ilmarinen himself, so thus the smith broke forth in words:

'Sharp Frost, the son of Puhuri, hard-freezing winter's son, pray don't come here at all, for here thy nails will burn, thy paws get scorched.'

Into the fire he plunged Sharp Frost, into an oven built

of stone; Sharp Frost, the son of Puhuri, already felt the approaching harm and swore his solemn oath:

'O leave me still my feeble life. If thou shouldst hear I 've caused a frost, have come again incautiously, then plunge me into a fiery place, and sink me down among the flames.'

With that he saved his skull, he rescued his feeble life. The idle wretch began to move, a mother's surly son to reel towards gloomy Pohjola, towards strong Sarentola. On the ice his tracks are visible, his foot-prints clearly to be seen. Northwards the idle wretch moved off, to the level country of the Lapp, he came in a reindeer's covering, in a bear's blanket he went about.

b

Sharp Frost of evil race, a son of evil habits too, into rooms first forced himself, against the doorposts of a hut. 'Twas oppressive in the room, unpleasant in the heat; on the fences he began to dwell, to swirl about upon the gates, he screeched in winter among the pines, moved noisily through the dried-up boughs, he raised a din in the clumps of fir, kept rattling in the clumps of birch; his head is seen above the trees, his breath is sounding through the boughs. He froze both trees and stalks of hay, he levelled pasture-grounds, from the trees he bit off all the leaves, from the heather all its flowers, from fir trees he shook off the bark, from the pines he threw down chips.

A little time elapsed, two, three nights slipt away and off he went to freeze the sea, to tranquillise the waves on the shore of the northern sea, on the boundless sea's steep side. On the first night immediately he made the shores congeal with ice, but still he could not freeze the sea, he did not still the open sea; a little bullfinch on the main,

a wagtail on the waves had its claws untouched by cold, its little head unnipt by frost. 'Twas only on the second night he grew in strength enormously, he entered on a shameless course, he became exceeding terrible; then did he freeze with thorough cold, he nipt with all the power of frost, he froze the ice an ell in depth, rained snow as deep as a staff is high. A little thing remained unnipt on the clear surface of the sea—the boat of Ahti on the sea, the war-ship on the waves.[1] He threatened to freeze him too. Sternly the god forbade the act. He threatened to freeze the god, but the god knew a trick or two; from a stone he shore the moss, the fluff from a stone that had lain a winter there, he made this into socks, he quickly worked it into gloves, then in his hands he held Sharp Frost, he held Hard Weather in his grip, so that he cannot act by night, he cannot get away by day.

c

Sharp Frost, the son of Näräppä! thou rigid wintry lad, don't freeze my nails, nor my hands, thou dolt. Rather than freezing me, freeze other things more wonderful, nip willow roots, pain roots of birch, shake alder roots, smash aspen roots; freeze swamps, freeze fields, freeze Kalma's rocks, freeze up mere water, freeze the raging cataracts, in Sweden the rapids of Homari, in Tavastland the Hällä [*v.* Härkä] swirl. If thou dost pay no heed thereto but still continuest to harm, the great woman from the swamp I 'll raise, the stout[2] old mother from the mire, who will destroy thy path, will bring on thy journey evil things.

[1] A considerable portion of 'b' is found in the 30th canto of the Kalevala, where Ahti Lemminkainen and Tiera are described as starting off in a boat to make war with the people of Pohjola.

[2] An epithet of Luonnotar, § 185, *b. c.*

d

Sharp Frost of evil family! a son of evil habits too, thou intendest to freeze up me, to cause my ears to swell, to beg for my feet below, to ask for my nails above. But me thou wilt not freeze, nor badly nip at all, Hoar Frost will not belabour me, Sharp Frost won't nip, nor Hard Weather cause my death. Not one in all our family, among our wide-extending kin can be belaboured by Hoar Frost or by Sharp Frost be nipt or by Hard Weather can be touched. Of Sharp Frost I 'm the injurer, Hard Weather's slaughterer am I, from Sharp Frost I obtain a shirt, from the Hard Weather a linen vest, from Frost I procure a petticoat, I take from Blowy Weather furs, with which I shelter me, poor wretch, lest Sharp Frost nip, Hard Weather injure me.

If that is not enough, from a fire of coals I take the coals and put them in my copper gloves, the fine coals in my skirts, the fire 'neath laces of my shoes, into my socks I 'll force the fire, into my shoes the glowing brands, that the frigid lad can't freeze me up, nor Sharp Frost bite. Into a sleigh I put Sharp Frost, Hard Weather in a sledge, Sharp Frost on the front cross-bar, Winter upon the rear support, Summer in middle of the sleigh, in Summer's middle I shall sit, unbitten by Sharp Frost, by the Hard Weather quite untouched.

§ 94. Snare Charm.

Don't thou, O rascally raven, rascally raven, Lempo's bird, don't tear away my snares, my nooses don't unloose from the resplendent head of grass, from the back of the golden withered grass. O bird of Lempo, thither fly, fly

far away with flapping wings to murky Pohjola, to Lapland's gloomy forest depths. There an elk is hung upon a spar, a noble reindeer has been killed and boneless flesh is there, calves of the leg quite sinewless for a hungry man to eat, for a voracious one to gulp.

§ 95. Against Rust in Corn.

a

O Rust, thou screaming boy, thou screaming, squealing one, a brat both fatherless and motherless, a mouthless, eyeless progeny, why didst thou, toad, from the earth arise, why camest from the mossy swamp upon my food-producing herbs, into my field, thou heathen brat? Rust! quit my vegetables now, O Enemy, my crops, depart, wretch, whither I command, the further off the better too.

If from the earth thou hast risen, toad! then into the earth retire, O toad; if from a mossy swamp thou art, into the mossy swamp depart; if by the wind's path thou hast come, from the clouds hast been rained down, wretch, by the wind's path make thy way, up to the clouds attempt to flee.

b

Go into a tuft of grass, O Rust, inside the clay, thou frog. If thou shouldst raise thy head from there, Ukko will split thy head with a silver knife, with a golden club.

§ 96. Gelding Charm.

Thus do the gelders speak, quacksalvers utter words, castraters speak with buzzing sound. If I a gelder should be called, if a quacksalver I be termed, as a castrater am

abused, am as a wizard dragged away, at all events in any case the stallion must be seized, the 'precious hide' must be upset upon the honeyed grass, upon the liver-coloured earth. When I let my lasso fall on the neck of the 'camel' colt, when I throw the noble horse, press to the ground the splendid-tailed, come some one from the clouds to hold, and hold the unruly horse, lest it should kick my knee, should smash my shins. Stand now on a cleared-out spot, remain on a bed of luck, here thou must stay a little while, for a short space must be engaged; don't wince, don't knock about, do not in all directions kick at the light clink of 'honeyed grass,' at the scratching of a honeyed knife. I do not touch with heavy hand, I touch with a water-lily leaf, I shall with river-horsetail scrape, I shall with chickweed gently stroke. What I cut with an iron knife I plaster up with silk, I term it 'blown away by wind,' 'removed by a chilly blast.' Now of this Jordan water drink, of Mary's washing-water sip. O don't begin to suppurate, O do not trickle down with pus outside or from within, from the breathing of the Lord's own breath.

§ 97. Frog Charm.

On the shore a good-for-nothing lives, a 'slaver mouth' on melting swamps, a 'wide jaw' in a leafy grove, a 'dirty face' in miry pools, it jumped about the finger-points, it splashed in a water spring, on the end of a borer moves about,[1] it rages in filthy pools. The Lord created life for it, God with a blessing gave it eyes. Though others call thee frog, report that thou art goggle-eyed, I picture thee

[1] This line should probably be transposed with the one above it and then 'borer' would be synonymous with 'finger.'

to be a toad, I name thee 'dirty face.' Who from the swamp raised up the toad, from the swamp the toad, from the earth the man, from the mire 'the dirty face' from inside clay the frog, who let it go to trample heads, to overthrow the stacks of corn? Depart, escape from here, O toad that livest at roots of firs, thou 'slaver mouth,' thou 'wide of jaw,' thither depart where I command, to the waters, toad, of sorcerers, into the muddy clay, thou frog, into the dirty miry pools, into the mossless swamps. If thou raise thy head from there, may thy shins be smashed, thy thighs be rent, may thy marrow be withdrawn from which an ointment will be cooked, and unguents be prepared.

§ 98. To Drive away Rain.

Go, Cloud, to Pietula, they have a need for water there, there everything indeed is dry, the wells have dried, the water-springs are parched, the bottoms of the brooks are void. Old men are burning on the stove, old women on the bath-house seats, the children on the bench's end, the ancient crones upon the stove, on the threshold they that raise the steam, the boys between the entrance steps, at the doorposts—girls. The ale has not been foaming there, unchristened are the children still, all of them wholly unbaptized.

§ 99. On Going to the Wars.

a

The bows of the smith's boat were built of iron on this account, lest any rock should touch, a bank of sand should split it through. So a man who goes to the wars, a careful

fighting-man equips himself in coats of mail, invests himself in iron shirts, lest lead should strike the man, an iron ball should give a blow. On this account I too, a man, a full-grown, valiant fighting-man with my father's fiery furs, with my mother's shirt of flame, array myself, I put them on to protect myself, when going to the battle-fields, to the slaughter-grounds of men.

But if that is not enough, not quite sufficient for my needs, may old Väinämöinen's cloak, the mantle of the distant Lapp, for my protection here be brought, may I be clothed with it on the battle-fields, on the edge of the bloody field.

b

Arise O Earth, awake, Dry Land, to shelter me on the battle-field; let a big stone grow, let a solid slab swell out, a stone as high as a church, a slab as thick as a hill, with a hole in the centre of the stone, with a snake around the hole, shielded by which I 'd war, behind which I should fight, lest evil befall my head, a slender hair should fall.

§ 100. To Exorcise Wolves.

A wolf was running along a swamp, a 'bushy tail' along the ground, in hearing range of the golden herd, close up to the little flock.

I exorcise thee hence from the spots where the cattle range, run thither, 'hairy snout,' hurry along, 'Esthonian cur,' to the distant limits of the north, to the level country of the Lapp, where cattle never wend their way, where a mare's foal wanders not. Run, 'hairy snout,' hurry along, 'Esthonian cur,' so long as thou hast on thy toes

a claw, in thy gums a tooth. Thither I exorcise thee forth, to the deeply-wooded mountain tops, to the home of the forest dog, to the place of the pagan of the earth, so that thou wilt not know the way, wilt not have power to come this way, to the bushy cattle-grounds, to the sloping ground where the cattle feed. To other lands, 'projecting eyes,' thither, hither, ye 'bushy tails,' to foreign lands, ye howling ones, to spots where wolves are put to death! Here let the hares remain, here let the birdies fly.

§ 101. Charm to recite over Salt.

I speak with unsullied mouth, with the Lord's good breath, with his fervid breath I pant. A bee some honey brought, fetched virgin honey on its wings from behind nine seas and stroked, as with a honeyed plume, this beneficial salt.

§ 102. For Health.

a

Welcome, O Earth! welcome, Dry Land! welcome, Earth's Haltia! welcome, the Temple of the Lord! welcome, to him that welcometh! Here that poor wretch is sick, a tormented man is lying here in a room of fir, in a nest of pine, suffering from nameless sicknesses, unknown by name, the planks are rotting underneath, the roof is mouldering above.[1] May help from the gods arrive, from the nourishing mother's aid, when I have seen him with mine eyes, when I have spoken with my mouth. The breath that I exhale, that breath is the breath of the Lord, the warmth that I send forth, that warmth is the Creator's

[1] From the length of time he has been ill.

warmth. Whom I with water wash, I wash with Jesus' blood, I souse with the gore of the Lord, I foment with 'the water of grief,' for him to become quite well at night, to recover his health by day. Rise now from lying down, awake from a state of sleep, from the clutches of a cruel luck, from the evil pagan's grip, abide in the favour of God, under the true Creator's guard.

b

O little golden burbot, come from a copper burbot's mouth, to give health and to bring repose, to seize the pains, to make the torments cease, in the bluish flesh, in the liver-coloured gash, so that the sick shall get to sleep, the weak man easily repose.

§ 103. Against Cockroaches.

Black bloated boy, six-footed ball-shaped thing! how hither didst thou know the way, couldst thou, a stranger, journey here? No one has seen thee here before, has seen, has heard of thee in these poor frontier lands, these wretched regions of the north. At night thou wanderest round the stoves, by day invadest timber-joints, dost gently creep o'er lumps of dough, dost clamber up the jugs of milk. If, evil one, thou wilt not flee, depart not, worthless fellow, home to thy former mother's place, to thy ancestral parent's house, post horses I shall find for thee, surely I 'll give thee a driving-horse.

§ 104. To Lay the Wind.

Welcome, Moon! and welcome, Sun! welcome, Weather! welcome, Winds! the northern and the southern wind, the

east wind and the west wind too, wind of the Lapp, the north-west wind, south wind and south-west wind, the sunrise and the sunset wind and all the intermediate winds! Become quite mild and gentle, Wind, abate to a calm, O Storm, bright Moon, begin to gleam, hot Sun, begin to shine; may the winds blow past, may the rain be past, may the moons gleam suitably, may the suns shine properly.

§ 105. To Lay a Whirlwind.

Thy name is Whirling wind, thy flight like that of a bird of air; depart from here where I command, whither I order and exorcise, to the end of a lake's projecting cape and rattle on the farther shore. If no dwelling-place is there, depart still further off, to the utmost limits of the north, to the top of Lapland's treeless heights.

§ 106. To be recited over Water.

Water the oldest is of salves, the rapid's foam—of magic cures, of spell-reciters—God, of wizards—the Creator's self. This has been brought from Jordan's stream wherein was christened Christ, the Almighty was baptized. Water, preserve thy power, perform the best of offices, as liquid honey enter in, as honey spread upon the wound.

§ 107. For a Journey by Water.

a

How then is one to sing and how compose a song, when water will not lead the boat, wind will not cause the sloop to sway? Thus then my father sang, my parent knew the

way to sing: 'Good Water! draw a traveller, on a journey bent; Wind! cause the sloop to sway; Wave! drive along the ship; Wind! blow upon the sail, cold vernal wind!—upon my boat, to the oars give help, ease the work of the steering oars, that they may row without the use of hands, without the water being disturbed, on the wide waters of the sea, upon the wide and open main.'

b

How then is one to sing and how lament, when water takes the boat along, wind makes the sloop vibrate, with violence dashes against the boat, is like to capsize the wooden sloop and make one's fingers serve as oars, the palms of the hands as steering oars?

Thus then is one to sing, completely to compose a song: 'O Water, interdict thy son, prohibit, Wave, thy child, and make him dwell beneath the wave, not walk upon it deviously, not push a guiltless man along, not carry away a guileless head. O Ahti, tranquillise the waves, O Vellamo—the water's force, lest on the gunwale it should splash, on my bent timbers it should fall. Depart, Wind, further off, across nine seas to thy relations, to thy stock, to thy folk, to thy family, from the trees blow every leaf, from iron all the rust, from the heather all the bloom, from the grass the husky scales; or to the sky mount up, drive into the clouds above, don't overturn the wooden sloop, don't tilt the pine-built boat; upset the pines on sandy heaths, the firs on hillocks overthrow. Surely I know thy family, thy family, thine origin with all thy bringing up: There wast thou born, O Wind, on a wild treeless mountain top, wast afterwards rocked to and fro, on the wide surface of the sea, upon the wide and open main.

c

When I am starting on the sea, upon the wide and open main, enter the boat, O God, the ship, thou gracious One, to strengthen a powerless full-grown man, to give a small man manliness, upon these waters flat and wide, on the illimitable waves. O Eagle, come from Turjala, three of thy feathers bring, O Eagle—three, O Raven—two, as a bulwark for a tiny boat, as a gunwale for a little sloop, to hinder waves from topping o'er while traversing the foaming surge, while passing the projecting rocks.

d

A red boat glides along, a wooden skiff from the north-west, from a great distance comes in sight, three men are in the boat. Which of them pulls the oars? The rower is Ilmarinen. Which plies the steering oar? Old Väinämöinen he himself. Who's in the centre of the boat? Lad Lemminkainen, light of heart. And whither are the fellows bound, whither do the heroes go? Thither indeed the men will go, against the cruel northern land, into the sea's tremendous surge, into the billows capped with foam.

§ 108. Trap Charm.

With a comb I comb myself, with honeyed twigs I brush myself when going forth to Metsola, when starting for the forest depths, when making for abandoned fields, when tripping towards the alder groves. I found a tree, met with an oak, I cut a honeyed 'aspen tree' from a honeyed knoll, from a hillock of gold. Then I addressed my tree, mine oak did I interrogate: 'O honeyed tree in Metsola,

sweet honeyed tree in Tapiola, is any honey on thy boughs, is virgin honey in thy stem, for golden game to eat, for hungry ones to bite? Drop honey from thy head, spill virgin honey from thy wood on my substantial boughs,[1] on my leafy twigs, on my greyish twigs, to bring to my boughs good luck, good fortune to my branching twigs, to my sticks the best of work.

§ 109. Ointments

a

What should be brought and what should be invited here, to serve as ointment for the sores, as embrocation for the wounds, both first of all and as a subsequent material? Jesus' guiltless blood, Mary's sweet milk came rippling from the sky, came dropping from the clouds; with it I anoint the sick, heal him that is in evil case, through the bone, through joints, through the warmish flesh.

b

By water Jesus was travelling o'er a red sea, in a red sloop with sails of red; red ointment trickled from the sails, from the yards fat splashed, it hardened into rime, was frozen into ice, to be the best of salves for every kind of hurt.

c

The Virgin Mary, mother dear, threw herself down to take a nap, fell at once asleep on a sleeping-stone, was slumbering on a turfy knoll. When she awoke from sleep, on the ground she milked her milk, she caused her breasts

[1] The small spars or twigs forming part of the snare or trap.

to flow in streams, therefrom have ointments been obtained, to be applied upon a sore, to be poured upon a wound.

d

The Virgin Mary, mother dear, the holy little serving-maid, sits on the surface of the sea, on her hand is a golden ring, on the ring six horns, at the tip of every horn a plume, the horns are full of magic cures, of efficacious liniments with which she salved the Creator once, healed formerly the best of Lords.

e

Juhannes, priest of God, boiled an unguent for a year in a kettle of smallish size that would fit a fingertip; the wounds of the Lord he stroked with this, while being tortured by Pilatus, tormented by the evil power, it made him well above, quite free from pain in the middle part, without a blemish on his sides, without a feeling in his head, and lovely on either side.

f

A boy came forth from the Northern Land, a tall man from Pimentola, a hundred horns were on his brow, a thousand other odds and ends;[1] it was a horn of horns indeed that lay on the shoulder of the smith, a feather of feathers it was indeed that lay inside the little horn. O take a feather from the horn, anoint below, anoint above, once lightly stroke the middle part, to make it wholly well below, etc.

[1] Probably bits of dead men's bones, bears' claws, stones, etc., such as were carried about by wizards and sorcerers.

g

A maiden strode along a dell, sped past a deserted clearing's edge, six cups are in her hands, seven are behind her back, they are with ointments filled, brought from a country further off, from nine anointers, from eight men skilled in healing arts, from the box of the son of Vipunen, from Lemminkainen's chest.

h

Äijö's tiny little girl churned butter on a mountain top, on a stone's point was churning it; grease she prepared from it, to serve as ointment upon sores, as a remedy for wounds.

i

Hiisi's ox with a hundred horns ascends the Hill of Sicknesses, is clambering the Hill of Pain, a hundred horns are on its brow, a thousand nipples on its breast, these are with ointments filled, are full of goodly grease; now hither may it come to hand and with it I'll anoint the sick, heal him that is in evil case.

j

From the sky a star shot forth, through the clouds it fell, flew down on the back of a hare; the hare rushed into a stream, into the water it rolled the star, a duck then gobbled up the star, into its belly swallowed it; into eggs it was then transformed, into nine salves, eight magic cures, and with it wounds are salved, bad hurts are healed.

k

Karehetar was digging earth, with her toe she was grubbing it; from the ground a hornet rose, yonder it flew

to another place, ointments it brought from there, but the ointments were not good, they contained the venom of a snake, the itch-causing fluid of an ant, the hidden evils of a frog, the poison of a dusky worm. A 'honey-wing' came fluttering, a bee some honey brought from a honey-dripping sward, from the edge of a honeyed field and put it into a copper-sided vat, into a little golden cup. I tried it with my tongue, with understanding I tasted it, the ointment was a goodly one, an unusual magic cure to apply upon a sore, to pour upon a wound.

l

From the earth a black snake rose, from under a stone a hissing snake, from the toad's mouth the slaver poured, saliva from the viper's jaw; the snake milked ruddy milk, the worm discharged white milk into an iron baking-pan, a tin-bottomed pot, in which an ointment was being cooked as a remedy for wounds.

PRAYERS.

§ 110. In the Morning.

Welcome! for showing thy countenance, for dawning forth, thou golden Sun, for rising now, thou 'morning star'! From under the waves thou hast escaped, hast mounted above the clumps of firs, like a golden cuckoo, like a silver dove hast risen up to the level sky, to thy former state, on thy ancient tour. Rise ever at the proper time, after this very day as well, bring as a gift on coming home, give us completest health, into our hands convey the game, the quarry to our thumb's tip, good luck to our hook's point;

go on thy circuit pleasantly, conclude the journey of the day, at eve attain to happiness.

§ 111. Treasure-seeking.

Kinsman of Hiisi! rise, awake, thou mountain *haltia*, to show a man the path, to point to a full-grown man the place where booty is to be obtained, treasures can be opened up before a man who is making search, a fellow creeping on his knees.

§ 112. Against Elf-shots.

From the earth rise, Ghostly Shade (*manalainen*), like a horror, hairless one, like a hideous fright, clod-headed one, approach to take away thy blast, to take possession of thine own; the injury thou dost, force down into Tuoni's turf, to the end of the hut of Manala, not into a human being's skin or into a creature's (*kave*) hide.

§ 113. Against Wasps.

O Siilikki [*v.* Huijutar], woods' daughter-in-law, pray discipline thy wee 'winged bird,' hide away thy 'feathered chick,' bind up its wings, confine its claws, to prevent it stabbing with its pike, to prevent it sharpening its steel. Kuutar, conceal thy children now, hide, Päivätär, thy family, and follow not a wizard's wish, don't be made jealous by jealous folk.

§ 114. Against Toothache.

a

Come, boy, from Pohjola, boy of the north, and iron-kneed, to grind this Hiisi, this Juutas crush. String a fiery

bow, draw a copper crooked bow with a fiery string 'gainst thy left knee; feather a fiery bolt with all an eagle's plumes, with the feathers of a sparrow's tail, to be used with the fiery bow; shoot with it 'Tuoni's grub,' fell the bone-biter with a bang, shoot through the teeth the eater of bone, the biter of flesh, that it cease to eat, to crunch, to fret, to gnaw, that 'Hiisi's cat' cease shattering, that 'Lempo's dog' cease tearing up, cease ravaging the jaws, cease hacking down the teeth.

b

Short maiden, Tuoni's girl, take from the teeth this 'cur,' this Lempo from the jaws; press down thy maladies, force down thine injuries, fling down thy filthiness into an iron baking-pan, at the end of Piru's tongs, 'mong Hiisi's coals, in the fire of the evil power. Thou 'lt frizzle, Tuoni's grub, thou 'lt simmer, worm of earth, thy head will be badly scorched, thy despicable tongue will swell in the iron baking-pan, at the end of Piru's tongs, 'mong Hiisi's coals, in the fire of the evil power.

c

Heigh! old man, my aunt's son, thou old white-bearded man, just strike with thy whip the ground, with thy thong produce a crack, that a mist from the ground may rise, in the mist a little man, on the shoulder of whom is a bow, in his fist a little bolt; the bow is made of steel, in copper the bolt is cast. I 'll shoot with it Hiisi's son, that he cease to eat and gnaw, that he cease to bite and bore, that 'Lempo's cur' shall cease to rend the cherished teeth, the poor cheek-bones.

§ 115. For Horses.

a

Expert St. Stephen (*Tapani*), come, to keep watch close at hand when I send a horse to grass, drive out my small one on the yard, from under a lovely shed, from under a double roof, to the summer grazing-grounds, to the summer sheltered spots, to the honey-dropping sward, to the honeyed grassy knolls. Let it stay happily at the edge of a holy field, to delight me in the afternoon, in the forenoon to make me pleased.

b

Lord of horses, Tahvanus [*v.* Timanter, *v.* Rukotiivo], a god that cleans the mangers out, over my herds keep watch, give fodder to my steeds, devoid of speech, devoid of strength, devoid of guilt, devoid of guile. As thou hast watched them 'neath the shed, defended them 'neath shelter-boards, so watch when they are roofless too, defend them in the bushy woods, when on beds of pine-tree sprays, on pillows made of twigs, that not a hair be broken off, not half a one should come away, against the will of God, despite the intentions of the Blest. If a hair be broken off, e'en half a one should come away, I shall at once demand a brace, I 'll sternly make request for three.

c

O Iki Tiera [*v.* Hiki Tiera], Niera's [Miera's] son,[1] snow-hoofed[2] and bony-hoofed, pray come to keep watch close

[1] In the first edition of the Kalevala R. 21, 259, there is another variant —Iki Liera, son of Tiera.

[2] Probably with allusion to *tiera*, 'the lump of snow that forms under the feet in walking.'

at hand, to overlook most carefully when I send out a horse to grass, let loose a mare upon the plain, when I throw the halter on the ground, the horse's bell upon the sand. Stand brush in hand at night and holding a comb by day, brush till it gets a lynx-like skin, the coat of a forest-animal (*kavie*).

§ 116. When gored by an Ox.

Let thy father Santta Säitäri, thy lovely mother Pullukka, come to keep watch close by, to overlook from very near, so that the boy shall not depart, the mother's son not slip away from a life by the Creator made, fashioned by God Himself. O Virgin Mary, mother dear, beloved mother, pitiful, pray sanctify with words, prohibit with thy sentences, for holy are thy words, and potent are thy sentences.

§ 117. At a Bridal Procession.

a

From whom shall I[1] ask help for my protection, my support, while this girl is being given away, this man is being betrothed, unenvied by the envious, by an evil wisher undisturbed?

From yonder person I ask for help, from yonder woman I cry for aid: from the gravel, bony-fingered, rise, steel-jawed, from the muddy strand, from the spring, O maiden, rise, 'blue-socks,' from a corner of the swamp. If thou no leisure hast thyself, the uprightest of thy lassies send, the best of all thy serving-maids to cover up this family, this bridal party to conceal. O woman (*kavie*), old

[1] The best man, the leader of the procession and master of the ceremonies, is here speaking.

wife Luonnotar, thou darling woman (*kave*) and beautiful, begin to indicate the path, to rectify the road to where the girl is given away, the bride is in procession led. May the paths be opened up, may broken roads be rendered smooth; if a fallen tree should block the way, shove it aside, that the great may pass, the small may pass, the weak may move along.

If that is not enough from yonder person I ask for help, from my father in the sky, from my mother in the depths of earth, from whom enduring mercies come, familiar help proceeds. Come, father, from the sky, my mother,—from the depths of earth, to give away this maiden's hand, to lead this man to be betrothed, to overthrow the envious, to overcome the enemy.

b

Plenty there are of hissing mouths, of husky throats, of sorcerers beside the path, of envious people in every place, while a bridal party trudges past, a man is led to be betrothed.

Ho! Ukko, lord on high, the god that over journeys rules, that holdest fast the clouds, that governest the fleecy clouds, O come from the sky like fire, quiver like a burning brand, having the size of a forest fir, the stature of a swamp-grown pine, though not against myself, nor against my followers, but against the enemies, against tremendous accidents. Start with us, come in company to conduct my bridal train, to tear up spell-cast injuries, to scatter all impediments, to crush the criminals, to snatch away the sorcerers, to squeeze the fiend, to overthrow the spook (*kamulainen*), to break the devilish weather up, to trample down roads broken up, while I am travelling by

land, or I on the water row, am on the mountains wandering or roving o'er low-lying ground. Should some one stand across the path, send him aside; if a snake should lie along the road, break it in two at once; if there are trees or fallen trees, shove them aside, if logs are on my path, from the path remove the logs, let the tree-placer become a tree, let the log-maker become a log.

§ 118. For Catching Hares.

a

O forest's mistress, Elina, a woman with body undefiled, now bring the game from further off, from the foot of the forest-fort, from the side of the honeyed woods, from the rear of the copper hills; permit a 'bandy legs' to run, a 'squinting eyes' to lob along, to come this way without alarm, bobbing along without demur, let a big one come or a little one, or one of medium size approach directly towards my trap, towards my snare, to tread with its feet upon my gin, that stands in front of its two paws, avoiding other people's snares, shunning the traps of other men.

b

O Tapio's daughter, Lumikki, thy snow-white creatures (*lumikki*) stir, release thy 'gold'[1] to wander forth, thy 'silver'[1] to rove around; turn hither a 'bandy legs,' a 'slender paws' to the centre here, under the firmament of air, towards a man in search of it, towards a stately full-grown man, towards one of a woman born. If from the track it turn away, from its furrow it diverge, by the tail just pull it on the track, or by the ears just set it right, let

[1] Wild animals, game.

it run with rapidity, let it hurry with hasty foot, without a wizard's knowing it, without being heard by a 'fiery throat,' across the edges of the field, the lower side of untilled land, past other peoples' cords, under the snares of other men, to the place where I set my gins, to my traps that should be trod, in front of a man in search of game, to the steps of one demanding it.

c

Distinguished maiden, Varvutar, Mikitär, forest's daughter-in-law, the daughter of Tapio, Annikki, give me when I request, when I with a golden tongue complain; cause thy 'sheep' to come this way, cast out thy 'distaffs bound with wool.' Bestow them heartily from the deep forest dells in threes, in fives, in sixes from the copse, in sevens from the abandoned fields, in eights from clumps of juniper, before the man in search of them, at the steps of him that walks along.

§ 119. Against Cabbage Grubs.

Thou famous maiden, Kulotar, thou lovely woman Kanarvatar, remove thy 'dogs,' eject thy 'curs' from my life-sustaining herbs, these food-producing plants, ere their destruction comes, ere Ukko breaks their heads with drops from the clouds, with iron hail. O 'witch-ball' (*tyrä*)[1] mother, Maarana, at the end of a blue bridge sit, holding an iron hook; when thou seest the 'witch-ball' come, make a rattle with thine iron, make a clatter with thy hook.

[1] In Lapland the *tyrä* was a ball about the size of a walnut made from the down of flies glued together and was used by Lapp witches and sorcerers. In Finnish the word means a testicle, but is used here as an epithet for the cabbage grub.

§ 120. Fishing.

a

Foam-mantled Ahti [*v.* Ahto] of the sea! reed-bearded old man of the sea, throw over thee luck-bringing clothes, put on gift-giving shirts, at this thy time for giving gifts, on this my day for catching fish; give me thy gift, abundantly and promptly draw the crowd that fills the watery tent, the dwellers underneath the wave; from sand-banks gather in the fish, the perch with short and crooked necks, to listen to the music here, to Väinäinöinen's melody.

b

O Ahti [*v.* Ahto], master of the waves, the ruler of a hundred caves, give me some perch, impel thy 'spiky-backs,' to where this net is lifted out, to where the 'hundred-eyed' is dropt; take a stake five fathoms long, a pole of seven fathoms seize, with which to persecute the seas, to stir the bottom of the sea, to raise a shoal of bony ones, to frighten the fishy herd from the fishy bays, from the salmon holes to waters where the nets are cast, to where this net is lifted out.

c

O water's mistress, Vellamo, water's old wife with reedy breast, come here to exchange thy shirt, to change thy clothes. On thee is a shirt of reeds, on thee is a sea-foam cloak, made by the daughter of the wind, the gift of Aallotar; I give thee a linen shirt, of linen entirely made, by Kuutar woven and spun by Päivätär [*v.* Kaunotar].

d

O water's golden king, damp-bearded and with slouching hat, forget thy long enduring hate, thy long protracted

niggardness; come along with me to fish, as a mate to catch fresh fish, give me some full-grown perch, abundantly of 'crooked necks,' of slippery sīks, of dark grey pike. May the dear fish rush into my traps on holidays as formerly a squirrel rushed, alarmed in a clump of firs, jumped suddenly on the swaying boughs, on the leafy trees.

e

Old wife of the sea with reedy breast, give me some perch from the great centres of the sea, from the gloomy depths, from where the sun ne'er shines, from where the sand is undisturbed, from the open sea's black mud, from the bosom of a bulky wave; frighten the fishy shoal, stir up the swarm of bony ones, chase it from the grots below, from the holes of the reefs in the sea to tug my lines, to make my threads resound; give thy big fish, till the little ones enlarge, cede thy fat fish till the lean ones fatten up.

f

On the water I cast my net, I fasten my sinks of stone; thou fair old wife, Juolehetar, the water's mistress, benevolent, rise hither from the mud, to give thy well-beloved from thy capacious magazine. Send forth the fishy herd to seas that of old are full of fish, to where I intend to cast the nets; give those for which I beg, bring those for which I ask, from the holes of the reefs pray lift them out, and from recesses of the rocks.

§ 121. Bear-hunting.

Louhi, the mistress of Pohjola, thrust forth thy woolly fist, turn round thy hairy palm before a man in search of

game, close to a full-grown walking man. By the Maker 'twould be allowed, by the Creator be vouchsafed, by Tapio be wished that I should get big game, that I should prostrate 'honey paws.'

When I am going to the woods, to the door of bruin's room, pray, oldest of the island, say, speak, lovely Taaria, who art nine sleeping-places away from here, a hundred stages to the rear: 'My "little hay stack," "cock of hay," my "little apple," my wee bear, pray don't disturb thyself at all, don't take it in the least amiss; with virgin honey thou 'lt be fed, new honey thou wilt have to drink 'mong full-grown men, in a crowd of men.'

O forest mistress, Mielikki, O Tapio's daughter, Annikki, O Tapio's maiden, Tellervo, thou tiny little forest lass, come hither, there is need of thee, to the hill's north side. Collar thy 'dogs,'[1] restrain thy 'hounds,' in a dog-wood sty, in an oaken shed; bend a rowan band or prepare an oaken one with which to muzzle bruin's mouth, lest he open up his jaw while I am coming to the shed, to the court-yard of 'tiny eyes,' to the trampled ground of 'level nose.'

§ 122. Against a Bear.

a

Old man of Juumi, Juumi's old wife, Juumi's former inhabitants, keep in your 'dog,' restrain your 'hound' from the tracts where the cattle range, from these wide tracts of underwood. From the mould a brown one has attacked, a grey one from a sandy heath, a 'big foot' from the swamp has risen, a 'broad paws' from a leafy grove, a 'badger' from the earth has come, from the copse an

[1] *i.e.* bears.

enemy has hurried into evil deeds, has taken to dirty deeds. May the forest bear be choked with a honey ball in his mouth, so that his jaws won't open up, that his teeth won't come apart, that the 'central flesh' won't move, that the tongue won't freely wag.

b

When the king of forest wilds, the forest's grey one, few of teeth, from his chamber hustles forth, from his castle sallies forth, then forest-mistress, Mielikki, daughter of Tapio, Tuometar, anoint his claws with wort, with honey foment his teeth, that he may never touch a thing, not even when in haste, when trampling over cattle-grounds, when roaming up and down the swamps.

If he pay no heed thereto, but still continues doing harm; Kuitua [*v.* Kuittola], forest king, Hongas, the mistress benevolent, keep in thy 'dog,' restrain thy 'hound' with collars of gold, with silver straps, behind nine locks, ten bars that open from behind, so that the headstrong cannot run, 'broad brow' can't scuffle with his feet, 'home-spun breeks' can't roll along, 'blue socks' can't slowly plod to places where my cattle range, to my bullocks' grazing-grounds.

c

King of the forest, Kuippana, thou lively grey-beard of the woods, inhibit now thy son, prevent thy bastard son from seeking my live stock, from meddling with my herd. If that is not enough, is still an insufficient guard, prevent the motion of his tongue, the quivering of his pointed nose, stick a mushroom up one nostril and an apple up the other one, lest the cattle's breath give forth a smell, the

scent of the cattle should be exhaled; over his eyes bind silk, over his ears a bandage tie, lest he should hear the trampling herd, lest he perceive the wanderers.

d

Good mistress, Hongatar, observant woman, Tapiotar, come, when thou art needed, here, approach, when thou art summoned here, the evil actions of thy son, thy child's outrageous deeds to see. Here damage has come to pass, an accident occurred, thy son has done an evil deed, thy child an act of villany; the villain broke his oath, ate his honour like a dog, when he took to evil acts, began committing hideous deeds.

§ 123. To Benefit Cattle.

a

Distinguished woman, Suvetar, Nature's old wife, Etelätär, that art a watcher of the herd, a keeper of the mistress's flock, arise to cleanse the byre, to watch the cattle of the byre, bring hither luck to calves, toss in to the oxen luck. Shape out a golden comb, furnish a silver brush, provide with a copper comb the doorposts of the door, on which the cattle can rub themselves, the mistress's flock can comb themselves. Pray go with a brush in hand at night and holding a comb by day, without being seen by any one, without alarming any one, and beautifully watch the herd, tend the flock with diligence, comb them as smooth as a lynx's coat, as the downy coat of a forest 'ewe,' that the cattle be beautified, that the mistress's flock may thrive, before the mistress makes her rounds, before the herding lassie looks, a mistress who is good for nought, a witless herding-lass.

b

O Jesus consecrate my flock, watch, Jesus, o'er my herd, this summer of Jesus, this important summer-time of God, when from the cowhouse I discharge, send forth my kine to the leafy grove, drive out my cattle to the heath, conduct them to great wooded tracts, along the 'yard of God,'[1] along the ground of Mary dear, to 'cattle-sheds without a hole and windowless.'[1] Ukko, the golden king, the god that in the sky abides, come watch my herd beautifully all summer-time; as thou hast watched them 'neath a shed, watch them among the heather too, as thou didst tend them in the house, so tend them in the clumps of fir, tend them among the firs, rule over them near boughs of pine.

c

King of the forest, Kuitua, Hongas, the mistress benevolent, daughter of Tapio, Tellervo, thou tiny little forest lass, when I send out my cows to the delightful Metsola, set a shepherd of willow wood, tall lassies of mountain-ash, cow-watchers of alder wood, of wild bird-cherry to drive them home, without a shepherd's driving them, without a herding-lassie's care.

d

I crave from the Creator leave, and confidence from God; Creator, watch my herd, preserve, kind God, my herd in every place without a hurt, without a scratch, uninjured by a neighbour's spell, that the wind sha'n't dangerously blow, the rain not dangerously fall, that bitter cold shall hurt it not.

[1] *i.e.* out in the open air.

e

Distinguished woman, Suvetar, Nature's old wife, Etelätär, pray bring thy horn from further off, from the centre of the sky; from the sky a honeyed horn, a honeyed horn from the depths of earth. Then blow upon thy horn, toot on thy famous one, that lakes of milk may issue forth, that streams of butter begin to flow. By blowing beflower the knolls, make beautiful the sandy heaths, make exquisite the abandoned fields, make pleasant the leafy groves, into liquid honey turn the swamps, and swampy pools into wort of malt, on which thou 'lt feed my herd, wilt nourish up my kine, wilt increase the milk of my Hermikki, augment the yield of my Tuorikki, wilt feed them with honeyed food, wilt treat them to honeyed grass from verdant knolls, from honeyed turf, wilt feed with golden withered grass, with silver heads of grass, from golden knolls, from silver wastes; water my cattle afterwards, water them well with honeyed drink from pools of whey, from gushing springs, from foaming cataracts, from running streams, that never fail from age to age, that never come to an end at all.

f

Thou son of Tapio, Nyypetti, art appointed herding-lad to watch my herd on the summer cattle-grounds; watch well my herd, watch o'er the herd, give the drove to drink, give food to the wretched colts on the summer pasturage, along the swamps, along firm ground, 'long the waters of Pohjola.

g

Forest Nikki [*v.* Hitsi], forest Näkki [*v.* Hätsi], of the forest the golden king, grey-bearded and with a mossy

cap! thou kindly mistress of the woods, fair woman of woods' winding ways from the deep forest-dell arise, awake from thy pine-bough bed, to my beasts give peace, to the hoof-footed ones—repose, full freedom to the calves, to the shepherd the best control. Take care of the weaker kine, the weaker ones, the smaller ones, lest they should come to grief, should stumble into shame; let Kirjo range o'er wooded wilds, along the 'yard of God,' along the ground of Mary dear; while the evening bath is being prepared, drive thou my cattle home rejoicing to the great court-yards before conclusion of the day, before the setting of the sun.

h

O Katrinatar, woman fair, the girl of night, the maid of dusk, pray take five serving-girls, six who obey command, to watch my herd, to tend my kine, that the herd may freely rove, that the 'small hoofs' shall not fear, that the calves sha'n't be alarmed, that the cold weather sha'n't scatter them. May a wolf bar up his mouth, may the tooth of a bear be broken off from summer night to winter night. But if it pay no heed to that, construct an iron fence, erect a fence with stakes of steel round my live stock, on either side of my herd of kine. Cause the fence to reach from the earth, from the earth as far as the sky, that the son of a toad can't injure them, a 'forest cur' can't injure them this summer of Jesus, this important summer-time of God.

i

Ho! Ukko, lord on high, the mighty father of the sky, that livest in luck, in a bright and pleasant residence, make

the summers beautiful, make pleasant the leafy groves, make exquisite the abandoned fields, make the morasses placable, cause the forests to be amiable, make the blue woodland mannerly. Roll forward a bulky cloud as a covering for my herd, lest death should seize it in his mouth, lest envy slash it excessively. Little indeed I have for Death to hold in his mouth, or to drive to abandoned fields, to send to an unburnt spot. When a 'backwoods wonder' prowls about, a hulking creature makes its rounds, change my dear cows into other shapes, transform my dear herd suddenly; turn into stones my cows, my beauties into heads of stumps, my hand-fed calves into gravel stones, my bullocks into knolls when encountering a 'forest dog,' when face to face with a greedy one. If that is not enough, from the sky shove a bar or a golden pole into the greedy creature's gums, put Tuoni's lock upon its jaws, the stone of Manala down its throat.

k

Thou son of Tapio, Nyyrikki, blue-mantled son of underwood, cut marks on rowan trees, landmarks on mountain clefts by which my herd can go, my property can find its way. Place tall and thick-stemmed pines, broad-headed firs with branching crowns as bridges over miry spots, as patches across bad ground, across mere swamp and sloppy ground, across the shaking water-pools, that the 'crumpled horns' may tramp, the 'cloven hoofs' may trudge, may reach each one of them the smoke,[1] without a hurt, without a scratch, without their sinking in the swamp, without their sticking in the mire.

[1] Turf smoke made to keep flies away from the cattle at night.

l

O Pihlajatar, tiny lass, O Katajatar, lovely girl, cut a birch from a leafy grove, from a humid dell a branch, from the rear of Tapio Hill, from t'other side of Tuomi Hill; then drive the cattle to the farm, to where the bath is heating up, the homestead cattle to their home, and the 'forest herd' to the Forest Home (*F. Metsola*).

§ 124. At the Assizes.

Earth's master! from the earth arise, ancestral master—from the field, all swordsmen—from the earth, the glaive men—from the sandy heath, the riders—from the miry pools; arise, O Forest, with thy men, with thy people, Clump of Junipers, with thy family, Clump of Firs, with thy children, Land-locked Lake, to speak on my behalf, and on my side to plead, lest evil should befall my head, destruction fall upon my pate.

If that is not enough, not quite sufficient, not enough, the Creator's golden wattled cock! come here where there is need of thee, like a golden cuckoo fly, like a dear silver dove, to speak on my behalf, and on my side to plead; stop up the judge's ears, bribe all the jurymen, make the sheriffs well disposed, bind silk across their eyes, with a bandage tie their hands, lest in their hands a pen should move, in their fists a quill should fit.

§ 125. To Incite a Dog.

Louhi, mistress of Pohjola, distinguished woman, Penitar, from thy 'son' remove impediments, from the 'money-seeker,' all obstacle; let the pup give tongue, the dog bark openly, remove the stoppage from its nose, the block across

its 'scenting-horn.' From far afield convey the scent, transport it from far ahead, like fire to nostrils of the dog, like smoke to the puppy's nose, from gloomy Pohjola, from under Tapio's window-hole; permit the dog to run ahead, the pup to trot with haughty gait, lead him to bruin's home or to a reindeer's flanks.

§ 126. To Silence a Dog.

a

Old man, old woman of the North! Raana, mistress of Pohjola! begin to stop the bitch's mouth, to hide the puppy's tongue, lest my dog should be deceived, the 'money-seeker' make mistake, should bark at every branch of pine, should bay at every leafy bough. I do not live on boughs of pine, I fatten not on leafy boughs, I live on them that skip on boughs, that 'neath fir-branches make their way.

b

Field maiden, farmyard girl! O golden king of earth, here where they need thee, come from the field with thy family to close the mouth of a dog, to plug the nozzle of a whelp. Bind silk across its eyes, tie a bandage round its ears, a mushroom up one nostril thrust, an apple up the other one, lest it should scent the breath of man, perceive the smell of a full-grown man, lest it should hear a passer-by, lest it should see a wanderer.

c

O Hiisi [*v.* Juutas], shut the dog's mouth up, Lempo [*v.* Perkele], the jawbone of the dog, fetch, Hiisi, thy tall hat, Lempo, thy broad-brimmed cap with which to stop the

puppy's nose, to bung its 'scenting-channel' up. Place a bar before its mouth, a gag between its teeth, between its tongue-strings lay a check, so that it cannot ope its jaws, nor separate its teeth. If that is not enough, take the backmost hedge-stake of the field, the lowest railing of the fence to stop the mouth of the hunting-dog, to press with it the puppy's head, so that it can no more give tongue at any man that passes by.

§ 127. When Shooting Rapids.

a

Stone Kimmo [*v.* Kiikka]! Kammo's [*v.* Lempo's] son, come here where we have need of thee, with a borer bore a hole, with a chisel cut a hole through the stone in the cataract, through the evil boulder's side, so that a wooden skiff sha'n't stick, a boat of fir shall receive no harm. King of water, Litvetti,[1] water's master beneath the stream, make the rocks to be like moss, like a pike's bladder make the boat, while passing through the surge, while traversing projecting rocks. O gracious woman, Meletar, give me thy serviceable oar with which I 'll steer, I 'll shoot the spell-bound streams, past a jealous person's house, under a sorcerer's window too, without my pinnace sticking fast, without my boat receiving hurt.

b

O golden water-king, O gracious Ahti of the sea, steer with thy sword, push with thy sheathless sword, so that my wooden craft may run, the pine-built boat may bowl along without the pinnace sticking fast, without the cutter getting fixed between those boulder-stones, among the stony rocks.

[1] In the index the word is printed Livetti by Lönnrot.

Shove with thy breast the waves, the billows with thy bosom turn, twist in thy hands the curly ones, in thy fist collect the foam, lest they should dash against my breast, should rattle down upon my head. A stone is in the river's midst, a flat stone at the surge's crest; lower the boulder's side, press down the flagstone's flank before my scarlet skiff, out of the way of my tarry boat.

c

Ho! Ukko, lord on high, the god above the clouds, roll a bulky cloud, from the west send a lumpy one down on the rapid's foaming surge, into the dreadful midstream whirl; make rowing seats of steel, cast copper oars with which I 'll ascend the spell-bound streams, I over hostile streams shall glide between these boulder-stones, along recesses of the rocks, lest sorcerers eat me wholly up, lest witches gash me overmuch.

§ 128. When in Great Pain.

a

Kirsti, thou maid of pains, that sittest on the stone of pain, there where three rivers flow, three [*v.* five] waters part, grinding away with the stone of pain, twirling the hill of pain, go gather up the pains into the hole in a bluish [*v.* speckled] stone, or into water roll them down, tumble them into the ocean depths, where the wind is not perceived, where the sun doth never shine.

b

Pain-maiden! Äijö's girl, come here where there is need of thee, holding a cup of pain, with a box of torments 'neath

thine arm, to garner up the pains, to gather up the sufferings into a little speckled cup, into a little copper box, to dash them down into a stream, full tilt into the humid sea to generate their kind, to bring their children forth.

c

Good mistress, Kivutar, distinguished woman, Vammotar, take from the Maker's mouth a plume, a wing from Väinäimöinen's belt, and sweep away the awful (F. holy) 'sparks,' cause the awful (F. holy) wounds to disappear. Put the pains inside thy glove, the grievous sores inside thy mitts, then fling thy glove away on the summit of the Hill of Pain. On the summit is a bulky stone, a bulky stone, a thick flat stone. Break the stone in two, the flat stone into three. Poke the glove inside the stone, the mitts inside the flat stone's side, unite the stone together again, and roll it down to the ocean depths where the moon ne'er gleams, where the sun ne'er beams.

d

Pain-Maiden! Tuoni's girl, huge maiden, Akäätär! winnow the pains with a winnowing fan, sift the torments in a sieve, in order to torment the stones, to make the flat stones suffer pain. If a stone bewail its sufferings, a flat stone its calamities, 'tis better a stone should scream, 'tis better a flat stone yell, than one of a woman born, or by a creature (*kave*) brought to birth.

e

Lovely old wife of pain! good mistress, Kivutar, come here where there is need of thee, where a man is crying

in distress. Thou art not summoned causelessly, thou art not wished for needlessly. Come to see the sufferings, to seize the pains, to make the torment cease, to still the smarts in a poor human being's skin, in the body of a mother's son. In a bundle wrap the pains, in a packet—the grievous aches, take the bundle to a stony cleft, the torments to a mountain rift, to the cellar of pains, to the room of sufferings, inside a bluish stone, inside a liver-coloured chink, where they will ne'er be heard of more, whence they will never more escape.

f

O Virgin Mary, mother dear, beloved mother, merciful, come here in thy fleet shoes, in thy fine skirts come fluttering, in thy white stockings wander forth, in thy black socks march proudly here to seize the pains, to remove the plagues, from spell-brought troubles to release, to remove the spell-wrought injuries. Into the water roll the pains, plunge them down to the ocean depths, apportion torments to the wind, give them to chilly wind, so that the sick may get to sleep, the weakly man may find repose.

g

Old wife Kave, Nature's daughter, thou 'golden' Kave and beautiful, that art the oldest of womenkind, first mother of individuals, come now to view the pains, to mitigate the calamity, to accomplish this laborious work, to remove the plague. Great pains are penetrating here, a calamity has supervened, the ground below already cracks, the sky is splitting up above while the sufferer is crying out, while the man in pain bewails himself.

h

O Hiisi, come from Hiitola [*v.* Rise Hiisi from Hell], thou hump-backed—from the home of gods [*v.* Perkele from Pimentola]—come hither with thy sons, with thy sons and thy serving-girls, with thy whole nation too, with utmost speed to crush, to eat this evil thing, to lap this monstrous evil up. From Esthonia bring a scythe, from hell a mowing-iron, and put it in my right hand, with it I 'll cut the evil thing, I 'll hack out this impediment from the roaring man, from the groaning full-grown man.

i

An eagle dwells in Turja land; that eagle, famous bird, with steely beak, with iron claws, with one wing cut the water and with the other grazed the sky. Its mouth is a hundred fathoms wide, its gullet is like three cataracts, its beak is like five reaping-hooks, on its wing-tip there are eyes, others there are behind its back. O eagle, come from Turja land, from Lapland fling thyself, O bird, 'stone-talons' come to tear, 'iron-claws' to cut to bits with thine iron gums, with thy steely jaws, to devour this pain, to lap this 'broth' from a poor human being's skin, from the body of a mother's son.

§ 129. To Charm away Strumous Swellings on the Neck.

a

O Ukko, 'golden' king, the 'silver' governor, pray bring thy golden scraping-knife, thy silver axe, with which I shall remove the growths, shall pull off 'Hiisi's filth,'

shall shear off 'Lempo's lumps' from the narrow muscles of the neck, from the 'breathing-hole,' where it is rubbed.[1] I 'll make the tumors move away, the knobs to crumble up, the lumps of gore to roll away from throttling a throat, from squeezing tight the breath, to a path that can't be known, nor be apprehended in a dream.

b

Maiden of swellings, Kullatar,[2] the active girl, the packer-up, pack thy 'needless packages' away, remove thy monstrous-looking things from the 'taking-place,' from where the 'breathing-hole' is rubbed. Thither conduct the 'frogs,' thither transport the wens, from the narrow muscles of the neck, from the purling veins to the branch of an apple-tree, to an oak-tree's level top.

§ 130. While Sowing.

a

Ho! Ukko, kindly god, the powerful father of the sky, prepare a misty atmosphere, create a tiny little cloud, send from the west a lumpy cloud, from the south let one arrive, let water drizzle from the sky, let honey trickle from the clouds on the work that 's being done, on the seed that 's being sown.

b

O Etelätär, youthful maid, the boisterous, the jolly girl, just cause a honeyed cloud to rise in the honeyed sky; from the west despatch a cloud, from the south let one arrive, lead water from the sky, rain honey, liquid honey

[1] *i.e.* by the sufferer.

[2] *v.* O ruddy maiden, Pullitar.

down on the growing shoots of corn, on the rustling growing crops.

c

Old wife below the ground! Earth's mistress, the soil's old wife, cause the grass to force its way, the powerful earth to push forth shoots, earth shows no lack of strength, nor the grassy sward—of sustenance, if the Gift-givers are inclined, if the Food-mothers [*v.* Nature's daughters] so desire. Arise, O Earth, from slumbering, Creator's field! —from sleep, cause the straw to grow up well, the stalks to grow in size, in thousands let the tips come up, in hundreds let the branches fork, where I have ploughed, where I have sown, where I have toiled exceeding hard.

§ 131. To Stupefy a Snake.

O Kasaritar, lovely girl, milk thou the snake, let the venom [*v.* 'milk'] drip into a copper-handled pail, into an iron milking-can; upset it for the earth's benefit, dash it against a mossy knoll. May the earth retain the milk and the Holy Ghost—the de'il (*perkele*).

§ 132. To Increase the Yield of Milk from Cows.

a

O excellent woman, Suvetar, Nature's old wife, Etelätär, open the ground down underneath, bore holes through the headlands of the fields, cause a honeyed stream to flow, a liquid honey brook to roll on both sides of the cattle-grounds. Sink a 'golden' well from which the herd can drink, can suck up honeyed juice into their udders swollen

hard, into their tight-distended teats, so that the veins begin to move, rivers of milk begin to flow, milk-rivulets to issue forth, milk-cataracts to foam, milk-pipes to spout, milk-channels to squirt—begin to give each time, begin to flow each milking-time, so that with butter the children choke, get suffocated with the cream, in spite of a person wishing harm, despite an ill-wisher's handiwork, that the milk to Mana sha'n't be brought, that the yield of kine sha'n't disappear.'

b

O excellent woman, Suvetar, Nature's old wife, Etelätär, go now and feed my Syötikki, water as well my Juotikki, increase the yield of Hermikki, augment the milk of Tuorikki, give milk to Mairikki, fresh thickened milk to Omena, from the splendid heads of grass, from the beautiful hair-grass, from verdant knolls, from hillocks moist and fresh, from the honey-dropping sward, from ground begrown with berry stalks, from the maiden of the heather's bloom, from the maiden of the grass's husk, from the milk-daughter of the cloud, from the maiden of the sky's mid-point, to make the udders full of milk, the udders always swelled, for a short woman then to milk, for a tall woman too to press.

If to the village it 's been brought, has at a neighbour's been retained, fetch from the sky the herding-horns, from the clouds let fall the pipes; begin to toot upon the horns, to pipe upon the pipes, through which the milk shall run, the milk escape the restraining spell, and roll from the village like a stream, shall flow like a river to its home, shall come to its rooms as fresh-drawn milk, to its sleeping quarters as a juice, to its original abode, its former place, past the evil-wisher's mouth, to the well-wisher's mouth.

c

Old wife of cattle, now arise, awake, O *haltia* of kine, before a sorcerer rises up or a jealous person shall awake. Ascend the buttery hill, to the summit of the milky hill; from Mana fetch my milk, my milk from him that keeps it back. Descend the hill with a flask, hurry down with a keg; the milk to Mana must not go, nor my cream to Tuonela.

d

Poor Para! come to life, butter and milk to bring. O 'Stick-shanks' come to life, 'stick-shanks' with the yarn-ball head, harden the crust upon the milk, thicken the film of curdled milk. Hither, poor Para, come, to churn with noisy platter-dash, into fat work up the milk, into yellow butter turn the fat, beat out the very smallest drop so that the butter harden well. Luck-bringer, hither come, if thou in coming bring good luck, for thee 'twill all the better be, a better present wilt thou get: each month I shall convey, shall place for thee as recompense at the field's end a little calf, and into a bush I 'll push it too.

§ 133. To Excite Love.

a

O Jesus, wash my little girl, my 'wee snow-sparrow' purify from women's and from harlot's talk, from the facetiousness of men, from the tattle of mustachioed ones, from the tattle of the beardless ones. Wash my 'snow-sparrow' clean, make white a woman's child, by washing make her bloom for the moon, make her sweet for the sun. Arouse to action, Love, cause her renown to spread, for

men to take a fancy to, for full-grown men to ask about. Whoe'er looks at her from above, or gazes at her close at hand, may he look with a honeyed glance, may he smile with eyes of love.

b

Jesus! thy 'little bullfinch,' wash, make white thy tender babe, wash her as brilliant as the moon, to be enchanting as the sun, as white as the ocean's foam, as brown as a bulrush of the sea; cause golden ornaments to chink, and silver ornaments to clink; with the golden shirt of kings, the silver cloths of lords, may she be clothed and be arrayed, to gain the delight of men, to be run after by the youths, to be desired by wooing swains, to be observed by every one, by an important suitor to be seen, by a young unmarried man, by man and woman too, yes, by a full-grown married man.

c

O Virgin Mary, mother dear, beloved mother, merciful, arise to awaken Love, to cause Renown to blossom forth; Now is the time for Love to move, time for Renown to blossom forth. O free the lass from spell-wrought harm, from village people's powerful words, from tittle-tattle, jabbering, from machinations of old hags. Break off a bath-switch, in a copse, in honeyed Metsola, close to three rapids, from the highest birchen trees; cut up a tree of mountain-ash, break into bits the 'murder' tree;[1] stealthily heat a bath, hurriedly prepare the fire, cause nature's steam to rise, a love-inspiring steam to float through the stony stove, through the heated roof-ridge beam; soften a honeyed bath-

[1] *i.e.* the awful or terrible tree from having been made by a devil (*piru*), § 212, i. The Zjrians call it the *sös-pu*, 'the dirty or abominable tree.'

switch well on a honeyed flattish stone, a bottle of pure water fetch, bring some of golden hue, wherewith 'bull-finch' shall wash herself, the 'wee snow-sparrow' cleanse herself, the 'village flower' shall scour herself, 'earth's chosen one' shall wash her white, to get well thought of by the men, to be desired by wooing swains. Hither let come without a fear, arrive without an injury, the best and not the worst, the handsomest of warriors, the best of the parsonage, the smartest of the village folk; if in these parts he can't be found, O bring him from some other part, from six church parishes away, or from across eight chapelries.

d

O Virgin Mary, mother dear, pure and with a mother's look, eternal mother of the earth, the benefactor of all time, release the girl from her distress, my daughter from useless spells; dig water from a rock, let water from a fountain pour by means of thy golden stick, thy silver staff; wash my little one therein, my 'wee snow-sparrow' purify, remove the pig-skin from her eyes, the dog-skin from her ears, the wicked gossip from her head, the villagers' great sorceries. Spread thy lovely linen cloth, throw thy golden cloak about this youthful maid, round the figure of this child, blue silk upon her eyes, upon her temples threads of gold, good silver trinkets on her head, to honour the distinguished girl. Cause Love to issue from the maid, Love to ascend from out the girl, cause Love to rise and float about, her renown to blossom forth, cause her to glisten like the moon, to sparkle like a star, to turn the minds of men, to set on fire their hearts, draw them towards this girl, to this child's side, till their senses

fume like honey and blaze up like a fire. Let come from far away, let hurry from remoter parts the best of the throng of lads, the smartest of the lot, to this young maiden's house, on horseback along the road, by water in a boat or on snow-shoes o'er the hill.

e

Rise, maiden, from the spring, O 'grey-eyes' from the pool, to be a darling woman's help, the comrade of a famous wife. Arise and water fetch, some water from the spring of Love [*v.* of Vento]. Pray give me water as a loan for ever, for as long as the moon sheds a golden light, with which I shall my 'bullfinch' wash, my wee 'snow-sparrow' purify, shall beautify 'earth's chick,' make her luxuriant in form and beautiful of countenance, make bright her eyes, make her temples bloom, make nice her breasts, make her bosom full, to be observed by all, to be a wonder to herself.

f

Arise, O Love, to hover round, Honour of maidens! to advance, maiden's Renown! to blossom forth o'er six church parishes, through seven parishes and through eight towns. Here is a beauty unbeheld, a splendid maiden unbetrothed, a rosy blonde not led away, a famous daughter that's unknown: She was not wed in the wedding year, nor affianced in the wooer's year, last summer she was not carried off. Hey! Love, wake up! O Love, arise without being lifted by a cord, without being hauled by a tarry rope, to turn men's inclinations, to dispose their thoughts, to set on fire their hearts, to make their bellies seethe, their hearts to flicker like a flame, to sparkle like a spark and that it shall not cease at night, shall not diminish

in the dark. O Love, arise to dance about, to vibrate like a fiery brand, arise without being conjured up, without being cursed bestir thyself, for moons have risen, suns have risen, yet still thou hast not risen up. So rise at once, remove the cloud that shrouds the girl, cause the 'sun' to shine, the Creator's 'moon' to gleam. Fetch men from far away, pray seek them from remoter parts, conduct them from a hundred isles, from a hundred castles' environs, unto this maid's vicinity, this daughter's close proximity.

g

Old man of rut! old wife of rut (*kirki*)! raise Kirki from a rutting-swamp, from a rutting-mountain top, Erotic Heat from a rutting-heath, cow's bulling-lust from an alder grove, from a copse the lewdness of a bull, a stallion's passion from its stall, a mare's hot passion from its shed, a cat's hot passion from a stove, a little kitten's from a crib, from under a bench a dog's desire, a puppy's from beneath a form, a wolf's more passionate desire, the rougher passion of a bear, the quicker passion of a fox, the lust of a swiftly-scudding hare, the black raven's lust as well, and the passion of a dark-grey hawk, in order that this girl be wed, this beauty may be beheld. Raise into ecstasy his mind,[1] to intoxication—his desire, take from the glowing coals a coal, from a stove of stone a heated stone, into a flame ignite his heart, his belly into glowing flame, that his hinder parts shall move, that his hips shall sway, the sinews of his back shall twitch, his toes get tremulous, his nails begin to itch, his hands to scratch, so

[1] The name of a particular man was probably thought of when this line was recited.

that he get no sleep at night, and no repose at all by day, unless he see our darling maid, and make acquaintance with the girl.

§ 134. To Wean a Heart from Another's Love.

Poke, evil one, thy twirling stick, Hiisi!—thy pole for stirring coals between the pair of loving ones; may an icy stone from 'neath the earth, may the sultriness of Christmas-tide begin to freeze their hearts, to give their inward parts a chill, that from each other they shall part and one another shall not know, shall neither know nor recognise nor make an effort to unite. There are three icy stones, three swarthy snakes, three fragments of a bath-house stove with which I 'll walk between the pair, shall nine times walk and force the sinners' hearts apart from one another for all their life, for all their time, for all their days, for all their term.

§ 135. Excising Superfluous Flesh.

O Hikityttö, Hiisi's girl, come here where there is need of thee, make tough the iron, give the knife the hue of wheat; sharpen the edge with sweat (*hiki*), with honey's froth besprinkle it, for the blade to cut and not to tear nor cause the blood to flow. Into the flesh if it should slip, into the blood should turn aside, smear honey on the iron edge, sweet ointment on the wound.

§ 136. For Catching Birds.

a

O golden forest-king, the feather-hatted woodland lord! Kind forest-mother that givest gifts, old mistress of the

feathered flock! O tiny little forest maid, the fair-cheeked maid of swarms of birds, the rearer of a hundred broods, that rockest to sleep a thousand swarms, lead thy covies here, thy bevies and thy flocks of birds, above nine men in search of them, above eight men that look for them. I am the chiefest searcher here, I am the best that looks about, of the nine men in search of birds, of the eight men that look about. Make flutter and make fly this way thy flocks of birds before the man that seeks at night, the rover of the woods by day. Conduct thy blackcock here, thy grey-hens here transport; into the trees may the blackcock fly to bill and coo at my decoy, may the blackcocks take delight in it, may the grey-hens cluck. Bind up their wings with twine, confine their instruments of flight, entwine their legs with string, roll up their toes in wax, that with their wings they cannot fly, that with their feet they cannot run till I am ready with my bow, till I can turn to my hand-bow.[1]

b

Lord of the wooded wilds, the island's oldest man, old man of 'feathers' with rumpled beard! O kindly mistress of Metsola, O Hollow Fir,[2] old wife of 'down'! bring a 'feather' from the genial land, send a 'downy feather' from the west to jerk my honeyed snares, to spring my honeyed nooses set on a honeyed knoll in the luscious wooded wilds. From the copse take a switch, from the scrub a

[1] A variant of the last two lines transports the action to recent times:—

E'er I from my gun have wiped the snow,
Have promptly loaded it with shot.

[2] Holohonka—seems to be a proper name, though it may be only an epithet.

copperheaded one, from the coppice chase the birds and drive them from the abandoned fields to flutter with a whirring sound, till for their wings there is no place. May the twigs sink down as the birds approach these trapping grounds, these passages[1] that must be trod. Bind round their mouths with silk, twist their heads awry, lest they damage my flaxen noose, lest they destroy my hempen snares.

c

Laaus, the master of Pohjola! grant me to take a full-grown bird[2] from these clean sticks, from the whitened twigs,[3] as a present for the folk at home. I'll give thee thanks for it, I'll bow before the famous man, for it extol thy worthiness, if thou wilt give a full-grown bird[2] as a present for the folk at home.

§ 137. On going to Bed.[4]

Welcome! O Earth! welcome! dry land! Welcome! O master of the earth! welcome to him that welcome gives! With the leave of the Earth, I go to bed, with the leave of the Earth, with the leave of a Tree, with the leave of all the house, in terror of the holy field.[5] May the Earth be a good defence, the Omnipotent a guard, may the Creator lock the door, may a saint draw-to the bolt, may Jesus be a shield, Mary—a sword. May Mary lull to

[1] Or runs, which form the entrance to the trap.

[2] Ganander, p. 51, translates, bird by 'roe deer' and lower down by 'elk.'

[3] The sticks and twigs refer to the trap.

[4] Some recite this over the cattle when driven into the cowhouse for the night on the eve of St. Michael's day in autumn.

[5] The 'holy field' often means the 'churchyard.'

sleep, may Jesus raise me up to thank my God, to give to Jesus praise.

§ 138. Starting on a Journey.

Dry land's old wife! from the earth arise, Primeval Master!—from the field, in aid of an only son, as comrade of a famous man, to travel jollily with me, to help unharnessing the horse, in taking the collar off, and the bow between the shafts, on the journey of a famous lad, during the drive of a splendid man [*v.* wedding party].

§ 139. Hunting in the Forest.

a

When for the forest I set out, I, a full-grown man, intend to hunt, O Forest, take me as thy man, as thy full-grown man, O Tapio, as arrow-boy,[1] O Wilderness, as an extra comrade, Knoll![2] Take a fellow to salute, to behold the heavenly bow, to greet Great Bear and to eye the stars.

Forest! be kind; be friendly, Wilderness! be gracious, Air of the gods! be well inclined, dear Tapio! kind Mistress! be well disposed; be complacent to my men, be propitious to my dogs, guide a fellow to a wooded isle, transport him to the knoll, whence quarry can be procured, the journey's object can be gained, where heads shall be portioned out, portions shall be distributed.

b

O Kuutar, bake a suet cake, a honeyed bannock, Päivätär, with which I'll make the Forest kind, make Backwoods

[1] The boy that picks up the arrows that have been shot.

[2] Old man of the Knoll is an epithet of Tapio and of the bear.

well disposed on my hunting days, at my periods for seeking game.

Forest! be kindly to my men; Backwoods! be friendly to my dogs, the men with us are half-grown men, the archers are uncertain shots, the dogs with us are puppy dogs, our bows are sticks, the arrows tipped with wood, they will not carry far, the shooting instruments won't hit. Of honey let the forest smell, the blue backwoods—of mead, of melted butter—the sides of swamps, of wort—the abandoned fields. Backwoods! let the cuckoo call; O Forest, on the zither play, so that the 'gold'[1] shall lend an ear, the 'silver' take account of it under a pine with branching head, under a bushy fir.

c

O Grove, be kind! be friendly, Wilderness! O blue Backwoods, be amiable! that I may ramble through the woods, may jostle through the wooded wilds. Forest, be friendly to my men! Backwoods, be kindly to my dogs! be appeased by these peace-offerings, by these inducements be mollified, with which the Creator was appeased, the Omnipotent was mollified. Marry our men, introduce our full-grown men to the pleasant daughters of the woods, to the downy-breasted chicks. The eyelashes of other men are not more smooth, nor the eyebrows more magnificent than those that our men have. The gait of other men, the silken ribbons on their socks, the silver laces to their breeks are not more elegant. The bows of other men are not formed out of gold, nor of silver are their narrow skates, nor of copper are their skating staffs.

[1] *i.e.* wild animals, birds, game of any kind.

The hunting dogs of other men are not more dear (F. golden), more dear or more renowned, than those that our men have.

d

Old man of the forest with light grey beard, of the forest the golden king! O forest-mistress, Mielikki! Miiritär, forest-daughter-in-law! mount up on a sloping birch, ascend a bent-down alder-tree, to listen to my songs, whether my songs are suitable. Gird the forests with a sword, place a glaive in the backwoods' hand, clothe the forest in home-spun cloth, dress in German linen the wooded wilds, array in coats the aspen-trees, the alder-trees in lovely clothes, with silver adorn the firs, deck the pines with gold, put flowers on the heads of the pines, and silver on the heads of firs, gird round old pines with copper belts, the firs with silver belts. Clothe them as in the days of old, in thy periods for giving gifts, on my days for seeking game, and at the times I went to shoot. When to the forest I had gone, had attained the far backwoods, had ascended to the wilderness, had arrived on a mountain top, the aspens were in silver belts, the birches decked with golden flowers, pine branches glistened like the moon, the spreading fir-tops like the sun, like the moon the famous lad shone forth, like the sun—the doughty full-grown man.

e

Old man of the knoll with golden breast, with a hat of twigs, with a mossy cap! O forest-mistress, Mielikki! O Tapio's daughter, Tellervo [*v.* Annikki], the forest-daughter, the kindly maid, the tiny little forest lass! blue-mantled old wife of the copse! red-stockinged mistress of the swamp! O lovely being of the heath! show me the path,

open the door, proceed to indicate the path, to give instructions for the way, to set up posts along the road and landmarks make. O son of Tapio, Nyyrikki, spruce fellow with a tall red cap, cut marks along the country side, establish landmarks on the hills, that I, though stupid, can find the way, I, though a stranger, can repair to the hunting-grounds of other men, to special woods of full-grown men. Make a slow-footed man to scud, by the breast of his jacket lug him on, by the hole of his snow-skate shove him on, lead him by the ferule of his staff across morasses, across firm land, across the backwoods of Pohjola; conduct him to a wooded isle, transport him to the knoll where 'gold' will afford him sport, 'silver' will make him glad, where pines have flowers on their heads, the firs have silver on their heads, birches have golden earrings on, alders are dressed in lovely clothes, the aspen-trees—in pale grey stuff, the heather flowers—in gold.

f

O forest-mistress, Mielikki, famed 'golden buckle of the woods,' pray come along to give a hand, to stretch thy right hand forth on these my days for seeking game, at the times I go to hunt. Take the golden keys from the ring at thy side, step to the storehouse on the hill, into the cellar lightly trip, open quickly Tapio's magazine, disturb the forest-tower, set free the 'gold' to move about, the 'silver' to wander forth towards a white man, the colour wholly of the birch.[1] But pray be on thy guard that the quicker ones don't slip away, for tardy I am at snowshoeing, am slow at shoving along.

[1] In winter the Finnish hunter dresses in pure white when he goes to the forest after game (Tervo, p. 3).

g

O forest-mistress, Mielikki, the mother with a lovely face, get ready my reserve, make my allotted share leap up in the blue backwoods, at the centre of the 'golden' knoll. Open quickly the honeyed chest, disturb the honeyed box, set free a drove to run about, a file of animals to skip before the man in search of them, at the steps of him that craves.

If thou thyself be disinclined, then send thy serving-maids, direct thy thralls, command the obeyers of commands. Thou art no mistress, so to speak, if thou keepest no serving-maids, keepst not a hundred serving-maids, a thousand that obey commands, that keep watch over all the herd, that tend the forest animals, that regulate the lengthy flock and guide the great string of animals. I keep a single serving-lass that is in her movements brisk, is energetic at her work and open-handed with her gifts.

h

King[1] of the forest, Kuuritar, that maketh hoofs, that bendeth paws, open thy 'money' magazine, unbolt thy store, set free a drove to run about, a file of animals to skip; let a 'golden fur-coat' issue forth, a 'homespun cloth' come trotting down along the silver path, along the copper track from the wild creature's place of birth, from the rearing-ground of 'precious pelts' (F. money hair), to the places where I set my gins, to the passages that must be trod. Whoe'er is quick at galloping, keep in check with reins, with a bit keep straight, whoe'er's not quick at galloping, strike with a switch to quicken him,

[1] It should be 'Queen,' as Kuuritar is a feminine form.

with a rope's end give a thwack, with a cock's beak tickle him, and prod him with a golden spur.

i

O Ukko, the golden king, the silver governor, take a golden club or a copper hammer from the end of a silver spar, from the head of a copper nail, and with it beat the wilderness, bang the gloomy wooded wilds, that into squirrels pine branches turn, into otters—densely wooded wilds. Good is a beaten wilderness, and gloomy wooded wilds well banged, so that a dog can run ahead, a whelp can work aright.

k

Old Ukko with the rumpled beard, O hollow fir with fir-twig hat, pray come and beat the wilderness, make its edges shake on a summer night, the first afternoon. Belabour, Ukko, a young tree, make stumps resound with thuds, with a fiery sword, with a golden club. Drive out the creatures to the edge, to the openest abandoned fields, from the end of every jutting point, from the corner of each wilderness, on my days for seeking game, at my periods for setting traps.

l

Give me, Ukko, of thy 'ewes,' of thine own 'rams,' bring forth thy 'gold,' all thy 'drooping ears.' Bring them without a fear, without suspicion let them rove; those that are resting in the grove, that are reposing under boughs, that are sleeping on a knoll, are paddling the bottom of a brook, send in threes from the forest vales, in fives and sixes from the glades along the golden cattle-roads, along the silver paths, where the bridges are laid with silk, bridges with silk,

with velvet—swamps, wet spots with homespun cloth, with Silesian linen—dirty spots, with linen from Germany, with a fringe of homespun stuff.

m

Give, dearest God, to a supplicating man; give him ten animals (F. hoofs), diverse in aspect and in hue. One skin won't make a coat of fur, no rug of fur is got from two;[1] unless some hundreds should be got, some thousands hither should be brought; a thousand into a coat will go, a hundred into a rug will fit.

Pray don't be angry, God, Earth's Ruler, don't be furious; at least in my life permit, in my own time let it occur to see them with mine eyes, to touch them with my hands. For stones I shall not give thee thanks, for stumps I sha'n't prostrate myself, for willows certainly sha'n't serve, for boughs of fir I coax thee not; I make request for 'hoofs,' I pray incessantly for 'feet,' I ask for those that go on hoofs, that run about on nimble feet, not for the best, nor for the worst, for a medium quality I ask.

Give, dearest God, bestow on a man, on me, give as thou gavest mine ancestors, to that huge family, enough to eat, enough to drink, presents enough to the village folk; from the day's toil release a child,[2] procure him rest at eventide, when the cattle are coming home, when the woods of pine are turning grey.

n

O Tapio's daughter, Annikki [*v.* Tyytikki], the tiny little forest-lass with down-like shirt, with a fine spun shirt, the

[1] 'It is useless' or some such words must be understood here.

[2] The speaker.

woman of complexion fair, with shouts awake the forest-king, arouse the backwoods' *haltia*, to give me of his precious ones, his animals (F. hoofs) of every hue; play a tune on a honeyed pipe, pipe on a delicious pipe into the comely mistress's ear, the gracious mistress of the woods, so that she speedily shall hear, shall arise from sleep, since she won't listen in the least, not even rarely will awake, although I beg incessantly, keep murmuring with a golden tongue.

Lass Annikki that keeps the keys! Eva, the tiny little serving-maid! advance to the magazine with the delightful mistress's leave; fling open the magazine of gifts, the lockless doorway of the loft. Thou art no lass at all, no lassie of the keys indeed, unless thou open the magazine, and, having opened it, give forth some greater and some smaller game, some of every sort of hue. Twist a ruddy thread on thy ruddy cheek, and draw it across the stream, across the stream of Pohjola, for the animals to run upon, for the 'money-pelts' to skip along in front of the man in search of them, before the steps of the man that walks.

o

O forest-daughter, delightful girl, O Tapio's daughter, Tuulikki, chase the wild creatures out to run from the forest-castle slopes, make them to scamper, make them scud for my good luck. When the wild creatures reach the track, hurry them on along the track, place thy two palms as a fence on either side, lest the wild creatures dash away, the forest-herd should bounce aside, or on a by-path should diverge. When they look over it, then raise the fence; when they look down, then lower down the fence; when the animals don't move, then leave the fence as it is;

if the wild creatures dash away, or on a by-path should diverge, lift them up on the path by the ears, bring them back on the track by the horns. If a fallen tree oppose their course, shove it aside; if trees lie across the path, smash them in half; if a fence oppose itself, prostrate the fence; if a river chance to be in front, a rivulet—across the path, cast down thy silk to be a bridge, as a foot-bridge—scarlet cloth, along which the drove can run, for a path for them to go across. Bring them across the shallow sounds, over the waters draw them on, as a sail employ a tail, or use a pizzle as a sail.

p

O Tapio's daughter, Tuulikki, the famous beauty of the woods, O Pihlajatar, little lass, short daughter, Tuometar, O kindly mistress, Hongatar, fair wife of the forest-environs, from a spinny take a switch, a fir-branch from a clump of firs, chase the wild creatures out to run before a miserable lad. If in this direction none appear, pray seek them further off, from Lapland's gloomy wooded wilds, from the utmost border of the north, from under Kuha-vuori's top, from Kuusivaara's peak, from near lake Imantra, from the boundary land of the Turja Fell; more sloping is the country here, more flowing are the waters here; here in a straight line pathways stretch, here gates fall down.

q

O lively woman, Vitsäri, O Tapio's daughter, Tellervo, take a whip of mountain ash, a cattle-scourge of juniper from the rear of Tapio's hill, from Tuomi-vaara's further side, and with it drive the timorous, hurry along the younger ones. Whichever is slow to run, at starting is a

lazy one, quicken up with a switch, drive with shouts, with a crack of the lash, so that the switch shall whiz, the willow-top shall make a crash; give a swipe across the sides, or across the withers strike, at the forehead aim no blow, don't thwack upon the skull.

r

Old wife of the forest with lovely hair, 'Gold hair-plait' of a hundred woods! O honeyed maiden of Metsola, old man of the forest with flowing beard! old wife of Tapio, Nyrkytär! and forest-Tapio himself! O son of Tapio, Pinneys, don't hold them back, don't hold them fast: Christ christened thee, thee the Omnipotent baptized in the middle of the forest-field, to tend the forest animals. Fetch me some forest-ale, that I may forest-honey drink; in the forest much ale is found, in the forest is honey sweet, myself have seen it to be true, when as a young man I was there. Send forth the droves to run, the forest animals to rush, without suspicion let them come, without precaution —bound along before the man in search of them, up to the steps of him that begs.

s

O Pohja's open-handed [*v.* blue-mantled] wife, Laaus, the master of Pohjola! O Sinisirkku, Pohja's maid, O Pohja's daughter, Pohja's son, O kindly mistress, Hyypiö, distinguished woman, Varvutar! stir up thine animals, frighten away thy herd from sleeping in the woods, from slumbering under boughs of fir, reposing in the leafy grove, from snoozing on the sward; induce thy droves to run, the forest animals to bolt, cause the elks to scud along, grand reindeer to hurry up, their legs to take a sudden spring,

their hoofs to move with rapidity to my spots for catching animals, to these passes where I look for game. In profusion let them come and hurry with speedy foot, along morasses, over lands, along long streams, through the forest dense, across the thinly wooded wilds, across the leafy wooded hills, across the lofty mountains too; then when they hither have arrived, when they have reached their journey's end, do thou, Mist-maiden, maid of Fog, the 'Leaf-bud,' 'Ship-borne Yarn' [*v.* O Tapio's daughter, Luonnotar],[1] with a sieve sift mist, keep scattering fog before the wild creature's face, when nine paces off, rub fog upon its eyes, let mist descend upon its pate till I am ready with my bow, have arranged myself to shoot.

t

O forest-youth with a golden hat! O forest-mistress, Juonetar [*v.* king of the forest, Kuippana], transport thy 'gold,' induce thy 'silver' to approach to my spots for catching animals, these passes where I look for game. Send the best of thy flock, of thy herd—the most superb from the blue backwoods' interior, from a liver-coloured hole, from Kuha-vuori's peak, from Paksu-vaara's slopes, from near the rapids of Imantra, from Kana-saari's deep recess. From a spinny take a switch, a birch from a forest-dell, send forth the drove to run, cause a 'money-pelt' to break away. Any one too inert to run, make lively with the switch, correct with the birchen bough; of any one that is quick to run raise the mouth with a bit, with halters lift its head. Permit the game to run this way, a 'money-pelt' to rush headlong. More sloping is

[1] I have taken this variant from Kanteletar, ii. 354.

the country here, a milder climate here is found; here rivers flow, here waters fall.

u

O Hiisi's little boy that rides a good two-year-old, take thy golden spur from the end of a silver shelf, from a golden chest, from a silver box, tickle with it the wild creatures' flanks, into their armpits dig it too; cause the drove to run, the wild animals to caper round towards the man in search of them, the stately full-grown man, in copper harness, with golden rings.

§ 140. For Sprains, Injuries of the Bone or Sinews (Veins).

a

Thyself, aërial God, thou Spirit Lord Jesus, harness thy colt, prepare thy sleigh, seat thyself at the back and drive in thine ornamented sleigh through the bones and flesh, through the loosened veins; bring together bone and flesh, unite the ends of veins, place gold in the fissure of the bone and silver in between the flesh, flesh where the bone has been contused, blood where a vein has broken through. Where a bone is smashed, fasten thereto another bone; where flesh has been removed, insert more flesh; where a vein has slipt from its place, unite the vein to its place again; where blood has leaked, there cause fresh blood to flow; where the skin has broken off, cause skin to grow upon the place. Bless to their place, in their place adjust the bone to bone, the flesh to flesh, the joints to corresponding joints, to their former place, their earlier site, so that the place shall not be felt, so that the site no longer smarts.

b

Come, maiden, from above the air, the maiden from the sky's mid-point, in a copper boat, in a copper skiff. Row with honeyed oars, pull hard in the honeyed punt on either side of the wound from iron, of the injuries produced by steel. Row a boat composed of veins, cause a boat of bone to glide through the bones, through the joints, through places where the flesh has gone; row through the fissures in the bone, along the crevices in joints; row through the bone to remove the pain, through the flesh to remove the smarts. Lengthen the veins that are short, shorten those over long, into their place arrange the veins, make every end of even length, arrange the large veins mouth to mouth, the small veins end to end, the thread-like veins in dove-tail form, and the arteries *vis-à-vis*. Then a slender needle take with a silken thread in the needle's eye, with the slender needle sew, with the tin needle stitch, knot up the ends of the veins, with silken ribbons tie them up.

c

O beauteous woman of the veins, the beauteous woman Suonetar, the lovely one that spinneth veins from the golden tuft of a beautiful spinning-staff on a copper spinning-rock, that weavest a cloth of veins in a wee corner, in a nook, come hither in my necessity, approach when summoned here with a skein of veins in the belt, under thine arm a bundle of skin, to tie up veins, to knot the ends of veins in wounds, in gashes, in rents, in holes.

d

O Tuoni's son with ruddy cheek, twist quickly 'gainst thy left thigh, 'neath thy right hand a scarlet cord with which

I 'll close the raw, shall draw together the bleeding cut, shall bind together the veins, shall tie the ends of veins in knots. If I 'm unable properly to close the bleeding cut, tie up the veins thyself, join together the ends of veins, that the veins can't move, that the blood can't flow.

§ 141. When butted by a Ram or He-goat.

O mother dear, Saint Catharine, come hither in nimble shoes, in thy black stockings proudly march, in thy white stockings wander forth, with red shoe-laces hurry along, with thy blue ribbons hasten here, regard thy creature close at hand, nigh at hand—what thou hast made. A ram [*v.* a goat] indeed, a wanton one, has already done a shameful deed, has begun his ugly work, has set to work at boorish deeds.

§ 142. Brewing Ale.

a

O bee, the nimble 'bird,' the king of the meadow flowers, fly thither, where I bid, whither I bid and I command, along one sea, o'er a second one, a little slanting o'er a third, to an island in the open main, to a skerry in the sea. There lies a girl asleep, a 'tinny breast' —fatigued on the honey-dropping sward, at the edge of a honeyed field; a luscious grass is at her side, red clover— in her lap. Into the sweet stuff poke thy wing, into the honey thy tongue's thick-end, bring luscious juice upon thy wing, honey on thy tongue's string from the splendid head of grass, from the cup of the golden flower, as ferment for the ale, as barm for the new-made drink.

b

My little martin, my wee 'bird,' my lovely little 'money-pelt,' go thither, where I command, whither I bid and I command, to the North's remotest fields, to the trampled ground of Lapland's bairns, where the mares fight, the stallions equally compete; with thy paws collect the yeast, into thy hands let flow the froth from the mouth of the fighting mare, of the stallion that contends, as ferment for the ale, as yeast for this small beer.

§ 143. For Good Luck.

Creator, grant! accord, O God, grant me the luck to live, accord that I shall live in peace, shall ever comfortably dwell on the border of my field, in the centre of my farm, to give me joy of an afternoon, in the forenoon to afford delight. Be on thy children's side, be a constant helper of thy bairns, a continual support by night, a watchful guard by day, that the sun shall not in anger shine, that the moon shall not in anger gleam, that the wind shall not in anger blow, that the rain shall not in anger fall, that bitter cold no frost-bites cause, that the hard weather shall not harm. Construct an iron fence, a castle of stone erect around my property, on both sides of my farm from the earth extending to the sky, reaching from the sky to earth, as my abode, my only one, for my protection, my support, by help of which I 'll do my work, by its aid o'er waters row, so that no foe shall eat too much, no enemy snatch much away.

§ 144. Squirrel-hunting.

a

Tapio's daughter, Annikki, Tapio's girl with honeyed mouth! stoop down to 'milk,' prepare to give on this my day for catching game, on my hunting days. Open wide the storehouse doors, set ajar the garret doors, throw out my share upon a bough, my portion on a bending tree, by fives from the dense young scrub, by sixes from the forest knolls, by sevens from the woodland ridge, by eights from clumps of juniper, in front of my dogs, my dogs, my men. Induce my dog to bark, let my hound give tongue; stretch a scarlet thread, spin with a buzzing sound blue thread, along which an arrow can ascend to a young squirrel's brow, to a 'cone-biter's' nose, to the nostrils of 'blue-wool.'

b

O forest-mistress, Mielikki, kind forest-mother that giveth gifts, the honeyed maiden of Metsola, the golden forest-king! give something to me to shoot, some larger 'hoofs,' some smaller 'hoofs,' some 'hoofs' of medium size; cause the hillocks to resound, bring down the squirrels to the dells, chase the 'money' to the forest's edge, that I can strike them with a staff, can seize them with my hand and fist. If I can't strike them with a staff, thyself direct them to a branch, thyself support my bow, steady my gun thyself, that I can shoot the squirrel on the branch, the 'forest-cat' upon its swing, with which I shall my tribute pay, shall carry away my receipt for rent.

§ 145. Against Nightmare.

Rahko in iron boots makes a 'stony hill' revolve. O Rahko, put the incubus under a rafter, 'neath a beam, 'neath an iron roof, 'neath a tongueless bell. If that is not enough, should it pay no heed at all, I have a weighing-beam, a steelyard 'neath my back, under my head—a sack, a sack below, another above, into which put the incubus, collect together 'Hiisi's dead.'

§ 146. Against Swellings and Scab.

a

O Virgin Mary, mother dear, beloved mother, compassionate, spin a blue thread from thy golden [*v.* blue] distaff bound with flax; from above a long belt of cloud, from the sky let fall the thread, with which I 'll smash the scab, with which I 'll press the swellings down; I 'll lower the rising lumps, with the finger without a name,[1] on a human being's skin, on the body of a mother's son. Let tumours grow on trees, tumours on trees, on the earth—excrescences, watery blisters upon shoots, boils charged with blood on sapling firs, not on a human being's skin, on the body of a mother's son.

b

Brown maid [*v.* smith] of scabs, bad mother [*v.* king] of boils! snatch from a pig the snout, seize the tush of a foal, with which thou 'lt flog the scab, with which thou 'lt squeeze the boils from this human skin, from the body of a mother's

[1] The ring-finger.

son. Pluck thine evil scabs, to serve as berries [*v.* strawberries], take them to the earth, to serve as berried knolls —to swamps, to a land devoid of strawberries; in thy mouth dissolve the scab, cook the matter on thy tongue.

c

Red maiden, Pullitar! on thy left knee twist a scarlet cord, with which I shall bind the roots, while squeezing the scabs, while pressing the boils.

d

To be covered with boils is bad, to live covered with sores—a plague; old Väinämöinen, reliable, the diviner of all time! raise thy paddle [*v.* sword] from the sea, thy 'shovel'—from the wave, with which thou 'lt smash the scab, wilt thresh the abscesses away from a poor human being's skin, from the body of a mother's son.

§ 147. Against very Sharp Frost (*pakkanen*).

a

Sharp Frost, the son of Puhuri [*v.* Pusuri, *v.* Näserva], winter's benumbing son! don't freeze my nails, don't demand my toes, don't nip with frost my head, don't touch my ears. Thou hast enough to freeze, many to nip with frost, without frost-biting a human skin, the body of a mother's son.

Begone! freeze snaky fields, freeze swamps, freeze land, the water-willows nip, attack the knots on aspen-trees, cause roots of birch to ache, bite the sapling firs; refrigerate hot stones, flat stones that are burning hot, iron rocks and hills of steel, the wildly-rushing Vuoksi falls, the frightful rapids

of Imatra, the margin of the Northern sea, the declivities of the boundless sea, the swirling water's orifice, the terrific midstream broil.

b

O Virgin Mary, mother dear, beloved mother, compassionate, bring me a soft fur-coat, fetch a hairy coat of wool, with which I 'll shelter me, poor wretch, so that the sharp frost cannot bite. Into my stockings cast some fire, into my tatters—bits of coal, so that the sharp frost cannot bite, that the hard weather touch me not. Fetch hither a misty cloud, bring a rainbow-coloured one, shake a warm covering—a mist on the swamps, a mist o'er the land; it is pleasant to live in mist, in a district wrapt in fog.

If still a gangrene should ensue, let a scrap of butter, another of fat, be laid on the spots sharp frost has nipt, on the place the hard weather touched.

§ 148. For Catching Reindeer.

In the North is the reindeer's origin, from Lapland is the creature sent; then, rock-like, bent, curved antlers grew on the reindeer's splendid brow, on the reindeer's powerful head. Crone of the North, with powerful nails, with powerful nails, with an axe of bone, that maketh 'hoofs,'[1] that bendeth 'paws,' throw open the iron chest, slip back the bolt upon the game, send forth the game to run in the path of the lad that hunts, from the North's remotest fields, from Lapland's level tracts to my places for taking game, to my traps that should be trod.

[1] There is play here on the word *kynsi*, which means both 'nails' and 'hoofs.'

§ 149. For Pleurisy (Stitch).

a

Ho! Ukko, God on high, the capable and honest man, that dwells below the sky, that abides above the clouds, let drop thy pincers from a cloud into my right hand, the hafts of which are of earthly worms, the points—of variegated snakes; the sorcerer's 'arrows' with them I'll lift, I'll draw the 'bloody needles' forth from a wretched human being's skin, from the body of a woman's (*kapo*) son.

b

Smith Ilmarinen, thou thyself the everlasting hammerer, make tiny little tongs, pincers that are very small, with which I'll lift out 'Lempo's arrow,' shall extract the 'bloody knife' from a poor human being's skin, from the body of a mother's son. This man to Mana must not go, his long-haired one to Tuonela, without being slaughtered by disease, removed by ordinary death.

c

Old crone below the earth (*manner*)! Boy of the field's profoundest depths! come to watch quite close at hand, to pay attention nigh at hand, lest Death should eat too much, Disease should reap o'ermuch. Make great exertions with thy knee, resolve with thy finger-points to lift the sorcerer's arrow out, to summon back the shafts; with thy back-teeth seize hold of the sorcerer's arrow-knob, of the end of Piru's shafts.

If no heed at all is paid to that, raise from the earth thy men, thy heroes from the hard dry land, to help a well-beloved man, to surround a lonely one.

d

Blind crone [*v.* whore] of Pohjola [*v.* Väinölä], Ulappala's blinded hag! come to lift the arrows out, to disengage the spears, to wrench the shooting-irons out, to remove the jagged points from a naked skin, from one without a stitch of clothes.

And if no heed is paid thereto, in the land of the North an old man lives, with stony nails, with iron teeth; 'tis he that draweth arrows out, that loosens spears, that extracteth jagged points. Approach, old man, to take, O 'Stony-nails' to cast, O 'Steely jaws' to snatch, O 'Teeth of iron' to wrench—come lift the sorcerer's arrows out, the spears of Keito disengage with thy stony nails, with thine iron teeth, to prevent their stinging with pleurisy, to prevent their racking one with pain. Snap the arrows in two, into three pieces smash the spear, into creases squash its point (F. nose).

e

An eagle dwells in Turjaland that has serviceable claws, that has five talons on its toes resembling five reaping-hooks, its mouth with fire burns, its throat is aglow with flame, at the tip of the wing there are bright eyes, organs of sight at the feather's end. Come, eagle, from Turjaland, from Lapland cast thyself, O bird, that strikest blows incessantly, come and strike this blow as well; with one of thy talons strike the underside of a stone, raise the other foot and strike at Keito's spear, at the jagged spike of Aijö's son, at the end of the arrow's knob; the bloody arrow carry off, the pointed needle snatch from out of a roaring man, from out of a moaning full-grown man.

f

O Lempo, take thy flying shafts, O Piru, take thine arrows back, O limping fellow—thy pointed darts; jerk out thine arrows by the shafts, the sooner the better too, when I have had my say. The bloody needles convey away, tug out the aggravating stings, which thou madest formerly, maybe from the fragments of an evil oak, from the morsels of a brittle tree.

O Keito, launch thy little spears, provide thy shafts with plumes, and, Piru, cast thy pikes on mighty battle-fields, on the slaughter-plains of men, down a croaking raven's throat, down the mouth of a cawing crow, to be by the raven carried off, to be borne to a distance by the crow to thy family, to thy place of birth, to thy kith and kin, thou wretch, so that they 'll ne'er be heard of more, nor seen again in all thy life.

g

Hiisi, remove thy sting! thou devil's son (*pirulainen*)—thy goad, O Äijö's son—thy pointed darts, Lempo—thy leaf-shaped spears! from a human being's skin, from the body of a woman's son, before the rising of the sun, the uprising of the 'morning star.' Stick thy goads in, let thy projectiles fly, plunge in thy spears, make blunt thy jagged spikes in a bear's hard bones, in Bruin's roaring throat, in the home where three Bruins live, in the home of a brace of bears.

If that is not enough, shoot thine arrows forth, launch angrily thy pointed shafts, thy winged projectiles cast into thy mother's hinder part, the armpit of thy nurturer, into thine own begetter's heart, the lungs of her that brought thee forth, not into a human skin, the body of a woman's (*kapo*) son.

§ 150. To Throw a Spell over a Gun.

Boy, come from Pohjola, child—from the real land of Lapps, force thy chubby hand, thy thick thumb press, thy fleshy finger introduce down the copper 'cross-bow's' throat, in front of the gun's big mouth, down the throat of the iron 'churn,' so that the lead sha'n't hit a man, the ball of tin sha'n't be discharged.

(If that is not enough, if the boy from Pohjola can't deaden the power of lead, can't block the fiery mouth), O God the father, thou thyself, thyself, O Jesus, lord of air, that best can deaden the power of lead, that flingeth 'kernel-fruit,' that knoweth how to throw a ball, to recite the charm for stopping balls, draw a watery covering, let a slushy coating grow, from the sky let a mildew fall on the quiver of the enemy, some water on the touch-hole drop, grease on the iron orifice, so that the hammer won't strike fire, that the touch-hole will not flash.

If a strange bloodthirsty dog should discharge a leaden ball, should make a bullet slide, direct it into his stumpy tail, into his hind-quarters let it roll. May the hide of an elk from Hiisi's land take possession of his gun, may it twist the touch-hole pan, may it shorten his lead, may it smash his 'egg,' so that it shall not cause me hurt, not penetrate to give me pain, despite the nature of God, the wish of the heavenly man.

§ 151. Setting Traps.

a

O Ukko, give thine axe, thy silver hatchet, with which I shall cut down a tree. I'll hew a honeyed aspen-tree from

a honeyed knoll, from a golden mound, I 'll shove the thick end towards the sky, on the ground I 'll drop the branching head, its thick end towards the nor'-nor'-west, towards the east its branching head. Then rain upon my twigs, on these clean sticks, on the whitened twigs, rain honey from the sky, from the clouds let virgin honey drip; rain honey on the branching top, then luscious juice upon the bark, into the heart let the honey flow.

O Ukko, cause fresh snow to fall, sprinkle a little recent snow on the very slippery ice, on the smooth and slippery heath, that a fellow's track may be unperceived, that a fellow's breath give out no smell. Yet if some tracks be visible, let the track be the track of a hare; if a breath should cause a smell, let the smell be from forest firs.

From a thicket take a switch, from the trunk of three birch-trees, with which thou 'lt ramble through the scrub, wilt cause the bushy groves to shake. Beat with the switch a lazy one to these places and these knolls, under the traps of other men, avoiding other people's snares.

b

O good old man, splendid old man, the golden forest-king, give me of thy ewes and rams. Supply for the sake of men, for the sake of men produce from thy shirt the best, from thy waistcoat the fattest ones, fling thy 'packages of wool,' thy 'little sheaves of flax,' under these snares of mine; poke in thy 'handful of flax,' and thy 'golden distaff bound with wool,' firstly, this very night, intermediately the second night, lastly, at the end of the week, under the silver spar, and to touch the copper trigger-pin.

c

O forest-mistress, Simanter, with sheath of tin, with silver belt, that dwellest in the mountain tracts, that makest a din on the copper hills; let the tallest of thy serving-maids, the best of them that serve for hire, open the mountain magazines, with a banging noise the passages. Let a long file of creatures run, let the 'mountain cattle' rush over the traps of other men, or under other people's snares, to snap my twigs, to let my triggers off. If the cattle run not speedily, won't hurry at a rapid pace, below their hinder feet may Hiisi's hottest coals be set, which with their glowing ash will burn, will scratch the herd with burning sparks.

§ 152. For a Good Sleighing-Road.

O Ukko, let some fresh snow fall, sprinkle some fine fresh fallen snow, snow for a sleigh to glide along, fresh snow along which a sledge can dash; hide the berry stalks upon the ground, the stalks of heather cover up.

§ 153. For Catching Foxes.

a

King of the forest, Kuippana, brisk man of the woods with tree-moss beard! O liberal mistress of the woods, the kind gift-giver of the woods, take a fancy to my salt, approve of these boiled groats, feed a man with thy 'sweet rye cakes,' and coax him with thy 'groats'; induce the 'gold' to move, the 'silver' to wander forth 'long a golden lane, 'long a silver path, into the little golden 'cup,' into the silver 'farrier's tongs.' Drive briskly the animals, the forest-

creatures hastily, toward my gins that are made of iron, toward my traps that are formed of steel; and then when they are close, when they have reached the spot, let my iron give a snap, jerk the points of steel.

b

Take a fancy, Forest, to my salt, O Tapio—to my dish of groats, thou golden forest-king with fir-twig hat, with a tree-moss beard, O Mimerkki, the forest's wife with sheath of tin, with a silver belt, O Raunikko [*v.* Rammikko] that regulates the 'cash,' Louhi, the mistress of Pohjola, let rattle thy hand that is filled with 'cash,' let gleam thine ornamented hand. O son of Tapio, Nyyrikki, spruce fellow with a tall red cap, with a cloak of blue, with a beard of white, take thy tall cap of hoofs, sow the smaller 'hoofs,' sow the larger 'hoofs,' without suspicion let them come, rush in torrents without a halt, strutting along in socks of black, tripping along on their neat feet to my spots for catching game, to my traps that must be trod. Choose white ones for other men, the black ones suit me best; if hereabouts they do not show, then fetch them from a remoter part, from over nine deep woods, from a hundred stages off.

c

O stalwart maiden, Päistärys [*v.* Tapio's maiden, Ristikko], that strews flax-stalks (*päistär*), strew 'stalks of flax,' scatter thy 'cloaks' about in the blue backwoods, in honeyed Metsola; without suspicion let them come, without misgiving let them run, without perceiving the smell of man, without their scenting human scent, to my spots for catching game, to my traps that should be trod, cross-breasted

ones from Pohjola, black 'coats of fur' from Turjaland, to make into fluttering clothes for lords, to make into garments for men in power.

§ 154. Against Injuries from Spells.

a

Ho! Ukko, lord on high, the god above the cloud, when needed hither come, when petitioned hasten here to see these pains, to avert the calamity, to remove the injury from spells, to eject the plague. Fetch me a fiery sword, bring a sparkling blade, with which I 'll sever the spell-wrought ills, with which I 'll scatter injuries, shall tear out Hiisi's cankerous sore, shall for ever check the brute; I assign the torments to the winds, the pains to the wide abandoned fields.

b

O Ukko, at the sky's mid-point, at the edge of a thunder-cloud, come hither to shelter me, to be my aid, my only aid, to remove this plague, to counteract the violent one, to undo the fiendish deed, to tear out Hiisi's cankerous sore, to dislodge the spell-wrought injuries with a fiery pointed sword, with a sparkling blade, on the point of which gleamed the moon, on the hilt of which shone the sun.

c

O Ukko, at the sky's mid-point, at the furthest end of a ragged cloud, come hither as my guard, to eject the plague, to remove the hurts; take from my mouth the 'bit of Death,' from my neck the 'chains of Manala,' from my shoulders 'Tuoni's reins,' when I am shouting in distress, when I am yelling out in pain.

Fetch me a fiery sword, shove quickly a sparkling one in a sheath of fire into my right hand; with it I 'll slash that evil one, with it I 'll claw the toad, the Hiitolainen I shall scourge, shall stop the beastly creature's noise, so that he shall not raise his snout, no more shall shake his head so long as he lives, while the Lord's moon shines.

d

Arise, O Sea, with thy men, O Landlocked Lake, with thy old men, with thy crowds, O Dweller in the stream, with thy nation to a man, to remove these plagues, to undo the spell-sent harm, to grind this Hiisi and this Juutas crush, to flog the Perkele, to squeeze the De'il (*Piru*), to dislodge the spell-wrought injuries, to eject the plagues, to eat the curses of villagers, to lap the incantations up.

e

In the north-east an eagle dwells, a famous bird in Turjaland; under its wing are a hundred men, another hundred above its wing, at the tip of the tail are a thousand men, on every feather there are ten; all the men are girt with swords, the heroes with their instruments, all the iron throng, the people of Väinölä. O eagle, from the north-east come, from Lapland fling thyself, O bird, to save this head, to preserve this life, to remove the spell-wrought injuries, to eject the plagues, to eat the curses of villagers, to lap the incantations up.

§ 155. For Trapping Sea-Otters.

O Christopher (Ristoppi), the river-chief, the golden river-king, O Nokiatar [*v.* Jokiatar], youthful girl, that

watches over the river-herd, pursue the river-herd with shouts, make them to rush out like a flood from the holes of their stony dens, like a herd of cattle—from the rocks, through a silver 'door,' through a 'window' of gold[1] to soft pillows, to beds of wool. In a hundred ditches have otters been caught, in a thousand streamlets they are found, but in one ditch they must be caught, and it has a silver 'door.' If hereabouts they do not show, then fetch them from a remoter part, from the side of Imantra Lake, along a river of Pohjola, over nine men in search of them, under eight persons on the watch. If thou a full-grown otter guide, drive one the colour of the wave through the silver 'door,' through the 'window' of gold, I 'll give thee gold as old as the moon, give silver as bright as the sun.

§ 156. To Drive away Rain.

O cease, good God, from raining, blowing, and maintaining a cloudy sky; O Ukko, god of the sky, thyself, the mighty lord of air, to Russia [*v.* Viborg] conduct the clouds, take the rainbows to Karjala; they are waiting for water there, an old woman has borne a child, no water has it seen as yet. A little child is there—a boy, and another child—a girl, of one night old, of two months old, they all as yet are unbaptized.

§ 157. When Charming the Sick.

a

Old Väinämöinen, arise! old man, from sleeping cease, to help a well-beloved son, to be comrade to a famous man in this laborious work, in the hard task laid on him.

[1] 'Window' and 'door' mean the trap.

They need me now, they need me, they require that I divine a deep origin and remove a great injury, when I start on a war, on a battle with disease.

b

Old man, old Väinämöinen! the diviner as old as time, when needed hither come, when summoned here approach. A wretched man lies groaning here, one of little strength is in his bed with an unusual disease, with one unknown by name; the floor is rotting underneath, the roof is mouldering overhead. From thine out-house take a bathing-switch, from thy belt a honeyed wing, sweep the fearful (F. holy) sparks away, extinguish the fearful (F. holy) plagues with thy honeyed bathing-switch, with thy mellifluous wing; lift up the disease to the sky, to the wind apportion the pains, for the wind to rock, for bad weather to toss to the distant limits of the north, to the flat, open land of Lapps, or under deep waves, on the black mud there, where there is neither moon nor sun, nor weather that will cause delight.

c

Thyself, O Jesus, lord of air, the God that livest in the sky, when needed hither come, when summoned here approach; here thy son is lying sick, thine offspring writhes in agony. Some of thy spittle, O Jesus, spit, some of thy foam, Omnipotent, as ointment for the pains, as a remedy for sores; make him well at night, restored to health by day, more perfect than he was before, and better than he was of old.

d

Creator! come to repeat a charm, O God, to speak, Almighty! to heal, make the sick man well at night, make

him hale by day; make holy with thy words, assuage with thy formulas (*lause*), thy words are holy ones, thy formulas are well arranged. From thy pure mouth speak words of continual help on the injuries of every kind, so that anguish sha'n't be felt above, that no pain shall penetrate the heart, so that it sha'n't be felt the least, not even a particle of pain.

e

Pure water! water's mistress! water's mistress, water's master! make me to be healthy now, perfectly well as formerly, since I pray with chosen words and give to thee as offerings, blood to appease and salt to reconcile.

§ 158. Castration.

a

Old man of Hiisi, Hiisi's old wife, the fiery-bearded one of hell! just bring some people from the hill, from the mountain top—some lumps, to press this rascal down, to check this violent one, so that its foot from the swamp can't rise, nor its hoof from the hardened earth.

b

Blind harlot of Pohjola, Ulappala's wholly blind one! milk here thy milk, let trickle from thy teats into the nasty wounds from iron, on the places wholly burnt by fire, lest they begin to suppurate, lest in eruptions they break out, lest for a long time they should smart, should for a long while be inflamed.

§ 159. Preparing a Bandage.

a

O Virgin Mary, mother dear, the holy handmaid of the sky, pray weave a little golden belt, pray work with care a silver one; with the silken girdle bind, with the red one tie the damaged spots. If that should insufficient prove, let the Maker's silk be a ligature, the cloak of the Lord be a covering, let the word of God be a bolt, the furs [*v.* breath] of the Lord be a coverlet; may the Creator's mercy grant, may God's word bring about, that the wound shall not inflame, that it shall not lead to pain.

b

Old woman! come from Pohjola, holding a little basket-cup, in the basket a copper dish, in the dish a golden plume, to anoint the hurts, to bind the wounds.

§ 160. Against Bits of Chaff, etc., in the Eye.

a

O Virgin Mary, mother dear, beloved mother, compassionate, give thy good finger-tips, thy well-made fingers bring, to become my fingers and to be transformed into hands of mine, with which I 'll snatch the bit of chaff, shall pluck the 'nettle' out, so that it shall not hurt for long, not long shall irritate.

b

O Virgin Mary, mother dear, the holy handmaid of the sky, take thy little golden box, just open thy golden chest, take from it a golden hook, snatch up a honeyed line, with

the golden hook hook out, with the honeyed line drag out (F. attach a line to) the bit of chaff in the eye, out from the place where it entered in.

§ 161. For the Pigs.

Distinguished woman, Suvetar ! Nature's old wife, Etelätär, pray feed my pigs, give the 'down-turned noses' food when into the woods I send the swine, the 'down-turned snouts' to abandoned fields, on a shore that faces the sea, that faces the sandy beach of the sea.

§ 162. In War-time.

a

O Ukko, the god known everywhere, father of rulers of the sky, take thy sons' side, to thy children be a constant aid; hold a moot in the clouds, clear councils in a cloudless sky; from the east let a cloud grow up, from the west send another one, from the north-east a third, push them together side by side, rain water on the touch-hole pans, or snow in front of the locks in the important summer of war, in the miserable year of war, so that the lock shall not strike fire, the touch-hole shall not send up smoke, that the powder's bang, the report of the 'evil meal' shall not be heard, nor directed against a woman's child, a very splendid full-grown man.

b

O Ukko, the golden king, the ancient father of the sky, protect me with fiery furs, put over me a shirt of flame, when I happen to be in the wars, when I chance to enter the fray. Make me a wall of stone to stand in front of me,

six fathoms every way, with seven-fathom sides, where I, a lad, will strive against the enemy, so that my head sha'n't come to harm, the column of the neck sha'n't break, that my fine hair sha'n't fall, my forelock shall not be destroyed in the din of the flashing iron, on the point of a frantic blade.

c

Creator! save, O Nature, save! save, God above, save men with swords, crews with their freight, from an eventful state of war, from murderous waves of men; make haste to give deliverance, to free us from a fix; in a day a man can lose his head, in an hour—a full-grown man.

d

Jesus! take anxious care, from the sky take watchful care of a child created by thyself, so that the boy shall not depart, a woman's offspring shall not stray from the track by the Maker made; make me a shield of stone, an iron enclosure build, behind which I shall fight, and under which I'll shoot, that death-bolts may not take effect, sharp-pointed iron harm me not, though of cast copper made, or of careful silver workmanship, or the point were of burnished gold; smash into little bits the point, into creases squeeze the tip, into a hook twist up the spike.

e

Reliable old Väinämöinen! the soothsayer as old as time, clip wool from a stone, from a rock break 'hair,' make from it a shirt of war, a cover of six fathoms weave, of over six, of over seven in all, under which we'll shoot, behind which we shall fight, we'll a fierce people over-

throw to the ground, both men and swords, the evil people slanting-wise, the soldiers on their sides.

f

O Väinö's girl, with temples of gold, with copper skirt, with a silver belt dash water on the touch-hole pan—make sparkle the touch-hole pan—ta'en from nine water-springs, from the contents of pitchers three, lest the powder should explode, the 'evil meal' [*v.* rye] should detonate, lest it discharge the lead, let fly the balls of tin 'mong our good men, into our men's breast-bones; let the flint be on its guard, let saltpetre keep its word!

§ 163. Preparing for War.

a

Ho! Ukko, god on high, the father that rules the sky, bring the swords of a thousand men, the sabres of a hundred braves, that won't glance off against a bone, that will not break upon a skull, as I am going on a war, to a combat hand to hand, to mighty battle-fields, to those slaughter-plains where the blood reaches up to the leg, the red blood to the knee.

b

Smith! arise from under the wall, from behind a stone, thou hammerer, thyself Ilmarinen the smith, that art a most skilful hammerer, forge a new sword for me, to put in my right hand, forge a dozen pikes, an ample sheaf of spears, that I may start off to the war, to plains where men are killed by the war-horses' feet, by the hoofs of a battle-foal, on bloody beds, on gory sites.

§ 164. To make Snow-Skates.

Ho! Ukko, lord on high, the father at the sky's mid-point, procure me straight snow-skates, for the left foot rapid skates, on which I 'd smoothly scud through the great forest tracts, across the swamps, across firm land, across the moors of the North to the spots where game is born, to the land where 'money-pelts' are bred.

§ 165. Against Incantations (*suutelo*).

a

Creator, save! O Nature, save. Save, God that dwells above! Creator, thy creation save! O God—what thou hast made, with words by the Creator framed, prescribed by the Holy Ghost, from evil-words, from results of words, from jibberings, from jabberings, from incantations of parish folk, from spell-wrought ills of the village folk, from the bad designs of men, from the spells of whores, from the murmurings of a 'bristly snout,' from a 'long-hair's' witcheries, from jealous persons of the land, from the water-sorcerers.

b

O Ukko darling, my beloved, my darling father in the sky, hark to my golden words, when I with chosen words beseech. I am not urging thee to go a-fishing, to a war, to encounter the swords of men, but I urge thee now to counteract the bad results of charms, of the spells of whores; come to free me from the harm, from the bad results of the spells, from the machinations of the hags, from the plots and scheming of the men, as my well-wisher would desire, as my ill-wisher would not desire.

§ 166. The Pains of Childbirth.

a

How at such times is one to sing and how lament, when the pains of labour come, constraint is laid upon a girl, the belly suffers agony, the womb is in great distress?

Thus at such times is one to speak and thus express oneself: O Ukko, king of the heavenly realm, the god above the clouds, come hither, come immediately, they need thee here at once, here helpless infants gasp for breath, babes as they come to the outer air (F. courtyard); a lass is seized with the pains of birth, a woman with griping in the wame; come close at hand to observe if she is under village spells (F. curses), under murderous designs of men, under old women's secret charms, or machinations of old hags. If she is under spiteful spells, the murderous designs of parish folk, release the lass from the binding spells, the woman from their heavy bands, from the evil words of 'bearded mouths,' from the evil words of beardless ones. Throw open the 'fleshly chest,' draw quickly back the lock of bone, send into the world the 'traveller,' 'wee fingers' into the outer air (F. courtyard), to creep about in the world, to grow in the outer air.

When the time of danger is at hand, the day of distress arrives, in thy right hand take a golden club and with it break the obstacles, the 'door-posts' smash, put ajar the Creator's locks, break in twain the bolts at the back, that a big or a little one may go, one of small strength may walk, come bouncing out to the outer air (F. courtyard), come skipping out into the world (F. farm), into the world of all mankind, the country of other travellers.

b

Ho! Ukko, god on high, thyself the mighty lord of air, take thy golden axe, thy silver hatchet take, and with it break down obstacles (F. tree-trunks), cut the 'fleshly threshold' through, break the 'sinewy gate,' put the locks of bone ajar, tear rents to serve as chimney-holes, and as windows open holes, that into the world a 'traveller' come, that one of little strength may pass; let fall a 'flat stone' from the 'stove,' a 'backmost flat stone' with a bang, from the 'oven' knock out a 'stone,' break a 'pebble' from the 'wall,' a boy from the lassie's lap, a child from the woman's hips, or death will come, life's departure will draw nigh to this painful womb, from the belly's violent throes.

c

Ho! Ukko, god on high, the ancient father in the sky, when needed hither come into this snaky vapour-bath; here a poor wretch is screeching loud, a wretched woman makes lament, is biting the twigs of the bathing-switch, is cutting away the leaves, on her knees at the porch's door, on her hands at the threshold of the bath; come at once, soon hurry up, still sooner we have need of thee, the earth is cracking under foot, the sky is splitting up above, while the distressed is crying out, while the tormented woman yells; a bottle of pure water bring, fetch some the colour of sleet, fetch a stoupful of luscious juice, a canful of honey bring, blow into my mouth the half of it, the other half make into salves, with which I'll salve between the legs, shall anoint the hinder parts, shall cause the door of flesh to move, shall open up the gate, shall free the lass from childbirth pains, bring into the world a traveller, as a senseless one is in the womb, a dolt that knoweth not the way.

d

Old wife Kave, Nature's daughter! golden Kave, the beautiful, that formerly allayed great pain, allayed great pain and freed from throes; since thou freed the moon from a cell (F. halo), freed the sun from a rock, so free from these throes as well, allay these pains as well, free a lass from childbirth pains, from the belly's violent throes; with thy hands bring the babe from the womb, the boy from the lassie's lap, release it to rejoice the men, into the world of all mankind; if it should be a boy, let it come with the hubbub of a man, if a girl—more quietly, if a lassie with less of noise: a boy is in haste to go to war, a girl is in haste to be betrothed.

e

O Porotyttö, the Northern girl, a knapsack take from the hut's far end, a sack from the bath-house nook; fetch hither some slimy stuff from all the water's fish, from behind nine seas, nine seas and a half; run into the sea knee-deep, 'Blue-stocking!' half-way in; then holloa and hulloo to the perch, the roach, to all the water's fish: 'Give spittle, ruff! burbot! some slimy stuff, blue sik! bring some, red salmon! send me some, and with it I 'll anoint the legs, I 'll stroke her down the sides, shall relieve the lass of the childbirth pains, the woman—of fulness in her wame.'

f

Old Väinämöinen, thou old man (*ukko*), the diviner as old as time, from Esthonia bring a scythe, from Hell—a hook for mowing hay; with it I 'll stroke the sides, and pass along the hinder parts, I 'll separate the woman's legs,

I 'll tug the thighs apart, I 'll loosen the 'bench' at the end, break the 'bolt at the back' in two, I 'll open the 'land' in the under parts, burst through the headrigs of the 'fields,' send forth on the earth a 'traveller,' a human being to the light of day, to walk upon his feet, to work with his extremities.

g

O Hiisi, come from Hiitola, thou humpback,—from the home of gods, with a golden sleigh, and in the sleigh a golden axe, with which thou 'lt break down 'trunks of trees,' with which thou 'lt scatter obstacles, wilt set ajar the 'Maker's slit,' wilt open up the 'water gate,' wilt make it as wide as a lake, as ample as Lake Koitere. O Hiisi, whet thine axe, sharpen the level edge on three whetstones, on five Esthonian stones, on the head of seven hones, on the end of eight whetstones; pull down a portion of the 'fence,' the interval between five bars, set the woman's thighs apart, separate the old woman's legs, as the bit of a war-horse does, like the traces of a splendid foal.

h

O Moon, set free, O Sun, release, Great Bear, continually lead a man from unfamiliar doors, from unknown gates; guide to the earth a traveller, a human child to the light of day, from these small nests, from the cramped abode. If in the womb there is a boy, strive to bring him forth into the world, if in the lap there is a girl, pray steer the girl ashore; release the child to see the moon, to rejoice at the sun, to behold the Great Bear, to regard the stars, a child that has not noticed them, has not perceived them yet.

§ 167. Setting up House.

From Mary I beg for land, from Peter—an inheritance; dear Mary! give me land, good Peter!—an inheritance, give me land gratis, in charity—a piece of land. I will not ask for very much,—for a little I will not go away—as much of ground as a floor requires, as my backbone can lie upon, for me to play my games upon, a field for me to dance upon, a yard for me to run along, the edge of a field to roll upon. Choose every sort of wild animal on the honeyed sward, on the honeyed knoll, bring to that piece of ground for me from the woods the good things of the woods, from the land the best things of the land, to be my joy at eventide, my delight in the morning hours, bring gold beneath the centre beam, beneath the lovely roof, and honey to the timbers' cracks, to the site of the walls—a luscious juice.

§ 168. For Skin Eruptions.

My 'little bullfinch,' O Jesus, wash, my 'wee snow-sparrow,' cleanse—with water by the Maker made, ordained by the Holy Birth—from water's anger and from earth's, from the secret rancour of a frog; let the earth receive its 'spice' again, let the water its anger take, may the earth drink down its 'spice' like milk—its 'spice' to below the ground, to below the earth, down below nine fields, may the water drink its anger down, swig it off like wort, down under swamps and moss, down 'neath deep waves.

§ 169. For a Healing Bath.

a

O Virgin Mary, mother dear, that hast a pure mother's countenance, that art the oldest of womankind, the tallest of soft-skirted ones, with golden bracelets on thine arms, with golden trinkets of thy head, with golden shoes upon thy feet, come hither, we have need of thee, we are shouting for thy help; bring thyself here immediately, bareheaded, with dishevelled hair, without thy girdle, without thy skirt, to restore to health, to give repose, before the rising of the sun, the dawning of the god of dawn.

Make the bath-house hot, the stones to throw out steam, with cleanly bits of wood, with logs by water cast ashore; fetch water beneath thy dress, bath-switches under cover bring,[1] then cause a honeyed steam to rise, cause a honeyed vapour to ascend through the glowing stones, the burning flags, lest it burn my bairns, my offspring should destroy; soften the pleasant bathing-switch, moisten its honeyed spreading head, with the switches foment the wounds.

To stone-heaps with the wounds from iron! To wood-piles with the wounds from trees! To stony stoves with the wounds from stones! Make the sufferer well at night, without pain by day, by virtue of the word of God, through the mercy always of the Lord.

b

O Virgin Mary, mother dear, when needed hither come, in thy hand a golden cup, in thy wrapper a honeyed wing. Make a honeyed bath-house hot, make warm the room of

[1] So as not to be seen by envious persons or evil-wishers, and rendered ineffectual.

deal with coveted logs of wood, which the wind has brought ashore, the surf has steered ashore, a wave of the sea has cast ashore.

Go to the bath-house secretly, by a side-way to the bathing-house without being heard by the village-folk, without news reaching the villagers; anoint the door with ale, the gate with wort, the hinges with small beer wet, bedaub the handle with fat, that the door sha'n't creak, nor the iron hinges speak, nor the gate sing out, nor the handle squeak; in a spinny break off a bathing-switch, in the copse snap one off, on the brink of an angry stream, or near three rapids; from the rapids gather stones, from a sandy heath some junipers; from the side of the moon take a cup, a ladle from under the arm of the sun, with which thou 'lt water draw, some water from the Vento stream [*v.* spring]. Cause steam to rise, make heat ascend to the stones that feel no pain, to the flags that feel no smart, through the stones of the stove, the moss-stopping of the bath; take from thy cloak a bathing-switch, from thy bosom—tender leaves, soften the honeyed bathing-switch, moisten its hundred tips at the centre of a honeyed stone; sweep away the fearful [F. holy] 'sparks,'[1] remove [F. quench] the fearful [F. holy] plagues with thy virgin-honeyed wing, with thy honeyed bathing-switch, into a little golden cup, into a copper-sided vat; in the stove put the pains, in the bath-house moss—the plagues, in a wool-chest—the angry sores, in a box—the cruel smarts.

c

Enter the steam, O God, the hot steam—Father of the air! to restore to health, to give repose; enter the bath-

[1] *i.e.* the spell-brought sickness that burns like sparks.

house secretly without being heard by a worthless wretch, without news reaching the villagers, without being known at another farm. Here in the bath a sick man lies, in the hot bath—a feeble man; throw on the ground excessive steam, the bad steam send away without his being soiled by dirt or breathed upon by a chilly breath, without being angrily steamed by steam or by too much water washed away.

There is nothing for steam to find, for hot steam to choke.[1] Whatever water I throw on these hot stones, into honey may it change, may it turn into luscious juice; may a river of honey flow, a lake of virgin honey plash through the stove of stone, through the bath-house stopped with moss; may the breath of the Lord exhale, may the Creator's warm breath dash through the bones and joints, through the sinews and the flesh, through the warm blood, the red arteries.

170. For Making Edged Tools.

O bee, the active man, the active fellow, the lively bird, on thy wing fetch luscious juice, bring honey on thy tongue from six flower-tops, from seven heads of grass, as a fluid to harden iron, as a juice to temper steel. Then, on thy arrival here, cook the honey on thy tongue, on thy wing-tip —the luscious juice, as stuff to mellow an iron blade [F. tongue], as a means to soften an iron edge [F. mouth], lest the iron should lacerate, the steel should thoughtlessly destroy; wherever iron shall penetrate or powerful steel shall gash, may the luscious juice on the place remain, honey—where the iron has cut, sweet juice—on the iron's bite.

[1] See note, p. 166.

§ 171. Against Damage from Fire.

a

O frosty maiden, the icy girl, when needed, hither come, bring snow for sores made by Fire, for the injuries by Panu —frost, snow-lumps from the bed of a lamb, some ice from the pen of a full-grown sheep [*v.* kammo], [*v.* from a blue sheep's interior], with these snow-lumps form a crust, with the ice form a coat of ice (like that) with which the seas are crusted o'er, the lakes are coated o'er with ice.

b

A frosty maiden, an icy girl, sits in a crouching attitude at the mouth of a frosty spring, in the hollow of an icy well, a golden ladle is in her hand with which she draws the water up. Come here when needed now, when beseeched to help, cause thy pool to shake, cause thy spring to dash down on the places that are burnt, that have long begun to suppurate; throw some icy water down, bring some the colour of slush.

Water is eldest of the brothers, Fire the youngest of the daughters, may Water, the eldest, keep awake, may Fire, the youngest, fall asleep!

c

O Ismo, of the daughters of the air, into this sore place force thyself, come like the wind, make speed like a thought, pour thyself out like water's foam upon thy son's iniquities; some water from thine apron throw on the fearful scars from fire, on the places that are burnt, so that they shall not smart for long, shall not for long be found inflamed.

d

Rise from the ground, O Iron Cock, O Iron Hen, spring quickly up to eat the pains produced by Fire, to sip Fire's 'broth' from the places that are burnt, that have received sore injury, so that no pain be felt above, no qualm shall penetrate the heart, that the sides of the wound shall not inflame, nor smart for very long.

e

O Virgin Mary, mother dear, beloved mother, compassionate, like a golden cuckoo come, like a silver turtle-dove to the burns (F. fires) of one in agony, to the burnt places of a sufferer; come at once, soon hurry up, still sooner we have need of thee, in thy hand a golden cup containing water icy cold in which are copper twigs; dash water on the scabs, on the places that are burnt. If that is not enough, dig out a fish from a sandy heath, from a deep pit—a pike, to eat the pains produced by Fire, to lap Fire's 'broth' from a wretched human skin, from the body of a woman's (*Kapo*) son.

f

Rise, maiden, from the dell, from the moist earth, dear lass! from inside a frosty spring, from the hollow of an icy well, thy shoes and laces all over ice, the folds of thy skirt all over rime, thy jacket a mass of ice, thy clothes entirely hid with snow, in thy bosom a hunk of ice, under thine arm a lump of ice to gag Fire's mouth, to weigh down Panu's head.

g

Rise from the dell, dear Maid! from the gravel, thou clean-faced one, 'Blue-socks!' from the corner of a swamp,

'Red laces!' from a dale; from the stream raise frost, from the swamp some cooling stuff for the places that are burnt, for the fearful scars from fire, in thy folds wrap up the fire, in thy skirts the flame, in thy clean dress, in thy white clothes.

h

Crone of the North! with crooked jaw, with crooked jaw with scanty teeth, fetch slush from a slushy place [*v.* Hymmö], from Jähmö's [*v.* Jämmö's] chamber—ice; sprinkle some water icy cold, throw some the colour of slush on the 'burnt out spark,' on this 'burnt soot,' lest it begin to suppurate, lest it discharge with pus.

i

Boy! come from Pohjola, from the cold village, thou full-grown man, from thy father's place, great man, thou comrade—from Vento's host; when thou comest bring some frost, both frost and ice, from Hymmo's window—frost, from Jämmö's closet—ice, some blood of an autumn ewe [*v.* summer goat], some blood of a winter hare; freeze with the frost, ice with the chilly ice, the injuries brought by Fire, the thorough scorching by Panu caused.

k

Come, Maid of fire! thou well-known Maid of fire, to extinguish Fire, to repair Panu's work; in thy socks bring frost, on the edge of thy shoe-latchets—ice, bring frost, bring frost, bring ice, fetch iron hail to throw on the ugly scars produced by Fire, on Panu's brutal work. If little ensue therefrom, poke a heifer's hide as a plug with Fire's

mouth, over Panu's head as a covering, wipe away the fearful (F. holy) sparks, sweep away the fearful (*F.* holy) 'waves' from the places that are burnt, from the havoc wrought by Fire.

l

Ho! Ukko, lord on high, the old man of the sky, that hast made fast the chain, and locked up air's magic words, into this fire fling thyself, into the flame sink down with water in thy mouth and head, a water-hat upon thy nape; step along the fiery path, make sparkle the sparkling path, whisk water icy cold on the fearful scars from fire, cause a wind to blow, an icy blast to rush to the places that are burnt, that are thoroughly scorched by fire, so that they shall not suppurate, nor crack like soot.

m

O Vesi-viitta, Mountain's [*v.* Vaitto's, *v.* Vaitta's] son, the lovely offspring of a rock, [*v.* Suoviitta! the child of Kaleva,[1]] that in a mountain hast slept a year, lain for a long time in a rock, tether thyself to this glowing ash, into this Panu cast thyself, make Fire incapable, make Panu impotent; bring water in a birch-bark dish, fetch some in a two-hooped one from between two stumps from 'neath a birch's triple root, some chilly water icy cold for the fearful damage caused by Fire. Fire has wrought mischief here, Panu committed an evil deed against the will of God, against the honour of the Blest.

[1] *v.* the offspring of a Blue-cloaked One (*F. sini-viittainen*).

§ 172. To Bewitch Fire.

a

O Virgin Mary, mother dear, the kindly mother, compassionate, in another direction go, to gloomy Pohjola, to a snowy mountain top, to the hill's north side where a woodgrouse has its nest, a hen is bringing up her young; bring snow, bring ice with which thou'lt quench the fire, wilt make the flame subside, without being wholly burnt by fire, without being injured by the flame. If that is not enough, put into the flame (*panu*) thy shirt, into the fire—thy copper belt, fling them into the fire's control, spread them among the glowing coals; give me thy blue silk scarf for a bandage round my hand and with it I'll quench the fire, I'll subdue the flame.

May the raging fire fall asleep, may Mary make it sleep, may darling (F. golden) water keep awake, may Jesus from above keep watch.

b

O Panu, Aurinkoinen's son, the Auringotar's progeny, that under forge-fires lives, that takes a rest upon the hearth, conceal thyself among thy coals, among thine ashes disappear, tether thyself to thy sparks, in thy hot embers hide thyself, to be used by day in a house of fir, in a stove of stone, to be kept concealed at night in a bin of coals, in the middle of a 'golden ring.'[1] May darling (F. golden) Fire with exhaustion full, may little Flame subside, may Water—the oldest—keep awake, may Fire—the youngest—fall asleep.

[1] *i.e.* a hearth.

c

O Panutar, best girl, when needed hither come to quench a fire, to reduce a flame; give thy skirts a shake, make their borders sway, put the fire in thy furs, the flame—in thy clothes, throw it into thy rags, keep it safe in thy ragged clothes, lest it burn one on the cheek, or hurt one on the side.

d

O Nunnus [*v.* Munnus][1] of the daughter of the air, O Höykenys of the Panutars, when summoned hither come, when implored make haste, when thou comest bring some frost, bring frost, bring ice, in the air there is frost enough, both frost and ice; freeze with the frost, ice with the ice, freeze with the frost my finger tips, ice with the ice my hands, make the fire incapable, silence its crackling noise, that it shall not tinge my nails, nor scorch my hands.

§ 173 In Making an Offering.

a

O chosen woman, Kunnotar, O golden[2] woman, Kärehetär, come away from melting gold, from smelting silver come away; in thy bowl I put bits of gold, bits of silver—in thy cup, these bits of gold are as old as the moon, the bits of silver as old as the sun, brought by my father from a war, obtained with trouble in the fray, when I was a child, when I tumbled about as a brat, as tall as father's knee, as high as mother's spinning-staff.

[1] According to Ganander this song was recited by a man about to geld a horse.

[2] Gold, here, has a reference to game. According to Ganander (p. 36) Kärehetär was the mother of foxes and this song was recited by a trapper.

b

Clean mistress of Metsola! O forest's golden king, hearken to my golden words, to my silver utterance. I decoy with gold, with silver I allure; enter on an exchange of gold, of silver an interchange; more coloured are thy 'bits of gold' thy 'bits of silver'—of darker hue, my bits of gold are more glistening, my silver is more glittering and was brought expressly from a war, with threats from foreign lands, was from Russia carried off, below Riga was obtained in strife.

c

O master of Tapio's farm, O mistress of Tapio's farm, old man of the forest with hoary beard, the forest's golden king! O forest-mistress, Mimerkki, the forest's kind gift-giving mother, 'Blue-cloak'! the old wife of the scrub, 'Red-socks'! the mistress of the swamp, come to make an exchange of gold, of silver an interchange. My bits of gold are as old as the moon, my bits of silver as old as the sun, the bits of gold are Swedish gold, Swedish—the glistening silver bits, in conflict brought from Tornio, from behind the frontier—in a fight, my father brought them from the wars, laid hands upon them in the fray; in a purse they'll get worn away, will blacken in a tinder-bag, if none will change my gold nor exchange my silver bits.

d

O friendly mistress of the woods, O forest's golden king, come to take my bits of gold, to choose out silver bits. For thy 'gold' take my bits of gold, for thy 'silver'—my silver bits, for thy 'hoofs' I give bits of gold, for thy 'paws'—my silver bits, for the benefit of Tapio's farm, to

give delight to the Forest Home (*Metsola*). Spread thy lovely linen handkerchief under my bits of gold to prevent their falling to the ground, their being sullied in the dirt; these bits of gold are famous bits that were brought from Germany, obtained from Riga in a fight, in a battle in Denmark fought.

§ 174 To recover Stolen Property.

O Kalma, rise and bestir thyself to watch my thief, to look after my goods, to get my property, to recover what is ta'en away with thy heavy, frightful hands, with the chains of the Omnipotent.

O Hippa, one of Hiisi's daughters, O Kipinatar, Hiisi's cat, tear his thighs right well, as sparks of fire torture him, so that he shall not sleep at night, shall not repose at all by day, without first bringing back, without his putting in its place what he has ta'en, what he has robbed, what he has taken of my goods, what he has got, what he has hid.

§ 175 To Guard against Thieves.

O Otavatar, maid of night, the steady watcher during night, come here, I have need of thee, move hither, I summon thee to keep a watch upon my goods, to look after my property, to observe what has disappeared, to have returned what was ta'en away.

§ 176 When on the Look-out.

a

Old mother Eine! rise up first, life's ruler (*haltia*) rouse thyself before a sorcerer rises up, a jealous one jumps up,

a presumptuous person moves, or a wizard catches hold, to help a well-beloved son, to be comrade to a famous man. If thou hast no time thyself, thyself art disinclined, send hither of thy serving maids, give thy servants the command; the best send hither, not the worst, the tallest, not the shortest one, to go about (F. to swing) with me, to walk with me.

b

I, wretched fellow, do not know, not I, an unfortunate son, from whom I should implore relief, from whom—firm strength, if from the father in the sky, or from the mother in the earth.

Hulloa! old woman, mother of me, O lovely mother that brought me forth, long in the earth thou now hast lain, for an age hast murmured in the sward; my mother! from the earth arise, my parent—from the burial-place with thy strength, with thy might, to give a little fellow strength; bring a fur coat from Tuoni's land, Tuoni's fur coat with its thousand knobs, in which I 'll dress myself to guard against these sorcerers. In a village are many sorcerers, 'longside the road—divining-men, near the water witches are in scores and envious persons everywhere.

c

O Jesus, come as my defence, to be my strength, to be my might, Lord Jesus do not cast me off, do not abandon me, good God, to the magic spells of whores, to the 'curses' of filthy sluts, to the cogitations of old hags, to the malicious thoughts of men, to be cut by every 'branch,' to be reviled by every 'frog.' Stand before me as a wall, stay behind me as a fence, lest a sorcerer's arrows take

effect, or a wizard's bolts of steel. Bring me a fiery sword, fetch one the hue of frost, cause the gleaming sword to flash into my right hand and with it I 'll slash the wicked men, crush the foul persons at a blow, with it I 'll flagellate the curs and strike the giants (*koljumi*) heavily.

d

Higher I push myself, to the sky above my head; Creator! come to exorcise, O God, to speak; now's the Creator's time to exorcise, the time for God to speak; God, seat thyself, lower thyself, thou merciful, to be my only aid in overthrowing envious ones, in overcoming my enemies. Release a man from the injuries, from the injuries, from the hindrances, from the great village-sorceries, from the malignant cursing spells, from the mutterings of whores, from the outpour of womankind, from the witchery of worthless hags, from a 'long-hairs' secret plots, from the damage of the swarthy man, from the filth of the evil one, from a relation's spoken 'words,' from the 'utterances' of a relative.

e

Old wive Kave! Nature's daughter, Kave the golden and beautiful, come, bewitch the sorcerers, curse those that 'curse,' upset the envious on land, the witches in the water crush; weave me a cloth of gold, rattle me out a silver cloth, make ready a defensive shirt, prepare a copper cloak under which I 'll stay at night, which I can wear by day, by good God's help, by the true Creator's offices, lest a son should go away, one borne of a mother should part, lest a mother's offspring go astray, a woman's progeny disappear.

f

O maid of mist, the maid of fog, from a stone clip 'wool,' from a rock break off the 'hair,' make me a shirt of mist, cast for me a copper cloak under which I can be at night, which I can wear by day, when that sorcerer is throwing spells, when the 'wolfskin coat' is reviling me, when the Lapp is singing songs at me.

g

Rise, maiden! from the spring, from the pool, 'soft petticoat'! O 'slender fingers,' from the grass, from the withered grass, O 'golden locks,' to act as my support, to be active in my defence, to overturn the envious, to crush those wishing ill, to destroy the bad, to conquer the enemies in the space in front of me, in the shadow at my back, at my side on either hand, at both my sides. Drive away the young sorcerers, set down the old divining-men, oppress the old divining-men, tread them down into mossy swamps and thyself keep dancing over them. In the land are plenty seers, in the earth's bosom—men of skill, in every dell are sorcerers, in every place are envious folk, witches at every gate and soothsayers at every fence.

h

Earth's daughter! maiden of dry land, hark to my golden words. Raise thy men from the earth, from the firm dry land—thy full-grown men, a hundred from where a stake is set, a thousand from the corner of a stump, a hundred swordless men, a thousand men with swords, to be my people, to be my strength, to be a whole nation for me amid these sorcerers, in the wizards' neighbourhood.

i

Earth's old man! from the ground arise, Field's son! from the headlands of a field, from the side of a coloured church, from the side of a 'hundred planks.'

To catch a squirrel I take thee not, I invite thee not to chase a hare. I do not wish to hunt a lynx, nor yet to snowshoe after elks, I take thee as my own defence, to be my help, my only one, to be my refuge, my support, with whose protection I shall work, with help of whom I 'll set a fence, by aid of whom o'er waters row.

j

There is a boy in Pohjola, a tall man in Pimentola, whose bristly beard did gleam like a leafy grove upon a slope, whose hair did sway like a clump of pines upon a hill; come, boy! from Pohjola, tall man! from Pimentola to give a puny fellow strength, to give a small man manliness, so that I shall not be destroyed, shall not be overcome with shame in the dells of these sorcerers, in the diviners' neighbourhood.

k

O 'red hat,' Tuoni's son, with eye askew, with crooked jaw, knock down the sorcerers, upset the land's jealous men; in the belly shoot the sorcerers, the devils—in their hinder parts, gouge the eyes of the jealous man. Whoever peers with jealousy, or pries with eyes askew, drag a bloody rug, dash down a gory rug from the sky to the earth and tie it across their eyes.

l

Ho! Ukko, the father up above, the observant man of the sky, be on thy son's side, to thy children a constant help;

remove the witches from my side, keep constant watch on the jealous men, saddle a hundred stallions, provide a thousand men with swords to walk with me, to run noisily with me, to overthrow the jealous men, to cause the evil ones to smart, in the space in front of me, in rear of me, above my head and at my side, and on either flank, so that a son sha'n't go away, the son of a mother shall not fall ere the the term by the Creator fixed, determined by the Holy Birth (*i.e.* the Saviour).

m

My Ukko! the father up above, the old father in the sky, knock up an iron [*v.* oaken] fence, set a steel [*v.* of rowan] enclosure up, reaching from earth to near the sky, from the sky as far as the earth to be a shelter for my folk, for my people—a screen; make the stakes of steel, of land-snakes make the withes, with adders interlace, tie lizards on, who 'll keep an eye on sorcerers, keep constant watch on jealous men; leave their tails to flap, their middle part to sway, their snouts to rise, their solid heads to oscillate, hither to flap with their tails, thither to hiss with their heads, outwards to buzz with their mouths, outwards to splutter with their tongues, to give a dig to listeners, to give a nip to prying men, to crush those wishing ill, to squeeze to the ground the evil ones, to eat the spells of villagers, their incantations to lap up, to remove the sickness brought by spells, to scatter hindrances.

n

Ukko! an iron enclosure forge, build an iron fence with iron stakes, with copper withes; raise high the fence, from earth as far as the sky, which a sorcerer cannot climb, a

wizard cannot pass; make the gates of steel, of forged work—the pairs of stakes, bind them round and round with snakes, interlace with swarthy snakes, their heads turned out, their tails turned in, that their throats may sing in shrieks, their mouths hiss out, that their heads may scream, so that an 'elf' (*keijolainen*) must make a round, a jealous man go round about, by the back of the fence, by the outside of the gate. If sorcerers depress themselves, depress the fence as much, that no land snake at all can get in underneath the fence, if sorcerers raise themselves, raise the fence as much, that no bird of air at all over the fence can fly, if an eagle has flown aloft, still higher raise the fence, if a viper crawl along low down, bring the fence still lower down.

o

Ho! Ukko, the god on high, from the sky let fall a pipe, in haste drop a copper horn, let tumble a golden shield, a pipe which I'll put on, a copper horn in which I'll dress, that a sorcerer's arrows can't stick in, nor a wizard's steel; bring thy golden axe, thy silver hatchet with which all the Lempos I shall cut, shall hew the devils in bits, with their arrows shall slay the sorcerers, the witches with their iron knives, the wizards with their own steel, with their own swords the evil men.

p

Ho! Ukko, the lord on high that sits there everlastingly, the ruler of the thunder-clouds, the governor of fleecy clouds, thresh out thy fiery barn, let sparks fly out from the sparky barn, tear holes in the sky, in the 'lid of the air' make openings (F. windows), let thy thunders crash,

thy claps of thunder crepitate, rumble in dry-weather clouds, clatter in the bellows of the air, strike fire above the air, from the sky pour fire to overthrow the jealous men, the witches to destroy, to stare at sorcerers, to snatch the wizards away; plenty of wizards are on the roads, of sorcerers in every dell, of witches at every water-side, of jealous men in every place, moving about near the cattle-shed, walking along the fence's side.

q

From the water, water's mistress! rise, thou 'blue-cap' from the waves, from the spring, soft-skirted one, from the mud, thou clean of face, to give strength to a strengthless man, to support an unsupported one. Raise men from the sea, heroes from landlocked lakes, bowmen from streams, and swordsmen from the wells. I do not want them against myself, nor yet against my followers, I 'll take them against my enemies, 'gainst the people of the enemy.

r

In the mountain are there people, is there help beneath the rock? In the mountain there are people, there is help beneath the rock; give, Mountain, of thy might, of thy people, Mountaineer! to help a well-beloved man, to surround a lonely one, lest he be eaten causelessly or be slain without disease.

s

Old Väinämöinen! come, the diviner as old as time, to speak on my behalf, at my side to utter 'words'; bring hither a fiery hound, a dog of iron hue, to eat the spells (F. curses) of villagers, to snap up village sorcerers.

If that is not enough, give me of thine old folk that for an age have sat, all mouldy have taken breath, in the earth have long reposed, a long while rested in a grove, to be my people, to be my strength, to be a whole nation for me; bring me a sword with a fiery edge, give me air's sword with which I'll strip the spell-brought harm, I'll hew to the ground the injuries, I'll chase away the corpses of the dead, I'll crush the black-breasted ones, with which I'll frighten Hiisi's folk and flog the devils away from my right side, from the shadow on my left, bowling along like a golden ball or like a silver chip, that a sorcerer's arrows shall not stick nor a wizard's steel.

t

From the earth arise, black [*v.v.* gold, iron] cock! spring quick up, thou iron hen, nimbly to move about with me, to rush noisily with me, to overthrow the jealous men (then send the sorcerers asleep); peck out an eye of the jealous one, slit the nose of the sorcerers.

u

Men of the sea! arise, ye heroes of landlocked lakes, from the gravel, ye 'scaly cloaks,' from the pool, ye 'sandy shirts,' that are tall as pillars of cloud, as high as great forest firs, a hundred men with swords, a thousand full-grown men of iron, to follow in my company, to rush noisily with me, to overthrow the jealous men, to overcome the enemies, so that no foe shall eat too much, no enemy snatch much away.

v

Up, swordsmen! from the earth, ye heroes as old as the earth, ye glaive-men, from the wells, ye bowmen, from the

streams; rise, Forest, with thy men, thou Wilderness, with all thy folk, with thy might, old man of the hill, thou water-Hiisi, with thy tribe [*v.* frights], Mistress of water, with thy folk, Chief of the water, with thy host, ye maidens, from every dell, from the pools, ye soft-skirted ones, to help a man without his like, to be comrade of a famous son, that a sorcerer's arrows shall not stick, nor a diviner's steel, nor an 'archer's' instruments, nor a witch's iron knives.

§ 177. To Staunch Blood.

a

O Virgin Mary, mother dear, beloved mother, compassionate, come here, come soon, still sooner we have need of thee; blood is flowing to the ground, the bubbling gore is gushing forth; stick in thy little thumb, bring thy charming finger near to bar the blood's path, to plug the flow, lest as a river it should flow, as a lake discharge itself. But if it pays no heed thereto, does not subside the very least, go for turf behind the house, for moss from the bath-house logs, to plug the flow, to dam the rush. If still it pays no heed thereto, from the sky bring here five handfuls of flax, six distaffs bound with wool, to plug the fearful hole, to patch the evil 'gate'; throw thy fine-spun petticoat, thine apron spread on the rents made by wretched iron, on the rips from a slender blade, lay on them a healing leaf, put a 'golden' stopper in, that the blood to the ground sha'n't flow, that the red blood shall not spill.

b

O Virgin Mary, mother dear, beloved mother, compassionate, when needed hither come, when summoned

here approach, as we need thee soon, so much the sooner hurry up, a golden needle in thy hand, in the needle's eye a silken thread with which thou 'lt fasten up the veins, draw together the arteries, with a slender needle wilt sew them up, wilt stitch them with a golden thread, so that the red blood shall not fall, that not a single drop shall drip; from the temples take the silk, undo the ribbon on thy head, tie with thy silken hands, with thy hair-plaits bind the holes that are torn, the wounds that are cut. If that is not enough, take from Väinämöinen's belt the yellow-coloured cloak, if no heed is paid to that, snatch the Creator's silk, take the Almighty's cloak, with the Creator's hair-plait tie, with the Maker's wrappers bandage up those rents produced by iron, the gashes by a 'blue edge' (F. mouth) made; make them whole at night, without pain by day, at night draw over them a skin, by day let grow a cuticle more perfect than before, better than formerly.

c

O Virgin Mary, mother dear, the holy little serving-maid, fly along an edge of cloud from the sky to earth, to bind up veins, to stop blood's mouth; from the water bring a birch-bark slice, slice from an alder tree a chip, draw the knife from thy sheath, seize thy pocket-axe with which thou 'll cut a chip, wilt shave a shaving off, to place on the wound that is cut, on the hole that is torn, to close the mouth of the hole, to dam the passage of the blood, lest the 'milk' to the ground should flow, the carmine drop upon the field.

d

Thou lovely woman, Maariatar, when needed hither come. A calamity has happened here, iron has gone raging mad.

Spin a stout thread on thy stout spinning-staff, sew up the wound produced by iron, knot the ends of the vein, where the carmine is shaken out, a drop of blood is trickling down, that to the ground the blood sha'n't pour, in a hot stream shall not gush forth. If that is not enough, thy tiny kettle bring, in which the blood will be seethed, the bubbling gore be heated up, that a drop of blood sha'n't drip, sha'n't sputter on the dirt.

e

O charming woman, Helka, come here, there is need of thee, to arrange the veins, to knot up the ends of veins. From the swamp take moss, fetch some grassy knolls to block blood's mouth, to dam blood's path; pray stop with sods of turf, stuff meadow hair-grass in, cover over with little stones the hole that has been torn, so that the 'milk' sha'n't reach the ground, no carmine drop upon the field.

f

Lord, fling thy gloves, O Lord, throw down thy mitts as a stopper on the fearful hole, as a patch on the evil gate, that to the ground the 'milk' sha'n't flow, that the carmine shall not fall. May the Maker's lock be a lock, may the Lord's word (v. bar) be a bar, that the milk to the ground sha'n't flow, nor the guiltless blood—upon the dirt, despite the nature of God, against the intention of the Blest.

g

Come, Ukko of the air, when summoned here approach to close blood's mouth, to stop the flow, that on my beard it shall not spurt, not pour upon my ragged clothes; stop it up with turf, toss on some lumps from a knoll, but if it

pay no heed thereto, thrust in thy bulky hand, press thy thick thumb, bring thy fleshy finger near, as a stopper in the fearful hole, as a patch on the evil gate, that the blood sha'n't flow, that the veins sha'n't throb; lay on a healing leaf, apply a golden [v. honeyed] water-lily leaf.

h

Old white-headed Ukko come hither at the nick of time, place thy plough with its sharp end, turn thy ploughshare with its point to the far end of Tuonela, to the headland of a holy field, tear up a pile of turf, a bit of a rush-grown knoll; bring a spigot from Tuonela, a bar from Kalma's pen to stop blood's mouth, to bar blood's path; stop its mouth with turf, toss on some pieces from a knoll, draw a rug as a covering over it, a skin upon it as a sheet, by day draw the covering, at night cause the skin to grow.

i

Thou fiery-throated Laplander, dry-throated Northerner (*Pohjolainen*) that drank up rivers of fire, sipped streams of sparks, come to sip up blood, to stop blood's mouth, and the guggling of the gore; pray fetch a stopper from the Fells, a rivet-nail from Pohjola as a stopper for the bloody flood; get ready a copper pipe, for pay make a pipe of tin, draw the blood to lungs, to the heart direct it straight, in the heart is the place for blood, its cellar is in the lungs, under the liver is its hut, under the spleen its nest.

j

O Homma, the briskest king, when needed hither come. For a long time back the veins pulsate, the fleshy members are quivering, the blood is coming like a flood, the gore is

wildly spirting out. Come to stop the blood, to bar the rush, to close blood's mouth, to squeeze its throat; pray fetch a little bit of flesh, tear it from Lempo's thigh, from the evil spirit's loin to plug this flood, that the 'milk' to the ground sha'n't flow nor a man's 'beauty' mix with dew.

k

Thou fiery Hiisi, come from fiery Hell with thy three sons, with thy daughters two; O Hiisi, fling thy hair, press down thy shaggy glove to bar blood's path, and if it pay no heed thereto, tear a collop from thy fat thigh, to plug the fearful hole, to patch the evil gate.

§ 178. When travelling by water.

a

We row, we are taking our time on [*v.* to] the waters of those sorcerers, in [*v.* to] the wizards' neighbourhood, on billows capped with foam, on the man-eating open sea, that drowneth full-grown men; if the oars should be too short, the rowers—of little strength, the steersmen—little babes, the owners of the ship—mere bairns, give Ahti, other oars, bring me a better steering-oar, give assistance to the oars, relief to the steering-oar, that I can row straight on, can traverse the waters easily, can cruise on the open sea, can hurry through the waves. If a wave exalt itself, rise extremely high, O Ahti, still the waves, ye sons of Ahti, still the swell, so that a wooden boat shall speed, the iron thole shall bang and creak, making the wide waters sparkle, forming curves in the narrow waters, so that the wind shall sway the boat, the west wind dash it along without being touched by hand, without assistance from the oars.

b

O Ahti, give thine oars, O water's master, give thy boat, new oars and better ones, another stouter steering-oar, with which I 'll gently row, on the open waters cruise in front of a jealous person's house, past the entrance of the witches' gate; on the waters witches are numerous, there are jealous people in every place, Esthonians in groups of five and six, the Kyröläinens are in tens. Grant that the wooden boat shall speed, that the wooden boat shall sway, shall glide like bubbles on the lake, like water-lilies on the waves, that the sun shall not in anger shine, that the moon shall not in anger gleam, that the wind shall not in anger blow, that the rain shall not in anger fall.

c

Old woman beneath the waves! the woman that lives near foam, rise with thy hand upon the foam, ascend with thy breast upon the waves to collect the foam, to take in charge the foam-headed waves in front of a sailing-boat, in the way of a tarry boat, lest they knock against a guiltless man, upset a man who is innocent.

d

Thou joyous bird[1] of the air, fly whither I command, to the furthest end of the eternal east, to the home of the dawn of day, distend thy cheeks with air, blow a delightful breeze, a favourable gale for me, that I can now go anywhere on these wide waters, on these broad open seas.

§ 179. To fortify Water.

Rise, maiden, from the spring, from the gravel, slender-fingered one, rise to fetch water, pray bring energetic water,

[1] Or nightingale.

sing forth serviceable water, get by devices helpful water from the river Jordan, from an eddy in the holy stream, with which was christened Christ, the Almighty was baptized.

§ 180. Against an Enemy at Sea.

a

Ho! Ukko, god on high, the golden king of the air, cause a raging storm, raise the tempest's mighty strength, create a wind, launch forth a wave; don't bring it against myself, but against the hostile boat, 'gainst the host of the enemy.

b

Mist maiden, maid of fog, air maiden Auteretar! with a sieve sift mist, keep scattering fog, from the sky let fall thick fog, lower a vapour from the air on the clear surface of the sea, on the wide-open main; don't bring it against myself, nor yet against my followers, but against the enemy, 'gainst the forces of the enemy, lest they see to attack, lest they flee from me.

§ 181. When using Salves.

a

O Virgin Mary, mother dear, beloved mother, compassionate, come hither from the sky, descend from above the clouds, bring water from far away, fetch honey in a little stoup from the sky above, from behind the courtyard of the stars, as ointments for the pains, as embrocations for the hurts; milk honeyed milk from thy honeyed breasts into a golden-handled cup, into a copper-sided one;

thyself anoint the exhausted one, stroke the sufferer with thy beautiful wee hands, with the finger without a name.

If that is not enough as an ointment for the pains, wash with Jesus' blood, souse with the gore of the Lord, rub with the Maker's tears, foment with the 'water of grief,' release a person from accidents, release from evil days, from oppressive 'bands,' from tight-fastened 'belts of pain.'[1]

b

O Virgin Mary, mother dear, beloved mother, compassionate, come to anoint the sores, quickly to still the sufferings. Pray bring some salves from there, from above nine skies, nine salves, eight magic medicines, take the wing of a finch, a wee snow-sparrow's spotless plume, a feather from a swallow's tail; with the salves anoint, foment with the emollients, smear with the grease that Jesus was anointed with, with which the Omnipotent was healed, when by Pilatus racked, when tortured by the evil power; anoint above, anoint below, anoint as well the middle parts; the first time salve and make the body quite well below, the intermediate time anoint and make the middle free from pain, the last time salve and free from smarts the parts above; let fall a salve to flow through bone, through joints, through the hot flesh, through loosened veins, don't allow the sores to suppurate, to discharge with pus, to swell up into lumps or into blisters to break out.

c

Thou beautiful Mother of Pains, great mistress of the Hill of Pain, old maker of salves, that meltest sweet stuff, cook reliable salves, the very best of magic cures, try them

[1] An epithet for the pains of labour.

thyself upon thy tongue, taste the flavour with thy mouth, whether it be a potent salve, if thy concoction is suitable to be laid upon a hurt, to be poured upon a wound. If the ointment be a potent one, come here where there is need of thee, make flutter thy skirts, give the reliable salve as an ointment for the hurts, as a remedy for wounds.

d

Dear Ukko, the Maker up above, the God that dwelleth in the sky, boil water, some honey boil, concoct a goodly salve in the sky above, above six 'speckly lids'—cut up a salmon fish, add a bit of salmon trout, a pat of butter, one of fat, and a rasher of the flesh of swine [*v.* of Palvonen]; concoct a potent salve with which I 'll smear the exhausted one, smear bones till they get fractureless, and joints till they get fissureless, that they shall feel no pain, that they shall know no ache.

e

O Ukko, the golden king, the powerful father of the sky, with thy breast push clouds, join them together end to end, rain honey from the sky, rain honey, rain water down, rain down a goodly salve, the best of magic remedies; from the sky thrust the herding-horns, from the clouds send the pipes, from which let an ointment pour, on the earth let a magic medicine grow, to be laid upon a hurt, to be poured over wounds.

f

O bee, our bird, our bird, the pleasant bird, just fetch some honey from Metsola, some luscious stuff from Tapiola, from the honey-dropping sward, from gracious fields o'ergrown with scrub, bring honey from the meadow's

head, from the end of the gracious scrubby field, from the cup of a golden flower, from seed-vessel of a hundred herbs, cook the honey on thy tongue, in thy mouth melt the luscious stuff to be laid upon a hurt, as a healing remedy for sores.

g

Thou bird of the air, the bee, fly away to another place, across nine seas, nine seas and a half, without sitting on a reed, without resting on a leaf, to an island in the open sea, to an islet in the sea; pray bring some salves from there, bring goodly salves from nine anointers, from eight men skilled in healing arts. There is an islet in the sea, on the islet a honey-lake, delightful honey is therein, a goodly salve is there that is suitable for veins, is serviceable for the joints.

h

Thou bee, thou bumble bee, fly away with fluttering flight across nine seas, nine seas and a half, to the new house of Tuuri, to the roofless one of Palvonen; there they make salves, cook honey properly on a single cooking fire, made with nine sorts of wood, in nine clay pots, in lovely kettles that would fit a finger point, would hold a thumb; into the honey thrust thy wing, thy feather—in the melted butter, in the young maiden's chest, in the old woman's box; thou 'lt get enough of honey there, thy full desire of honeyed sweets for frost bites caused by bitter cold, for places touched by cruel air.

i

Rise from the earth, thou bee, from the knoll, thou 'honey-wing,' fly away with fluttering wing above the moon, below the sun, along the shoulders of Charles's Wain, 'long

the back of the Seven stars, fly to the Maker's porch, to the chamber of the Omnipotent. There they make salves, and ointments (F. fats) they prepare in silver pots, in kettles of gold, here there is honey, water there, here there are other salves; in the middle the honey secthes, the melting butter at the sides, the honey at the southern side, the ointments (F. fats) at the northern end. Into the ointment dip thy claw, thy feather—in the melted butter, from there bring salves, fetch the magic remedies, nine salves, eight magic remedies, place them in Jesus' hands, in Mary's gentle mouth. Try them, Jesus, with thy tongue, Mary, in thy gentle mouth, whether they are the salves, the Almighty's magic remedies with which the Maker was besmeared, the Omnipotent was healed, when by a devil (*pirulainen*) pierced, when tortured by the evil power.

j

O bee, the pleasant bird, thou bustling 'blue-wing,' fly away with fluttering wing to old Väinämöinen's place; snatch a honeyed wing from old Väinämöinen's belt, and stroke with it a fainting man, heal one that has come to harm, that the sufferer can sleep, the loud screamer get repose, can rest without mouldering away, slumber without his being choked.

k

From the south, O swallow, fly, O 'blue-wing' fly with whizzing wings, bring a feather from the genial land, from the warm land—a downy plume, with which I'll stroke a helpless man, heal one that has come to harm, shall sweep away the fearful (F. holy) 'sparks,' shall remove (F. quench) the fearful (F. holy) plagues.

§ 182. For a good Crop.

Grant, Jesus, a barley-year, a corn-summer, — O God, that we poor wretched sons in wretched Bothnia, on the borders of Savolax can take in our hands a drinking-cup, can put to our mouths a brandy flask, that servants too shall get some ale, hired servants also taste the brew, drawers of stone [*i.e.* water]—some wort of malt.

ORIGINS (F. Births).

§ 183. The Origin of Wasps.

A maid was sitting on a stone, on a rock a woman (*kapo*) had set herself, she is brushing her hair, is arranging her head. One of the maiden's hairs fell down, one of the woman's (*kapo*) hairs broke off, a wind then carried it away to a meadow without a name; from that a wasp was made, an 'evil bird' was caused to dash with a copper quiver on its back; its quiver is full of poisoned stings.

§ 184. The Origin of Snails.

The daughter of Pain and Tuoni's son were sleeping on a ground-fast stone, were both together on a rock, when worms were being bred, when snails were being desired; the daughter became with child, she carried a heavy womb, at last her belly was reduced, then worms were bred, then snails took origin.

§ 185. The Origin of the Tooth-worm.

a

Thou fidgety and roundish thing, the size of a seed of flax, that looks like a seed of flax, that destroys the teeth,

keeps cutting the bones of the jaw. I know thy descent, and all thy bringing up; from the sea a black [*v.* iron] man rose, from the waves a hero mounted up, the height of a straightened thumb, a hero's finger was his height; a hair gets wafted by the wind, from the hair there grew a beard, on the beard was bred a worm; then the wretch came, the evil pagan moved to the jawbones much beloved, to the cherished teeth, to devour, to gnaw, to crunch, to rasp, to split the jaws, to hack the teeth.

There now is thy descent, there is thine origin complete.

b

A furious old wife [*v.* Old Väinämöinen's wife], the stout woman Luonnotar [*v.* sturdy old Väinämöinen], set to work to sweep the sea, to mop with a broom the waves, with a cloth of sparks upon her head, over her shoulders a cloak of foam; she swept one day, next day she swept, she swept a third day too, the refuse gathered in her broom, in her copper mop. This she was anxious to remove; she raised her besom from the waves, made the copper handle twirl high above her head. In the mop the refuse had tightly stuck, she seized it between her teeth, a painful feeling attacked her teeth, a full-grown devil (*emälempo*)—her jaw. Then the evil one [*v.* man-eater] was bred, then the biter of bone drew near, that keeps on rustling in the jaws, that hacks the teeth, that digs all over the head, that keeps on gnawing at the limbs.

c

The stout woman Luonnotar, the furious old wife, went to get a broom from a leafy grove, stuff for a besom from a copse; from her bosom fell a pin, a copper pin dropt

suddenly, fell rustling into the withered grass, and into the hay with a jingling noise. Then a worm was bred, hence in the cherished teeth, in the unfortunate cheek-bones originated Tuoni's grub, that eats the bone, that bites the flesh, that ruineth the teeth.

d

A blind daughter of Pohjola, Väinämöinen's old servant girl, was dusting his little hut, was sweeping out the floor; from the broom fell a bit of dirt, from the besom a twig snapt off on the swept floor, on the dusted boards, along the fissures of the planks. From that the devourer was born, the gnawer was bred, into the mouth it shot itself, then it leapt upon the tongue, it stumbled forwards on the teeth, to eat the blood-filled flesh, to rack with pain the blood-filled bones.

e

The evil mistress Syöjätär, the old mother of iron, Rakehetar, was pulverising iron grains, was hammering steel points on an iron rock in a mortar of alderwood, with a pestle of alderwood, in a room of alderwood. What she pounded, that she sifted, she gobbled up those groats of hers, bits went astray among her teeth, they settled themselves in the gums to hack the teeth, to rack the jaws.

f

From the sea a wee man rose, in his hand is a tiny axe, a billhook under his arm; on the path he found an oak, on the shore—a gigantic tree (*rutimon raita*), with the axe he struck the tree, with the level edge he dealt a blow, a chip got stuck upon the axe, a chip got stuck and tightly too;

with tooth and nail he tried to get it loose, then in his mouth the hindrance stuck, a painful feeling attacked his teeth, in his jaws a stench diffused itself; the great eater was born from that, the evil hacker of the teeth.

g

A fox bore off a bit of bone, a fox bore off and gnawed the bone between two rocks, along five mountain slopes; hence the worm was bred, then originated Tuoni's grub that spread itself upon the jaws, and dispersed upon the teeth.

§ 186. The Origin of the Pike.

Liipo [*v.* Liito] sowed flax at night, Kauko by day made it grow, from it sprang up a tender sprout, a sprout sprang up, the flax grew up; from three directions came a wind to thresh the head of flax, the wind threshed out the head of flax, scattered the seed of hemp; away the wind carries the flax to the eddy of a holy stream, there the wind rocked it to and fro, the water stretched it out in length, then from it grew a lovely pike, the water-monster then arose.

§ 187. The Origin of the Horse.

From Hiisi is the horse's origin (F. birth), from the mountain—the splendid foal's, in a room with a door of fire, in a smithy with an iron ridge; its head was made of stone, its hoofs of rock, its legs were formed from iron, its back was made of steel.

§ 188. The Origin of the Elk.

Where did the elk originate, was the son of Kari reared? There did the elk originate, was the son of Kari reared; on

the surface of a windy marsh, in a dense bird-cherry clump, in a thick grove of willow-trees; its back was made from a bent birch tree, its legs from railing stakes, its head from a root of ash, the rest of its carcass from rotten wood, its hair from horse-tail grass.

§ 189. The Origin of Ague.

I well know ague's genesis, I remember the villain's origin. Ague was rocked by wind, was put to sleep by chilly air, was brought by wind, was by water drawn, by hard weather was conveyed, came in the whirlwind of a storm, in the sleigh-tracks of a chilly blast against us wretched sufferers, against us poor unfortunates.

§ 190. The Origin of the Seal.

A fellow rises from the sea, from the waves uplifts himself, who counts the isles of the sea, keeps watch on the water's fish; six flowers [*v.* cups] are in his hand, six at the tip of every flower, of train-oil all are full; they coagulated into seals. O seal, the portly boy, that roves around the sea, rough creature of the ocean-field thy father was trash,[1] thy mother was trash, thou art trash thyself. Away with thee! where I command, into the sea's black mud, inside blue clay, down a dragon's (*lohi-käärme*) throat.

§ 191. The Origin of Man.

Man is a strange phenomenon, the great creature of the human race was made from a clod of earth, was fashioned from a cake of mould; to it the Lord gave breath, the Creator formed life (for it) from his mouth.

[1] In Finnish *kylky*, a pun on *kylke*—'a seal.'

§ 192. The Origin of the Cabbage Worm.

Thou globular and corpulent black worm, thine origin is known: thy father is a blue butterfly, thy mother a blue butterfly, thy sisters are blue butterflies, thy other relation is a blue butterfly—thou art thyself a blue butterfly. When thou of thy mother first was born, I listened, I turned about, I heard a rustling in the turf, at the bottom of a dell—a buzz; rustling thou wentest into withered grass, with a jingling sound into tufts of hay.

§ 193. The Origin of the Bear.

a

Where was 'broad-forehead' born, was 'honey-paws' produced? There was 'broad-forehead' born, was 'honey-paws' produced, close to the moon, beside the sun, on the shoulders of Charles's Wain. From there was he let down to earth, to the honeyed woods' interior, to a verdant thicket's edge, into a liver-coloured cleft.[1] Sinisirkku, the forest maid, rocked him, swayed him to and fro in a cradle of gold, in silver straps, under a fir with branching crown, under a bushy pine. 'Broad-forehead' then was christened, the scanty-haired one was baptized near 'fiery' rapids, at the eddy of a fearful (F. holy) stream. Who undertook to christen him? The king of Himmerkki himself, he undertook to christen him, to baptize the scanty-haired; the Virgin Mary, mother dear, both acted as his godmother and to the christening carried him. What was the name they gave? 'Hulking fellow,' 'little haystack,' 'lovely shaggy coat of hair,' 'honey-paws,' 'the corpulent.'

[1] The Voguls also say the bear was let down from the sky in a silver cradle (Munkácsi (1), p. 188).

b

My dear 'broad-forehead,' my beloved, my lovely little 'honey-paws,' full well I know thine origin, where thou, 'broad-forehead,' wast born, where obtained, 'blue stumpy tail,' where formed, 'claw-footed one'; yonder was 'broad-forehead' born, in the sky aloft, on the horns of the moon, on the head of the sun, on the Seven stars' back, beside the maidens of the air, near Nature's daughters. Fire shot in flashes from the sky, on a wheel the world turned round, while broad-forehead was being formed, the 'lover of honey' was being shaped. From there was he let down to earth, to a honeyed thicket's edge, to be nursed by Hongatar, to be rocked by Tuometar at the root of a stunted fir, under an aspen's branching head, on the edge of the 'forest-fort,' in the home of the 'golden' wilderness. Broad-forehead then was christened, the dark grey-haired one was baptized on a honeyed knoll, at the mouth of Sedge-River Sound, in the arms of Pohja's daughter. There he swore his oath on the mother of Pohja's knee, before the well-known God, under the beard of the Blessed One, to do the innocent no harm, no injury to a guiltless man, to walk in summer properly, to trudge along beseemingly, to live a life of joyousness on the back of a swamp, on rising knolls, at the furthest end of rutting heaths, shoeless to rove in summer-time, in autumn stockingless, in the worse seasons to abide, to pass winter's cold in laziness inside a room of oak, at the edge of 'fir-branch fort,' at the root of a handsome fir, in a nook of junipers.

c

'Shaggy!' I call to mind thy birth, thy growth, thou horror of the land [*v.* evil soot], there wast thou born, thou

cunning one, there raised, thou horror of the land, in furthest limits of the north, in Lapland's wide extending woods, on the slopes of Alder Hill, on the shoulder of Pinebranch Hill; thy father is Putkinen,[1] thy mother is Putkitar, the rest of thy kin are Putkinens, thou art thyself a Putkinen. Thou wast brought forth on moss, wast reared in a heather clump, in a dense willow copse, in a thick bird-cherry grove on the north side of a brook [*v.* on the lee-side of a stone], on the south side of a hill [*v.* on the north side of a hill]; troth, I was there myself as the chief juryman while the 'reindeer cow' was being made, while the 'cow' was being built. Pohja's old open-handed mother from a grassy knoll knocked out a head, from a great fir slashed off a back, teeth from a water-compassed stone, eyes from a stone of quartz, ears from the stuffing of a shoe; then to the christening she rattled off, and carried him off to be baptized.

§ 194. The Origin of Courts of Law. (*Folk-moots.*)

The devil (*Perkele*) made his nest, the evil one arranged his lair in the house of a landed gentleman, before the dwelling of a judge, on a joist of the sheriff's roof, on the floor of a juryman, in a bishop's long sleeves, the shirt-collar of a priest; then his children he brought forth, he bred his progeny, to be for the rich a source of strife [*v.* to enrich the lords], to be courts of law for the poor [*v.* to cause ruin to the poor].

[1] Formed from *putki*, Angelica or bear-wort, a plant with a sweetish taste which bears are very fond of.

§ 195. The Origin of the Cat.

Of course I know the cat's origin, the incubation of 'grey beard'; on a stone was obtained the cat with the nose of a girl, with the head of a hare, with a tail from Hiisi's plait of hair, with the claws of a viper snake, with feet of cloudberries, from a wolf the rest of its body comes.

§ 196. The Origin of Stone.

a

A stone is Kimmo Kammo's [*v.* Kimma Kamma's (*v.* Kääjä's)] son, a rolling stone is Mammo's son [*v.* is Kimma's mother's liver], is an egg of the earth, a clod of the field, the offspring of Kimmahatar [*v.* Huorahatar], the production of Vuolahatar, the heart's core of Syöjätär, a slice of the liver of Mammotar, is the growth of Äijötär, the small spleen of Joukahainen.

b

Who knew a stone to be a stone when it was like a barley-corn, rose from the earth like a strawberry, from the side of a tree like a bilberry, or dangled in a fleecy cloud, in the clouds concealed itself, came to earth from the sky, fell like a scarlet ball of thread, came wobbling like an oaten ball, came rolling like a wheaten lump, through cloudy columns, through rainbows red? The witless call it a stone, term it an egg of the earth.[1]

§ 197. The Origin of Cancer (Whitlow).

Cancer was born at Cottage Creek at the river Jordan's mouth. Harlots were rinsing their linen caps, at the river

[1] To understand this effusion it must be read with § 26 *a*.

Jordan's mouth, then afterwards was cancer bred, then the biter of bone appeared, the eater of flesh, the biter of bone that sucks the blood quite raw without being cooked in a pot, without being warmed in a copper one. The 'dog' set off to run, the 'worm' began to crawl, went off to corrupt the bone, to macerate the flesh, to make it suppurate, in whitlows to make it swell.

§ 198. The Origin of the Dog.

a

Whelp's genesis is from the wind, dog's origin from chilly wind [*v.* a pup's from the shining of the sun]; the old woman Louhiatar [*v.* the blind one of Untamola (*v.* Ulappala)], the harlot mistress of Pohjola [*v.* the wholly blind of Väainölä][1] slept with her back against the wind, with her side to the north-west; the wind made her with child, a chilly wind made hard her womb.

Why was her belly hard? In her womb she bore a dog, under her spleen—a pup, in her liver—a beast of the earth, of one month old, of two months old; she at the end of three months' time began to throw her litter forth, to lighten her wame; from her womb she threw a dog, from under her spleen—a whelp.

Who carried the swaddling-clothes, the whelp's coarse swaddling bandages? The furious firwood-crone (*Haivonakka*) carried the swaddling-clothes, in her own linen rocked and dandled in her lap the pup, she taught her son to trot about, 'the woolly tail' to mark the way. The best maiden of Pohjola was standing near the wall, was under the window sill, engaged in melting a luscious stuff; it hardened on her

[1] *v.* The splendid woman Penitar, *v.* the little woman Peniatar.

finger points and with it she smeared its teeth; a useful dog was the result, a neat white-collared dog obtained, that does not snap at all, that doesn't bite the very least.

b

Of course I know the dog's genesis, I remember the puppy's origin: he was made on a heap of dust, on a meadow was prepared, by nine fathers was produced, by a single mother brought to birth. The Earth's mistress, Manuhatar, knocked out a head from a grassy knoll, procured its legs from stakes, its ears from water-lily leaves, from the east wind she struck out gums, out of wind she formed its nose.

§ 199. The Origin of the Birch.

A girl was sitting in a dell, a 'soft petticoat'—in a tuft of grass, she was shedding a flood of tears; a tear came rolling, trickling down from her ruddy cheek to her feet, to the ground, more round than the egg of a hazel grouse, more heavy than a thrush's egg. Therefrom grew a lovely birch, a verdant sapling raised itself, the sprout by the earth (*manner*) was made to grow, was rocked by Tuuletar; its head attempted to reach the sky, its boughs spread outwards in the air.

§ 200. The Origin of the Raven.

a

Well I know the raven's origin, I remember the 'eater's' origin, from what the black bird was obtained, how the raven was bred: the scoundrelly raven, Lempo's bird, the most disgusting bird of air was born on a charcoal hill, was

reared on a coaly heath, was gathered from burning brands, was bred from charcoal sticks, of potsherds its head was made, its breastbone from Lempo's spinning-wheel, its tail from Lempo's sail, its shanks from crooked sticks, its belly from a wretch's sack, its guts from Lempo's needle-case, from an air-ring its rump, from a worn-out kettle its crop, its neck from Hiisi's weaving-stool, its beak from a sorcerer's arrow-tip, its tongue from Kirki's axe, its eyes from a mussel pearl [F. stone].

b

Ho! raven, thou ill-omened bird, of three Lempos thou art the bird, thy hovel is on the ground, thy home is on a birch; full well I know thine origin with all thy bringing-up: thou wast gathered from kitchen soot, heaped up from burning sticks, wast bred from coals, composed of all that is bad, thy body of Hiisi's leather glove, thy legs of Hiisi's spinning-staffs, thy guts of Hiisi's belt appendages, from an air weather-vane thy feet, thy claws from tarry sticks, thy wings from Lempo's fans, thy down was sweated out of coals, thine ears from the leaves of birch, one eye is made of Hiisi's seed, the other of an iron bean, thy beak from a sorcerer's axe, thy tongue from Keito's spear.

§ 201. The Origin of Swelling on the Neck.

Strange swelling, Lempo's lump! I know thine origin, from what, excrescence, thou wast born, wast bred, thou horror of the land, wast spun, thou 'Lempo's whorl,' hast swelled up, 'Lempo's ball,' on the place where breath is breathed, on the narrow muscles of the neck: thine origin

is from the mist (*sumu*), thy mother is from the mist, thy father is from the mist, from it is thy progenitor, there thy five brothers are, the six daughters of thy godfather, thine uncle's seven bairns. Pray, remove thyself away to meadows without a name, to those unknown by name.

§ 202. The Origin of the Viper.

a

Night's daughter, the maid of dusk, that keeps the long evening watch, was spinning a stony thread, was twisting a gravelly one, on a distaff of stone, on a copper spinning-staff. The stony thread snapt, in her fingers—the gravelly one, from the distaff of stone, from the copper spinning-staff. From the broken ends was obtained an evil brood, from them 'striped back' was born, the 'worm of Manala' was bred.

b

Sturdy old Väinämöinen was splitting hills, o'erturning rocks, with iron gloves on, protected by copper mitts; he seized the fiery-pointed sword, he caused his sword to shake in the rift of an iron hill, in the space between two rocks, in the hole between five boulder stones.[1] His golden ring fell rattling down into the rift of the iron hill, into the space between two rocks, the hole between five boulder stones, then from it a 'crafty one'[2] was born, a 'striped back' was produced.

[1] He is here supposed to be testing a new sword forged for him by Ilmarinen, *cf. Kal.* xxxix. 93-110.

[2] Or 'a tangled ball.'

§ 203. The Origin of the Snake.

a

I know, thou crafty one,[2] thine origin, thy breed—thou horror of the land, why thou, O snake, in the grass wast born, wast formed on the earth by spells, thou 'worm': thou crafty one, wast born, wast bred, thou horror of the land, on a rugged [*v.* smooth] rock, on low-lying earth [*v.* in a gloomy forest nook].

Hiisi was running along the ground, Hiisi ran, the earth perspired, he ran o'er swamps, ran o'er dry land, o'er Lapland's ample wooded tracts, sweat trickled from his hair, from his beard a lather poured. The dread one as he ran succumbed, got wearied as he sped along, the strong one sank upon a stone, fell to the ground upon a rock, on a hill-top swooned away, fell asleep on a stone in a mead. He slept a while upon the hill, for long on the top of the rock, as he slept he heavily snored, he snorted as he lay asleep, from the 'toad's' mouth saliva poured, from the brute's jaw a slimy froth, from the huge nose a foam, from Lempo's stumpy nose a clot on the fresh quartz [F. thunder-stone], on the rugged rock. Syöjätär passed by, ate up the slaver on the rock, the slaver burnt her in the throat, caused a pricking in her teeth, from her mouth she spat it on the lake, let drop the slaver on the waves. Wind rocked it to and fro, the swell of the sea kept swaying it on the clear and open sea, on the hollow waves: the water stretched it out in length, air twisted it into a 'spinning-staff,' a wind then wafted it ashore, the water drew it to a cape, a current flung it on a rock, into a high cliff's cave; wind blew it hard, a chill

[1] Or 'a tangled ball.'

wind dried it up, sun baked it into a spiral form in the cliff's cave upon the beach, at the side of a speckled stone, in the bosom of an evil stone. Hiisi gave life to it, by spells the devil (Piru) gave it eyes, the jawbones Lempo formed, the wretch brought together the teeth. Hence originated 'Tuoni's grub,' the 'grub of Tuoni,' 'worm of the earth,' hence birth was given to the snake, a name was given to the bane.

b

Thou evil heathen, woe on thee! thine origin is known.

A Juutas started off to run, a weak-legged man to totter off, the wretch got dizzy with anxiety as he had done an evil deed. He ran one day, he ran for two, he ran a third day too, from the east the villain came, from the dawning-place—'the toad.' When he a long way had come, after the third day's run, the Juutas as he ran succumbed, got wearied as he tottered on, fell down upon a rock [*v.* on Jesus' stone of joy[1]], flopped down on a heap of stones [*v.* on the Creator's rock of sports[1]], sank down on a mountain slope, drooped on weathered stone [*v.* on the south side of a hill]; he snorted as he slept, he violently writhed. Jesus was pursuing his way with his three lads, with his two talkative companions; from the path the Juutas sprang, from the rock—'the worn-out shoe,' the devil (Piru) began to hurry off, made sudden efforts for a bolt; slaver from the 'toad's' mouth ran, slime—from the nostrils of the scamp, sun baked it hard, the devil (Piru) stretched it out in length. Saint Peter sees on the rock the slaver of the 'toad,' on the weathered stone the wretch's slime; he

[1] A stone where festivities and sports are held.

takes a look, he turns about to see what the clod on the rock might be, and of it he began talk:

'What would become of this, and into what would it shape itself if thou, O Lord, created life, if God by spells should give it eyes?'

Thus the great Creator said, spoke the spotless God: 'From evil would evil come, a toad from the seed of a toad, from a fatherless thing—a loathsome thing, from a motherless thing—a useless thing.'

Saint Peter says, he happens a second time to say: 'Create life, Lord, for it, by spells, God, give it eyes, let it move through the withered grass, rustle through tufts of grass, insert itself 'mong roots of trees, and look at the heather stalks.' Immediately the Lord gave life, by spells did God give eyes to the vomit of the evil man, to the slaver of the hideous toad. Then from that the cunning one was born, the evil 'pod' increased, a snake began to hiss, a swarthy worm to writhe, to move on its belly on the ground, on its stomach to crawl about.

c

Black worm that liveth underground, maggot of the hue of death (Tuoni)! I know thine origin with all thy bringing up: thy mother is Syöjätär, thy parent a water-sprite (*vetehinen*). Syöjätär on a lake was rowing, the 'fiery throat' was bobbing in a copper boat with scarlet sail; Syöjätär on the water spat,[1] let drop a lump upon the waves. Wind rocked it to and fro, a current of water swayed and rocked it about six years, seven summers upon the clear and open sea, on the illimitable waves. The water drew it out in

[1] *v.* She combed her head; she brushed her hair; a hair disappeared from the brush; into the water fell the hair.

length, sun baked it soft, the water's surge directed it, the billows drifted it ashore, the sea's breakers dashed it up 'gainst a thick tree's side. Three daughters of Nature walked on the shore of the raging sea, at the edge of the rolling swell, saw the spittle on the shore, and spake these words:

'What would become of this if the Creator created life, put eyes in its head by spells?'

Hiisi happened to overhear, the villain to observe, began himself to create, Hiisi gave life to it, to the spittle of Syöjätär, to the slaver of the hideous toad; then into a snake it turned, it transformed to a dusky worm.

d

The daughter of Pain, the girl of Death on a meadow fell asleep, threw herself down upon a slope, 'gainst the side of a speckled stone; there came a mighty blast of wind, a bitter tempest from the east, and made the girl with child, quickened her into pregnancy. Then was her offspring born, an evil brood was bred, a snake began to hiss, a 'red ant' to creep, a 'worm of the earth' to crawl, to stick a small needle into a human being's skin, or into a creature's (*kave*) hairy coat.

e

A tree was growing on holy ground, on the clean ground —a reed, the reed grew up against the tree, the sedge— supported by the moss; a fiend (*Piru*) blew down the reed, made a clatter in the 'ring,' then a 'worm' appeared, roundish and somewhat long, into a 'distaff then it turned, into a snake it changed, into a crawler on the ground, into a wriggler on the path.

f

Thou dusky worm the hissing snake, a maggot of the hue of death, full well I know thine origin, know all thy bringing up, of what thou, useless wretch, wast formed, from what wast born, thou cunning one.[1] Tuoni's iron-toothed old wife, the crooked-fingered, the crumple-jawed, was spinning on a summer's day, at midnight on an autumn night, blood from the distaff spirted out, from the copper spinning-staff. From that thou, useless wretch, wast formed, from that wast born, thou cunning one.[1]

g

Evil spirits (*kehno*) formed a snake, a viper the wretches span; the snake was formed, the angry viper was fashioned out in a single summer night, in an autumnal evening hour.

Of what was made the bad one's head? Of a bad bean the head was made. Of what the malignant creature's brains? of a mighty torrent's foam. Of what are the blackguard's eyes?—of the seeds of Lempo's flax. Of what the ears on the head of the toad?—of the leaves of Lempo's birch. Of what was the snout made up?—of a splinter off Tuoni's pick. From what was the mouth prepared?—from the clasp of Syöjätär. Whence was the tongue obtained?—from the tip of Keito's spear. Whence were the teeth procured?—from the needles of Hiisi's [*v.* Manala's] girl. Of what were the wretch's gums?—of the gums of Kalma's girl. Of what was the body made?—of an evil maiden's plait of hair. Of what was the back composed?—of Hiisi's pole for raking coals. Of what the evil creature's tail?—of the hair-plait of Hiisi's girl. From

[1] Or 'tangled ball.'

what were knotted up the guts?—from the appendages of Hiisi's belt. Whence has the vagabond its life?—from Hiisi's hearth of coals. Whence the bane's disposition? —from a fiery rapid's froth. From what was thrown the heart?—from the heart's core of Syöjätär. Whence was the poisoned matter flung?—from an angry torrent's foam.[1]

§ 204. The Origin of Flax.

a

Much land was burnt up formerly, much land, much swamp, in a summer bad for fires, a luckless conflagration year. A spot remained unburnt on the greatest reach of swamp, on a wild mountain crest, in the interval between two stumps, under a triple-rooted birch. They dug up the root of the stump, there a seed of flax was found in the storage place of Tuoni's grub, in the 'earth-worm's' place of custody. They burnt an old boat near fiery falls, at a fiery rapid's turning-point; a pile of ash, a heap of dry ash was the result of burning the wooden craft, of setting the boat on fire. Then they sowed flax in it, they sowed, they ploughed on a single summer night, then from it arose a sprout, endlessly high the flax grew up on a single summer night.

b

The sisters Sotkotar, smart women, sisters-in-law, found Tuoni's grub, the grub of Tuoni, the earth-worm between two stumps, beneath a triple-rooted birch. They burnt-up

[1] There are an immense number of variants, many of which I have given in *Folk-Lore*, vol. i. pp. 43-45 (1890), but they are hardly worth repeating.

Tuoni's grub, they roasted the worm of earth, they scorched the hideous thing, they baked it to an ash before the gate of Pohjola, on Lapland's chip-strewn plain ; a little ash, a small quantity of fineish ash was the result ; where could they put the ash ? They carried the ash away to a clay-bottomed field, to a solid mountain slope ; they sowed the flax in it, in the ash of Tuoni's grub, in the earth-worm's ash, a young shoot sprang from it, endlessly high the flax shot up, the flax grew up beyond all hope on a single summer night, in the space between two days.

c

Once on a time a black jade died, a white horse succumbed on a meadow without a name, on an unknown piece of ground, the meadow was singed by the bones, an old rake was burnt, an old woman was scorched. A little ash was the result, a small quantity was obtained and in it they sowed the flax ; Liiko [*v.* Liito] sowed flax by night, and Kauko made it grow by day.

§ 205. The Origin of the Cow-house Snake.

a

A lass was sitting on a cloud, a woman (*kapo*) on a rainbow's edge, the girl was combing her head, was brushing her hair with a copper comb, with a silver brush ; a hair of the brush broke off, a tooth of the comb snapt off on the clear and open sea, on the illimitable waves. Wind rocked it to and fro, a current of water jolted it ashore into a stony hole, against a thick stone's side. Into a 'distaff' then it turned, into a snake it changed itself,

stretched itself out towards a cattle-shed, took its departure to the byre, to the litter of the shed, under the scaly husks of hay. Then it rustled among the bins, like a lizard it darted on, under the mangers it placed itself, under the 'milk' of a barren cow; it lived at old women's feet, was always at the women's heels, it crawled to the bowls of milk, crept lightly to the butter-tubs.

b

An old woman near a Sound was combing her head with a silver brush, with a copper comb; a bristle of the brush broke off, a tooth of the comb crashed down on the wide bay, on the clear and open sea, to be rocked by the wind, to be drifted by the waves. Wind rocked it to and fro, a billow drifted it ashore, from it the autumn worm was born, the winter snake acquired its ways, in the cow-house it crawls about and under corners glides.

c

Kuutar bewailed her gold, her silver—Päivätär, a tear trickled from her eyes, a water-drop rolled down on her lovely face, from her lovely face to her swelling breast, from there it rolled into a dell; from it a lovely oak sprang up, a verdant shoot uprose. From the sea a wee man emerged, from the billows raised himself, scarcely as tall as a quarter ell, or the height of a woman's span, in his hand was a tiny axe with an ornamented haft; he, indeed, could fell the oak, cut down the splendid tree. A chip of it that flew away, disappeared in the sea, the water worked it into foam, the billows drifted it ashore. A furious old crone [*v.* the harlot mistress of Pohjola], was bucking

clothes, was dabbling at her linen rags, she picked it up and poked it into her long-thonged pouch, in the pouch she carried it home, to the yard—in the long-thonged pouch, to make into snails, to fashion into grubs. From her pouch she upset the scum, she flung it near a cattle-house among the litter of the shed, she hid it in the farmyard dust, with the farm sweepings covered it; from that the family was bred, the wee white snake was reared that mutters in the byre, that mumbles in the muck, that crawls to a bowl of milk, curls round the handle of a pail.

d

A wolf was running along the ice, a pike was swimming below the ice; from the mouth of the wolf the slaver dropped on the bones of the dark-grey pike; wind wafted it to land, a current of water jolted it, a billow drifted it ashore, into a stony hole as scum. Ahimo's maiden, Annikki—ever engaged at bucking clothes—into her wallet gathered it, carried it off to the cow-house stall. Then from it a birth took place, thence an evil thing came forth, a tiny white wriggling snow-coloured snake.

e

The harlot mistress of Pohjola was combing her head, was brushing her hair; from her head fell a tress of hair on the clear and open sea, on the wide and open main, wind wafted it to land, a tempest bore it to a rock. Hiisi's tiny servant-girl, a woman of complexion fair, looked at it, turned it round, and with these words, she spake—

'The harlot mistress of Pohjola has thrown it from her lap, has flung away her wool, on the sea has torn off her hair which a wind has drifted to the land, a tempest carried

to a rock; now, what might be made of it and what be fashioned out of the shameful woman's hair, the parish harlot's tress of hair?'

On the threshold sat a wretch, in the middle of the floor —a sneak, a lout at the back made a noise, they sat with their breasts to the east, they remained with their heads to the south. The wretch on the threshold said, the sneak in the middle of the floor, the lubber himself at the back— 'From these might grubs come forth, "earth-worms" might generate.'

The girls span snakes, reeled 'earth-worms' up, the whorl rotated steadily, the spindle whirled round rapidly while the 'earth-worms' were being chased, while the snakes were being spun. That was the stall- [*v.* winter-] grub's origin, the first appearance of the evil brood, in a pigsty it was bred, in a sheep-pen it was reared, in autumn on a heap of dust, in winter in a trampled yard. And this was its first deed which it attempted hurriedly, it bit Christ's horse; it killed the Almighty's colt, through the bony floor of the stall, through the copper-bottomed crib.

f

Himself old Väinämöinen, the old son of Kaleva, when formerly he went to war, sharpened his spears and his arrows plumed near women in a cattle-shed. His spear got sharpened to a point, his arrows were plumed, he made his spear vibrate in a clay-bottomed field; the spear broke in two, the 'borer' fell upon the field, the tin nail dropt, the copper ring slipt off, plumped down into the muck, among the litter of the shed. From that the cunning one was born, from that the nimble bird was bred, the best wild creature grew, the gliding and snow-coloured one.

§ 206. The Origin of the Earth Elf (Skin Eruption) F. *maahinen.*

a

A rash (*maahinen*) is from the earth by birth, a red skin-spot is from the yard, from water's anger or from earth's, from the secret rancour of a frog; from this the cunning one was born, the land's deceitful one was bred, although I cannot tell the least how it has come here now, has come out on a human skin, on the body of a woman's (*kapo*) son, to burn like fire, to scorch like flame (*panu*), like a snail or like a worm, or like another kind of rash (*maahinen*). The legs of a worm are short, an earth-elf's are shorter still.

If thou hast risen from the earth, then I conjure thee into earth; if, weakling, thou from water cam'st, then into the water, weakling, roll; if thou hast issued from the fire, into the fire plunge thyself; in departing take thy virulence, thy mischief carry away.

b

A water-Hiisi rowed along, a young creature (*kapo*) kept bending back and fore in a copper boat with oars of tin; he reached the land like a strawberry, fell down like a lump of wheaten dough; hence came the earth-elf race, then thou, deceitful wretch, wast born; but now I conjure thee away, thy place is not here, thy place, earth-elf, is in the earth, thou water-Lempo—in the lake.

§ 207. The Origin of the Sorcerer (*noita*).

I know well the sorcerer's birth, the fortune-teller's (*arpoja*) origin: the sorcerer was born, the fortune-tellers took their rise behind the limit of the north, in the Lapp's

flat open land; there the sorcerer was born, the fortune-teller there was bred on a bed of fir-boughs, on a pillow of stone.

§ 208. The Origin of Arrows.

a

On a heath a tall fir grew, on the summit of the Hill of Pain, a sorcerer formed shafts from it, an 'archer'—evil instruments: he made a single-feathered shaft from the lowest boughs, he made a double-feathered shaft of boughs from the middle of the tree, he made a triply-feathered shaft from the highest boughs; the sorcerer his arrows shot, launched angrily his pointed shafts just anywhere, where'er he could, for nothing does a sorcerer care whether they enter a human skin or the body (F. hair) of an animal (*kave*).

b

The island maiden, Annikki, went to the war of Istero; a plug of tin fell down, a silver terminal slipt off into the space between two rocks; a sorcerer seized it in his hands, before it had time to reach the ground, before beginning to touch the earth, he took it to a forge of smiths, into a tool a smith fashioned it, forged the arrows of a sorcerer, an 'archer's' evil instruments. The sorcerer shot his arrows forth, shot an arrow at the sky, the sky was like to split in two, etc. (See § 210 *a*.)

§ 209. The Origin of Ale.

a

The origin of ale is known, the beginning of drink is guessed: from barley is the origin of ale, of the noble

drink—from hops, yet without water it 's not produced, nor without a violent fire. Hops, son of Remunen, was poked into the ground, ploughed into the ground like a little snake, was like an ant thrown down at the side of the well of Kaleva, on the headland of Osmo's field. A young shoot sprang from it, a green tendril uprose, climbed into a little tree, and mounted towards its spreading top. An old man Osmo's [*v.* Luck's] barley sowed at the end of Osmo's new field, splendidly the barley grew, it sprouted up quite perfectly at the end of Osmo's new field, in the clearing of Kaleva's son. Osmotar, brewer (F. smith) of ale, the woman (*kapo*) that brews small beer, took some barleycorns, six barleycorns, seven clusters of hops, of water eight ladlesful, on the fire she put the pot, she caused the brew to boil. She boiled the barley ale a quick-fleeting summer's day, she managed to boil the ale, but could not get it to ferment. She thinks, she reflects what she should add to it to make the ale ferment, to make the small beer work. She saw wild mustard in the ground, plucked the wild mustard from the ground, she rubbed it with both her palms, she grated it with both her hands 'gainst both her thighs, rubbed out a martin with golden breast. When she had got it she exclaimed—

'My little martin, my wee pet (F. bird), go whither I command, to the forest's gloomy wilds where mares are wont to fight, where stallions battle savagely, into thy hands let flow their froth, collect their lather in thy hands as ferment for the ale, as yeast to make the small beer work.'

The obedient martin when advised both ran and went with speed, soon a long distance he had run to a forest's gloomy wilds, where mares are wont to fight, where stallions

battle savagely. Froth dript from the mouth of a mare, the lather—from a stallion's nose, he brought it to the maiden's (*kapo*) hand, to the shoulder of Osmotar. The maiden (*kapo*) dropt it in her beer, Osmotar—in her ale; the ale became depraved, made the men short of wits, half-witted ones to brawl, the fools to play the fool, caused the children to cry, the other folk to grieve.

The lovely maiden Kalevatar, the beautiful-fingered girl, in her movements brisk, ever light of foot, was skipping along on a seam of the floor, in the floor's centre was dancing about, on the floor she saw a leaf, from the floor she picked up the leaf. She looked at it, she turned it round, 'now what would become of this in a lovely woman's (*kapo*) hands, in the fingers of a kindly maid?' She placed it in a woman's (*kapo*) hands, in the fingers of a kindly maid; this the woman (*kapo*) rubbed with both her palms, with both her hands on both her thighs; then a bee was born. The bee, the nimble bird, both flew away and went with speed, soon a long distance he had flown, had quickly reduced the interval, to an island in the open main, to a skerry in the sea, to a honey-dripping sward, to the edge of a honeyed field. A short interval elapsed, a very little time slipt by, already he comes buzzing back, arrives in a mighty fuss, brought virgin honey on his wing, fetched honey in his cloak, and placed it in the woman's (*kapo*) hands, in the fingers of the kindly maid, Osmotar thrust it in her ale, the woman (*kapo*)—in her beer. Then the new drink began to rise, the ruddy ale began to work in the new wooden vat, in the two-handled birchen tub; the ale was ready for use, the juice—for men drink.

b

Hops shouted from a tree, water whispered from a stream, and barley from a ploughed field's edge—'When shall we together get, when shall we unite, when one of us with the other ones, at Allhallows (*kekri*) or at Yule, or not till Eastertide? it's tedious living alone, it's pleasanter—in twos and threes.'

Pohja's maiden, the kindly girl [*v.* Osmotar, brewer of ale], considers and reflects: 'What would ensue from it, if I brought together these, united them, caused one to join the other ones.'

From a tree a redstart sang—'A noble drink would be obtained from them, good ale would be got by a maker of skill, by one that rightly understands.'

Pohja's maiden, the kindly girl, plucked a cluster of hops, took some barley-corns, and water from a river's swirl, she united them, mixed one with the other ones, and attempted to make a brew in a new wooden vat, in a two-handled birchen tub. A whole month they heated stones, they burnt a whole forest of trees, a whole summer was water boiled, a whole winter the ale was brewed; a redstart chopped the wood, a wagtail [*v.* titmouse] the water fetched, by a bee was the honey brought to make the new drink ferment. Then the new drink rose in the two-handled birchen tub, foamed up to a level with the lugs, bubbled up above the rim, was inclined to sputter to the ground, to tumble on the floor. By that they knew the 'violent one,' they knew, they judged, they remembered at the proper time to pour ale on the earth for earth's benefit, to pour it before it grew great, before it had made itself great.

Pohja's maiden, the kindly girl, herself gave utterance to words—'How unlucky I am; alas! my thoughtless deeds,

for I have brewed a bad kind of ale, I've prepared a disorderly beer, it has swelled up in the tub, rolled in waves upon the floor.' From a tree a redstart sang, a thrush, from the edge of the eaves—'It is not of bad kind, it's a drink of good kind to be emptied into tuns, into cellars to be brought, in barrels of oak, in butts with copper hoops.'

Small beer spoke cleverly, himself took up the word and said—'It's bad to live in a half-tun, behind a copper tap; if thou provide not singing men, invite not merry ones, I'll spirt out foaming from the tun, from the half-tun I'll run away; I'll kick the half-tun in two, with blows I'll bang the bottom out, I'll go to another farm, to the neighbour o'er the fence, where people drink with jollity, lift up their voices in merriment.' Such was the origin of ale, the beginning and the origin; what did it get its good name from, from what its widely-spread esteem? From the stove a cat called out, from the end of the bench a puss exclaimed—'If this is a good kind of drink, let its name be ale.'[1] From that ale got its name, and its widely-spread esteem, as it was a good kind of drink, a good drink for the temperate, gave to women laughing mouths, to men—a cheery mind, gladdened the temperate, caused the boisterous to reel [*v.* fight].

§ 210. The Origin of Sharp Frost (*Pakkanen*).

a

Sharp Frost of evil race, a son of evil habits too, shall I now tell thine origin, shall I announce thy character? I

[1] An example of folk-etymology. Ale (*olut*, dim. *olonen*) is supposed to be derived from *hyvä-oloinen* 'of a good kind.'

know thy race's origin, I know all thy bringing up. Sharp Frost was born among willow trees, Hard Weather—in a clump of birch, of an ever-devastating sire, of a mother good for nought, beside a cold heap of stones in the hollow of an icy lump. Who to Sharp Frost gave suck, who nourished Hard Weather up, as his mother had no milk, his dear mother had no paps? To Sharp Frost a snake gave suck, to Hard Weather gave nourishment, a snake gave food, a viper gave suck, a worm treated him to milk from an udder moistureless, from pointless teats; a north wind rocked him to and fro, chill weather put him to sleep near evil willow-bordered brooks, on unthawed swamps. Hence he grew hard and rough, grew exceeding proud, became an evil-mannered boy, acquired a destructive character. There was no name as yet for the lubberly boy; they christened afterwards the child; for baptism they carried him to a bubbling spring, to the centre of a golden cliff, a name was given to the wretch, was bestowed upon the knave, he was called Sharp Frost, 'the sweller of ears,' 'the hurter of nails,' 'the demander of toes.'

b

Pohja's swarthy old wife, Raani, mother of sharp Frost, sat down with her chest to the east, lay down with her back to the wind, she looked about, turned round, she looked due north and saw how the moon was mounting the arch, how the sun climbed the vault of the sky; the wind made her big with young, the dawn of day made her with child. What did she carry in the womb? She carried three male bairns. She gave birth to her sons, of her children she was confined in an outhouse of Pohjola, in a hut of Pimentola. She invited the Maker to baptize, God

to give names to them; as the Creator never came, she christened her brutes herself; one she called Tuuletar, the second, Viimatar, the last malignant boy she called Sharp Frost (Pakkanen) who asks for nails, who begs for feet.

c

The Hiisi-folk (Hiitola) held a wedding-feast, the evil crew—a drinking-bout; for the wedding they killed a horse, for their feast—a long-maned one, they sprinkled the blood at the back of the forge of Hiitola; to the sky a fume rose up, a vapour ascended in the air, then into clouds it passed away, into Sharp Frost it formed itself.

The filly [*v.* Tapio's daughter], Lumikki, to Sharp Frost gave suck from her swollen udder, from her projecting dugs; Sharp Frost, the evil brat, sucked till her shoulders split, till her udders were moistureless, till her dugs had lost their points. The boy got suckled, got christened, got baptized in a silver stream, in a golden spring [*v.* in the Jordan river]; the name of Kuljus [*v.* Kuhjus] was given him, Sharp Frost was named the Kuljus [*v.* Kuhjus] boy, Kuljus [*v.* Kuhjus] is Sharp Frost himself, his other relations are Kuljuses [*v.* Kuhjuses].

Him the Creator took to heaven, but Kuljus thought—'It's oppressive living in the warmth, to live in the heat is a great distress.' The Maker flung him into a spring, Kuljus in the spring abode, sprawled on his back all summer-time. The Maker from the sky exclaimed—'Now rise, young lad, and away with thee to flatten a trampled plain,' Kuljus from the spring came forth, near fences he began to dwell, near gates to whirl himself about, he bit all the leaves off the trees, off the grass all the husky scales, from the men all the blood.

§ 211. The Origin of Stitch or Pleurisy.

a

A lovely oak grew formerly, an incomparable shoot shot up, grew extremely high, sought to touch with its head the sky, it impeded the course of the clouds, the movement of the fleecy clouds, it darkened half the sun, it concealed a third of the earth. Young men took counsel, men of middle age reflected how they could live without the moon, exist without the sun in those wretched border lands, in the miserable northern lands. They needed a man to fell, to lay low the evil oak; they searched but none was found, they sought but discovered none; among this people there was none, in our country not a man of the full-grown men in the human throng, to lay low the evil oak, to fell the tall straight tree.

From the sea a swarthy man rose up, from the surge —a full-grown man, neither great nor small, a full-grown man of medium size, as tall as a straightened thumb, three fingers high [*v.* the height of an ox's hoof], on his shoulder an ornamented axe with an ornamented haft, on his head a tall hat of stone, on his feet were stony shoes; he wanted to fell the oak, to shatter the gigantic tree (*rutimo raita*). He advanced with tripping gait, approached with deliberate stride, advanced to the root of the tree, to the place for breaking the huge oak down; with his axe he struck the tree, with the level edge he dealt a blow, struck once, struck a second time, struck a third time too; fire spirted from the axe, from the oak a flame (*panu*) escaped. Chips from the tree whirled down, fragments came wobbling down on a meadow without a name, on a country without a knoll; other chips showered down, very widely dispersed themselves on the clear and open sea, on

the wide and open main. At the third stroke he had already cut through the oak, had broken the gigantic tree, had overturned the thriving tree, had dashed the thick end towards the east, towards the west had flung the branching head across the river of Pohjola, as an eternal bridge for a traveller to pass across to gloomy Pohjola. A chip that had wobbled down, had been cast on the waters of the sea, on the clear and open sea, on the illimitable waves, did a wind rock to and fro, the restless sea caused it to move, a billow wafted it ashore, it the sea's breakers steered to a nameless bay, to one unknown by name, where the Hiisi-folk (Hiitola) reside, the bad people hold their sales. Hiisi's iron-toothed dog that ever runs along the shore, chanced to be running on the beach, to be making the gravel rattle; in the waves he spied the chip, from the waves snapped out the chip and carried it to a woman's (*kapo*) hands, to the finger-tips of Hiisi's girl. The woman (*kapo*) looked at it, she looked, she turned it round, spoke words and thus exclaimed—

'Something might come of this if 'twere in the smithy of a smith in the hands of a well-skilled man; arrows might a sorcerer get, an archer—lasting instruments.'

A scoundrel happened to overhear, an evil one to observe; to a smithy the evil one carried it, arrows he made of it, prepared blunt-headed shafts to be stitch and pleurisy in men, to be sudden sickness in a horse, to be elf-shots (F. jagged spikes) in kine. Arrows the devil (Piru) made, he sharpened jagged spikes in a mountain of steel, in an iron rock. A pile of arrows he made, of heavy arrows—a heap, in a smithy without a door, altogether windowless; he made the heads of steel, he turned the shafts of oak, from the bough of a 'fiery' oak, from the branch of a ruddy tree. His arrows he smoothed, he smoothed, he plumed with a

swallow's little plumes, with feathers from a striped bird's tail. Whence did he get the binding threads? He got the binding threads from the locks of Hiisi's girl, from the melancholy maiden's (*kave*) hair. The arrows were plumed, but what were they incrusted with? With the venom of a viper snake, with the black poison of a 'worm. He chose his best bow, attached to it a string, made of a wanton stallion's tail, of the hair of a full-grown animal (*emä-kave*). He gripped the 'fiery' bow, he stretched the 'fiery' bow 'gainst his left knee, from under his right foot. The swiftest arrow he took, he chose the best shaft, laid the 'fiery' cross-bow straight 'gainst his right shoulder; the first arrow he shot aloft above his head into the azure sky, to the end of a long fringe of cloud. The sky was like to split, the vaults of the air to break, the 'rags' of the air to tear, the roof of the air to bend from the pain of the fiery bolt, from the jagged spikes of Aijö's son; the arrow flew on and on, to a place where nought was ever heard of it again. Then he shot another shaft into the earth below his feet; to Mana the earth was like to go, the hills to powder into mould, the sandy ridges to split, the sandy heaths to snap in two from the anguish caused by the fiery shaft, from the burning pain (F. sparks) of the ruddy tree; the arrow flew on and on, to a place where nought was ever heard of it again. Forthwith he shot a third, a final malignant shaft over firm land and over swamps, over gloomy forest depths 'gainst a mountain of steel, 'gainst an iron rock; the arrow rebounded from the stone, recoiled against the rock and entered a human being's skin, the body of a wretched man. The shaft can be plucked out, the arrow can be withdrawn by virtue of the word of God, always by favour of the Lord.

b

Of old a lovely oak grew up, a flourishing sapling rose on the neck of a sandy ridge, on a golden hillock's crest; somewhat bushy were its boughs, somewhat ample were its leaves; its branching head attained the sky, its leafy boughs spread through the air, hid the sun that it could not shine, concealed the moon that it could not beam, the Great Bear was hindered from stretching out, the stars of the sky—from moving about.

A shiver seizes the animals, a horror—the water's fish, a strangeness—the birds of the air, a weariness—mankind, as the dear sun no longer shines, nor the moonshine gleams on those unlucky ones, on those unlucky ones, on those unfortunates. They searched for a man, they sought for such a man that could break the oak, could fell the splendid tree, prostrate the goodly tree, could clear the gigantic tree away. No one was found to clear away, to break the brittle tree; they did not find the man, so doughty a man in their own land, in the pleasant country of the Finns, in beautiful Karelia, nor did one come from further off, from the daring land of Swedes, from the weak Russian land, from the kingdom's disputed ground, that could fell the oak, break down the gigantic tree, prostrate the hundred-headed one.

A [*vv.* small, black, old, iron] man from the sea emerged, from the waves a full-grown man uprose, he was not very large, he was not very small: his height was a quarter ell, as tall as a woman's span, he could lie down under a bowl, he could stand up under a sieve. His hair reached down to his heels behind, his beard reached down to his knees in front; on his nape was an iron hat, on his feet were iron boots, on his arms were iron sleeves, on his mitts was iron em-

broidery, an iron belt begirt his waist, behind his belt was an iron axe, the axe had an iron haft, at the tip of the haft was an iron knob. He sharpened his axe, he whetted the level edge on an iron rock, on a mountain tipped with steel, on five Esthonian stones, on six whetstones, on the ends of seven hones, on the edges of eight; for nights he was grinding the axe, was preparing the haft for days. The axe became sharpened by degrees, the haft was gradually prepared; already the man had become full-grown, the man began to be a man: his feet moved briskly on the ground, his head is touching the clouds, his bristly beard did gleam like a leafy grove upon a slope, his hair did sway like a clump of pines upon a hill. One step he took, another he took, made an effort to reach the oak, he trod with one of his feet on a spot of yielding sand, with the other foot he trod on the liver-coloured earth, with the third stride already he had reached the roots of the oak, the place of pain and endless smarts for that red tree. Firmly he struck the oak with his axe, with the level-edged; from the side of the tree a chip flew off, a chip from the outside splintered off, a wind transported it away to the great open sea, as a boat for Väinämöinen, as wood for the singer's skiff. Once and again he struck a blow, nor was it long before he broke and felled to the ground the oak with its crown to the south, with the lower end north-east, or inclining due north. He looked at the chips, at where the red tree had fallen down, at the ground where lay the wide-spreading oak, and thus he exclaimed in words—

'A useful wood might be got from this, from the boughs of the level-headed oak; whoever takes a branch, has taken eternal luck, whoever cuts off a leafy bough, cuts off an

eternal power to please, whoever breaks off a topmost bough, breaks off an eternal magic skill.'

As for the chips that had flown, the splinters that had splintered off, a billow drifted them, the swell of the sea tossed them about, a gust of wind swung them to and fro, the water carried them ashore to a long promontory's point, to an evil pagan's beach. Hiisi's tiny little lass, a woman of complexion fair, was washing dirty clothes, was besprinking ragged clouts at the end of a long foot-bridge, on the top of a big landing-stage. She seized the chips, into splinters she split them up, cut into chips the leafy bough, into her wallet she gathered them, in her wallet she carried them home, in the long-thonged pouch—to the yard; from her pouch she snatched out the chips, and upset them about the house.

Three of her brothers were in the hut, and they questioned her—'What could a sorcerer get from these, what could Keito hammer out?' The woman (*kapo*) exclaimed in words—'Something a capable man will get, a man of skill will hammer out, wood for arrows a sorcerer will get, Lempo—leaf-headed spears, and Sudden Death—stitch and pleurisy.'

Hiisi [*v.* Piru] happened to overhear, the evil one [*v.* Perkele] to observe, to the smithy he sent his son to hammer out some arrow-heads, to forge some spears. To the smithy the laddie went, the boy made arrows, turned out blunt-headed arrows, a pile of arrows he prepared, of heavy arrows a heap, he forged a dozen pikes, made a bundle of spears from the branches of the 'fiery' oak, from the red tree's jagged spikes; he made them neither great nor small, he made them spears of medium size, with which he stabbed a hundred men, stuck a thousand

men. Piru took up his stabbing tools, Keito seized hold of the spears, kept brandishing his spears, launched angrily his jagged spikes as stitch and pleurisy in men, as elf-shots in the kine; nothing does Hiisi care whither he shoots his shafts, whether at a beast with horns, or at a neighing horse, or into a human being's skin, the body of a woman's (*kapo*) son.

c

A 'fiery' oak grew up on a 'fiery' plain; from Pohjola there came a boy, from the cold village—a full-grown man, trailing behind him a tiny sledge; on the sledge is a tiny axe with a handle an ell in length, with an edge a span in height, the edge is new, the handle old, new gloves are on his hands, on the gloves there is old embroidery. He had the patience to set to work, to batter the 'fiery' tree, to smash the 'sparky' one, into splinters he hewed and hacked it up into chips as a litter for cows. Wind carried them out to sea, to be drifted by waves of the sea, to Tuoni's murky stream, to the under-water of Manala; arrows a sorcerer gets from them, a devil (Pirulainen)—stabbing instruments. Arrows the devil (Piru) made, Lempo—leaf-headed spears, from the boughs of the 'fiery' oak, from splinters of the evil tree in a smithy without a door, in one quite windowless; from Piru an arrow whizzed, from Lempo a leaf-headed spear—into a wretched human skin, the body of a mother's son.

d

The daughter of Nature, Udutar, the sharp maiden Terhetär, sifted mist with a sieve, kept scattering fog at a misty promontory's point, at the end of a foggy isle; from

this have fevers their origin, fevers and pleurisies in a naked skin, in a body full of pain.

§ 212. The Origin of Trees.

a

Sampsa (and) boy Pellervoinen all summer lay on the hard ground in the middle of a field of corn, in the bosom of a grain-filled barge;[1] he put six grains, seven seeds in a martin's skin, in a summer-squirrel's leg, departed to sow the land, to scatter thickly seed. With stooping back he sowed the land, he sowed firm land, he sowed the swamps, sowed the sandy clearings run to waste, he planted places full of stones. Hillocks he sowed with clumps of fir, sowed hills with clumps of spruce, with clumps of heather —sandy heaths, valleys—with sapling shoots, birches he sowed in humid dells, the alder trees—in looseish earth, in moist land sowed birdcherry-trees, in holy places— rowan trees, willows—on flooded land, sallows—on meadow boundaries, in sterile places—junipers, and oaks along the river banks. The trees began to sprout, the sapling shoots to grow, while rocked by a gust of wind, while swung by a chilly wind; the bushy-headed firs grew up, the branching-headed pines spread out, birches sprang up in humid dells, the alder trees on looseish earth, birdcherry-trees on dampish earth, in holy places rowan-trees, willows on flooded land, sallows on moistish land, on sterile ground the junipers and oaks along the river banks.

[1] A variant in the Old Kalevala makes this remark of the Sampo, (O. K. p. 314).

Variants.

l. 1. Pellervoinen, the son of the field, Sampsa, the tiny little boy.

l. 1. Ahti (and) boy Pellervoinen sowed land in former days.

l. 1. Old Väinämöinen himself, the eternal soothsayer.

l. 1. The God of the air himself, nature's Almighty Maker.

l. 1. Kunerva, Kanerva's son, sowed land in former days.

b

Semmer, the limping[1] boy, sowed land in former days, sowed humid dells, birch-trees sprang up; sowed hills, spruces grew up; sowed hillocks, firs grew up; sowed ridges, aspens grew, small pines grew up, poor wretched shoots shot up, tall slender firs grew up, huge airy pines, birdcherries grew and oaks grew up, unbending junipers grew up, fine berries has the juniper, good fruit—the bird-cherry tree.

The Creator uttered from the sky, pure God spoke forth —'All trees are made by God, are grown by the Omnipotent, are rocked by Tuuletar, are tended by chilly wind, by frosty weather are put to sleep, are suckled by bitter frost.

Variants.

l. 1. Swamp's maiden and Heather's (*Kanerva*) son went off to sow the land.

l. 1. Kyyni walked o'er sandy heaths, Kyyni sowed the sandy heaths.

c

A wolf was running along the ice, a pike was swimming below the ice, a hair of the wolf snapt off, a tooth of the

[1] Or stooping—with reference to the action of sowing.

dark-grey pike; fair Kati, the youthful girl, from the ice plucked off the hair, dug the lower end into a heath, into an old man's black mud, in a dale she planted the upper end. Then a birth took place, a family was bred from it, a fir grew from it with scores upon its sides, a 'moist with honey'—in Metsola; it was rocked by Hongatar, was swung by Lemmetär, was shrieked at by Kangahatar, was rocked by Tuuletar, was put to sleep by chilly wind, was suckled by bitter frost.

d

Tuoni's red-cheeked son into the water kicked his seine, his dragnet—under the wave, at the end of a 'fiery' cape, at the point of a 'fiery' cape. There he caught a pike; he landed it to have it cooked, the pike's teeth fell with a crash on a meadow without a name, unknown by name; a swamp-fir sprang from it, a ruddy shoot shot up, a 'golden' fir grew up from it, a 'golden' bushy-headed fir.

e

A girl of Pohja with swarthy cheeks ploughed swamps, ploughed land, ploughed finally outlying rims; on the swamps then heather sprouted up, by the brooks—small willow trees, in the valleys birches reared themselves, on the hills firs rose, on the hillocks pines shot up.

f

A creature (*kave*) ran along the swamps, ran over swamps, ran over land, ran over moist abandoned fields; it shook off some of its hair, flung down on the ground its wool, then from it a birth took place, from it every tree was reared, from it slender pines arose, bushy pines branched thickly out, bushy-headed firs grew up.

g

From a clean place have issued trees, from a soft place the 'bushy tops,' the fir—from densely wooded land, the 'honey top'—from Metsola. The fir is an unsteady boy [*v.* a tall and lanky boy] that by Hotja has been watched, 7, by a Turjalainen has been rocked, by a Vaaralainen [*v.* Värjälainen] has been swung, by cold weather is put to sleep, was suckled by bitter frost, was soused with water from the sky, with warm water was splashed; it sprang from the earth like a strawberry, liked a rooted plant with unbending head, it grew like a two-branched plant, like a three-branched plant shot up, the dew of the air made it grow, 18, heaven's water made it shoot, it expanded like wheaten dough, bobbed here and there like a butter pat. Thou Fir, the paltry useless boy, brought forth by Syöjätär, formed from the earth by Maajatar, wast by a hillock reared, made bushy by Pellervoinen [*v.* Pelleroinen], 26, by Naservainen wast nailed down, like a strawberry hast sprouted from the earth, like an arctic bramble—in the woods, through thee the sun has shone, a grassy hillock suckled thy roots, a wind rocked to and fro thy boughs.

Variants.

7. By a whirlwind [*v.* Tuuletar, *v.* Tutjelmoinen] has been rocked.

18. The blood of Jesus made it shoot.

26. By Nasarvainen [*v.* Natulainen] wast pegged down.

h

The Fir is a tall and lanky boy, a tree is the pure creation of God, a sprout by Jesus is drawn forth, a shoot by good luck brought to light, by Kanarvainen reared, by

stormy weather buffeted; a bough of it with honey drips, keeps spirting forth a luscious juice; God drenched the shoot, a cloud touched its branching head, wind swayed its trunk, the restless air kept shaking it. The birch was grown in a nook, on ground where berry-stalks abound, was formed by three Luonnotars, was softened by a Pelkolainen; the alder was not made for wood, not for wood nor for earth, it was made for gripings in the wame, as a remedy for hurts, as a salve for sores, as an embrocation for wounds.

i

All trees were created by God, 2, save the evil alder buckthorn, 3, by a pagan that was made, it's a hair of a Pirulainen's beard; 5, by Hiisi the aspen was prepared, by Piru was the rowan made, by Lempo was the birdcherry rocked, Käsönen's son is the juniper, by Lemmes [*v.* Lenges] was the alder made, by Kanelia [*v.* Kaljolainen] it was grown.

Variants.

2. The worst of trees is meadow rue.
3. By a pagan was the willow made.
5. The aspen is Hiisi's harlot son.

§ 213. The Origin of Cancer.

A woman, old and furious, with the movement of the wind and water, with the movement of all the fish,[1] was carrying a heavy womb, a bellyful of suffering, for thirty summers and for as many winters too; she finally got a malignant

[1] *i.e.* Who dashed and stormed about like wind and water, and with the velocity of a fish.

boy, an eater of flesh, a biter of bone; into a cancer she fashioned him. She reared her son, her offspring she covered round with bloody clothing, with gory shirts. Then she sent him away to devour, to gnaw, to lacerate a christened man, and destroy a man baptized, to rot his flesh and to gnaw his bones.

§ 214. The Origin of Iron.

a

The aërial god himself, Ukko, the Creator above, rubbed together both his palms on the end of his left knee, then three maidens were born, all the three Luonnotars, to be mothers of iron ore (F. rust), to be generators of steel (F. blue mouth). The girls came swinging along, 'long the edge of the air the maidens stepped with swollen breasts, with smarting teats, on the ground they milked their milk, let their breasts pour forth, they milked upon land, they milked upon swamps, on still waters they milked. One milked black milk, she was the eldest of the girls, the second discharged a jet of red, she of the girls was the middle one, the third poured forth white milk, she was the youngest of the girls. One had milked black milk, from it soft iron had its origin, one had discharged a jet of red, thence brittle iron was obtained, one had poured forth white milk, and from it steel was made.

A little interval elapsed, Iron wished to meet his elder brother and to make the acquaintance of Fire. Fire became insolent, grew exceeding terrible, he burnt up swamps, he burnt up land, burnt up dense wooded wilds, was on the point of burning his poor wretched brother

Iron; Iron took to flight, to flight, to hiding himself in gloomy Pohjola, in Lapland's wide and furthest bounds, on the greatest reach of swamp, on a wild mountain-top where swans lay eggs, geese hatch their young. Iron lay stretched out upon the swamp, sprawled idly in the watery place; one year he hid, hid a second year, forthwith hid a third year too, yet he did not manage indeed to escape Fire's raging hands; a second time he had to go, to enter the chamber of Fire when being made into a tool, when being forged into a sword.

A wolf was running along a swamp, a bear was hurrying over a heath, the swamp rose over the feet of the wolf, the sandy heath o'er the paws of the bear, iron bars grew up and lumps of steel, on the tracks of the feet of the wolf, on the dints of the heels of the bear.

65. Ilmarinen the smith, 66, the very skilful hammerer, was wending his way, was pursuing his course, he came by chance on the tracks of the wolf, on the dints of the heels of the bear. He saw the iron sprouts, the lumps of steel on the wolf's huge tracks, where the heel of the bear had turned, and to this speech gave utterance—'Alas for thee, unlucky Iron, for thou art in a wretched plight in a lowly place on a swamp, in the tracks of a wolf, quite in the footsteps of a bear; wouldst thou grow beautiful, wouldst thou increase in loveliness, if I removed thee from the swamp and to a smithy carried thee should force thee into a fiery place, should set thee down in a forge?'

Poor Iron gave a sudden start, gave a sudden start, took sudden fright, when he heard mention made of Fire, when he heard speak of raging Fire. Smith Ilmarinen said—'Thou art not, wretched Iron, produced (F. born), thy family is not brought forth, thy household won't grow

up without a violent fire, unless to a smithy ta'en, unless set down in a forge, unless by bellows blown upon; but heed it not, don't pay the least regard, Fire will not burn a friend, will not insult a relative; when thou enter'st the rooms of Fire, the receptacle for coals, then wilt thou grow beautiful, wilt become extremely fair, wilt become good swords for men, or pendants for women's snoods.'

Ever since that day, iron has been kneaded out of swamps, has been trampled out of miry spots, has been obtained from clay. The smith himself stood in the swamp, up to his knees in the black mire, while digging iron from the swamp, while extracting ore (F. earth) from the mire; he seized the iron sprouts, the lumps of steel from the huge footprints of the wolf, from the dints of the heel of the bear.

The smith Ilmarinen set up his bellows there, established there his forge, on the wolf's huge tracks, on the scratches of bruin's heel; into the fire he plunged the iron, blew the bellows all night without a rest, all day without a stop, blew one whole day, blew a second day, blew them forthwith a third day too; the iron stretched like pap, bubbled up like slag, expanded like wheaten dough, like rye-meal dough, in the smith's huge fire, in the hands of glowing heat.

Then smith Ilmarinen looked under the forge to see what the forge had given him, the bellows had squeezed out. First he obtained a brittle iron, then he brought out a bit of slag, then let the white iron pour from the bellows underneath. Then wretched Iron shouted out—'Oho! thou smith Ilmarinen, take me away from here, from the torments of angry Fire.' Smith Ilmarinen said—'If I took thee from the fire thou wilt perhaps grow terrible, wilt begin to go extremely mad, thy brother[1] thou wilt also cut, wilt lacerate

[1] *i.e.* A human being as man also owed his origin to the Luonnotars.

thy mother's child.' Then miserable Iron swore, swore his solemn oath in the forge and on the anvil, under the sledge-hammer's blows—'I 'll not touch flesh, I 'll not cause blood to flow; there is wood for me to bite, a fallen tree for me to munch, a young fir for me to nip, the heart of a stone for me to eat, so my brother I shall not cut, sha'n't lacerate my mother's child. 'Tis better for me to exist, more pleasant for me to live as the comrade of a traveller, as a weapon in a wayfarer's hand, than to touch a kinsman with my mouth than injure my kith and kin.'

Then smith Ilmarinen, the hammerer as old as Time, snatched the iron from the fire and on the anvil set it down to make it malleable, to forge it into sharp implements, into axes, into spears, into every sort of implement. He hammers with repeated blows, he strikes cling clang, but the iron will not take an edge, an edge of steel is not produced, the iron won't get hard, 186, nor the edge of iron—durable.

The smith Ilmarinen in his mind thought over this, what ought to be procured, what ought to be obtained to make a fluid to toughen steel, to make a water to harden iron. He prepared a little ash, he dissolved some lye, made trial of it with his tongue, he tasted it with intelligence and expressed himself in words:—'This is no good to me, for a fluid to toughen steel, for a substance for making iron.'

From the ground a bee arose, a 'blue-wing'—from a knoll, it flew, it kept hovering round the smithy of the smith. Smith Ilmarinen ordered it to go to Metsola, to bring honey from Metsola, fine honey from the honeyed woods, for the steel that he will make, for the iron that he will forge. A hornet, 'Hiisi's bird,' the bird of Hiisi, 'Lempo's cat,' round the smithy flew, offering for sale its pains; it was flying about

and it heard the clear words of the smith about steel being made, about iron being forged. It was nimble on the wing, on its pinions was very swift, so managed to get on in front, fetched Hiisi's horrors away, bore off the poison of a snake, the black venom of a 'worm,' the itch-causing fluid of an ant, the hidden poison of a frog, as a fluid to toughen steel, as a water to harden iron.

The smith Ilmarinen himself, the incessant hammerer, believed, supposed that the bee had returned, that it had honey brought, fine honey had fetched, so he uttered a speech and thus he spoke:—'See! for me this is good as a fluid to toughen steel, as a substance to harden iron.' He dipped the poor iron into it, into it he plunged the steel, after lifting it out of the fire, after taking it out of the forge; so steel became bad, iron went raging mad, he cut his poor brother, touched with his mouth his relative, caused blood to flow, caused foaming blood to bubble forth.

Variants.

65. Trusty old Väinämöinen.
66. The soothsayer old as Time.
186. Unless in water dipt.

b

Full well I know iron's genesis, I remember the origin of steel. Of old the winds blew otherwise, of old storms whistled otherwise, the head of a birch tore up the ground, the young shoots of a fir—the fields. Then it blew six years, seven summers it inflicted harm, the wind broke off the heads of oaks, smashed branching [*v.* huge] sallow trees, knocked a hillock from the ground and conveyed it to the

sea; an isle was formed by spells from it on the clear and open sea, on the island was a lovely wood, in the wood—a meadow smooth, 17, on this two girls grew up, 18, a triplet of brides. Well, the three maidens walked along to a meadow without a name, sat down with their breasts to the east, with their heads to the south, milked their milk upon the ground, their paps—upon the mead.

The milk began to flow, flowed over swamps, flowed over lands, flowed over sandy fields run wild, flowed to a hillock on a swamp, to a honeyed knoll, into golden turf. Hence did poor iron originate, then it was born and was produced, in a swamp, on an earthy knoll, on ground of medium height; iron sprouts grew up as high as the thumb of a man.

Trusty old Väinämöinen, the soothsayer old as time, was wending his way, was pursuing his course; he found the iron sprouts the growing shoots of steel, he looked about, turned round, uttered a speech and thus he spoke—'What sort of growing corn is this and what these sprouting shoots? Something would result from them at a skilful hammerer's.' Into his pouch he gathered them, to a smith's hands he carried them. The smith Ilmarinen sought a place for his forge, found a tiny bit of ground, a very tiny dell where he put his bellows up, where he set up his forge, but wretched iron is not produced (F. grows not) and steel does not originate in a smithy without a door, in a forge without a fire; the blacksmith had lack of wood, the forger in iron—of fire. He got some wood and fire he fetched, but still iron is not made (F. born) unless there be a bellowsman, a man to press the bellows down. He took a servant to blow, a hireling to press them down, he looked underneath the forge, along the bellows' outer edge, iron was already made (F. born) and steel produced.

Variants.

17. On it four girls grew up,
18. four girls and evil ones they were.

c

The genesis of steel is known, the origin of iron is guessed: water is the eldest brother, iron is the youngest brother, paltry fire—the middle one; water is the offspring of a hill, fire's genesis is from the sky, iron's origin is from iron ore (F. rust).

Fire began to be violent, into a fury worked himself, much land he badly burnt, much land, much swamp, he burnt up sandy fields run wild, he burnt up sandy heaths; poor iron lay concealed from his angry brother's face. Where did poor Iron hide, where did he hide and save himself in that prodigious year of drought, that summer bad for forest fires? Poor Iron did not hide in old Väinämöinen's belt, in his tripartite sheath, certainly not there. Poor Iron did not hide in a young maiden's paps, under a growing maiden's arm, on a long fringe of cloud, on an oak tree's level head, not there did Iron hide, nor yet in yonder place, inside a blue ewe, in the belly of a copper sheep, in a blue [*v.* red] pig's breast. He did not hide in the sea below the deep waves, inside a blue sik fish, in a red salmon's breast, nor yet exactly in the sky, above six speckled firmaments (F. lids), in a blue box, in a tall hat of gold [*v.* in the belly of a golden cock]. There then did Iron hide, both hid and saved himself, in the space between two stumps, beneath a birch-tree's triple root, on a land devoid of knolls, on a totally unknown land, where the wood-grouse keeps her nest, the hen brings up her young.

A wolf lifted mould from a swamp, a bear dug out mould from a heath, iron ore sprang up, and a bar of steel grew up where the wolf had raised his foot, in the dint of the heel of the bear. It was brought to a smithy perhaps, maybe was conveyed to a forge; then iron was produced, from it the requisite steel was made.

d

Much land was burnt up formerly, much land, much swamp, in a summer bad for forest fires, in a hapless conflagration year; a little bit remained unburnt on a wild mountain top, on the surface of the largest swamp. One wretched man remained on the spot unburnt; already a little of him was burnt, his knees were burning, the flesh of his thighs was scorched, the narrow heels and the left toes; the tips of his toes were badly burnt, into soot the nails were burnt. He ran to a pool in his distress, scraped off the soot, scratched off the scabby crust into the unfrozen pool; from that was iron ore produced, black ordinary mire, in an unfrozen pool, in a bubbling spring.

e

How did poor iron originate, how was it born and how produced? Thus did poor iron originate, thus was it born and thus produced. A 'gold' fish spawned, a salmon plunged about close by, in an unfrozen pool, in a bubbling spring. Four maidens were bred, a triplet of brides, from the spawn of the golden fish, 12, from the salmon's natural cleft, to be mothers of iron ore, to be breeders of steel (F. blue mouth).

In a dell the maidens stood, powerless the 'tin breasts' lay on a little bank of land, on a narrow piece of ground,

there they made iron, were engaged in forming steel, they pulverised iron seeds, they pounded lumps of steel. God[1] happened to arrive at the place where the seeds of iron lay, found the pounded bits of iron, the bits of steel that had been made, to a smith's smithy he carried them, to Ilmarinen's forge. The smith Ilmarinen then thrust them in the fire, into the forge he forced them down, from the forge to the anvil then; he hammered with repeated blows, he struck with incessant clang, sweat trickled from the Maker's head, dew—from the face of the god, while forging iron, while making steel. Hence originated wretched iron, poor iron, wretched slag, in a smith's smithy it was born, in Ilmarinen's forge.

Variants.

1-12. Jesus has two hands, both are uniform, he rubbed together both his palms, ground together both of them, then two maidens were born, all the three Luonnotars.

f

Ho! thou wretched Iron, poor Iron, useless slag, surely I know thine origin, thine origin and thy genesis: thou art Vuolankoinen's [*v.* Vuolahainen's] son, art born of Vuolahatar, thy sire is from the fountains of Vuojola, 8, thy mother from Lempi's spring; from swamp-knolls is thine origin, from the knolls of a swamp, from knolls on land, thy sire is from a swamp, thy mother from a swamp, all thy other relatives from swamp. On a swamp a rust-coloured sedge grew up, in a pool—some purple melic grass; it was rocked by Tuuletar, swung to and fro by Lannetär [*v.* Lemmetär]; from Tuonela Hölmä came,

[1] Or 'a god.'

from under the earth—Manala's son; on the swamp he found the rust-coloured sedge, in the pool—the purple melic grass, to a smith's smithy he carried it, to Ilmarinen's forge, to be forged into iron tools, to be made into tools of steel.

Variants.

8. Iron's mother is Ruopahatar,
8. thy mother is from Äijö's pen.

§ 215. The Origin of Rickets, Atrophy.

From a dell [*v.* the sea] a maiden rose, a 'soft skirts' from a clump of grass, who was lovely to behold, the delight of the world; to suitors she paid no regard, for the good men no fancy had. A giant (*turilas*) came, a shirted monster (*tursas*) of the sea, the wretch to be sure had planned a scheme, had thought upon a fine affair: a nightmare he put down on her, he caused the unwilling one to sleep, brought her to seek repose on a honey-dropping sward, on the liver-coloured earth. There he lay with the girl, made the maiden with child, quickened her into pregnancy, himself his departure took, the scoundrel started to go away, the wretch to wander forth. The girl got oppressed with pain, heavy her womb became, in her suffering she bewailed—'Whither shall I, the poor wretch, whither shall I, the luckless, go in these my days of great distress with cruel torments in the womb?'

The Creator [*v.* Jesus] uttered from the sky—'Thou harlot, go to be confined within a gloomy wood, in a wooded wilderness recess, there other harlots were confined, strumpets [*v.* mares] have dropt their young.'

In another direction she went, walked forward with rapid

steps, strode along from stone to stone, leapt from fallen tree to fallen tree, to the homes of the dogs, as far as the woolly whelps. There she discharged her womb, gave birth to her progeny, got a son of an evil sort, the hideous Rickets boy that gnaws the navel's root, that eats the backbone away.

They sought for a man to christen him, for a man to baptize the gnawing boy at the well of Kaleva's son, on the props of a little sleigh; none was got from there, nor from ten villages, from seven hinges. However, Rickets was baptized, they christened the ill-omened boy on 56 the shore, on a water-girt stone, 57, on one passed over by a wave, 58, by a billow lightly touched.

Was the water clean with which the Rickets was baptized? The water was not clean, the water was mixed with blood, harlots had washed their caps in it, bad women—their shirts, their jackets ragged at the rim, their stinking petticoats. Therein the Rickets was baptized, they christened the ill-omened boy, a name was given to the brute, the name of Rickets to the wretch.

Variants.

56-58. In the bloody hut of Hiitola where they were slaughtering swine.

57, 58, In a pond on a water-lily leaf, in a doorless room, entirely windowless.

§ 216. The Origin of Injuries caused by Spells.

a

The powerful woman Louhiatar, 2, Pohja's ragged-tailed old wife, that has a swarthy countenance, a skin of hideous hue, was walking along a path, was creeping along the

course; on the path she made her bed, on the course her sleeping-place, she lay with her back to the wind, with her stern to a chilly blast, with her groin to a fearful storm, with her side due north.

There came a great gust of wind, from the east a tremendous blast, the wind raised the skirts of her furs, the blast—the skirts of her petticoat, the wind got the dolt with child, it quickened her into pregnancy on an abandoned naked field, on a tract without a knoll. She carried a heavy womb, a bellyful of suffering, one month, two months she carried it, for a third, for a fourth, five months, six months she carried it, seven months, eight, over nine months, by woman's ancient reckoning, nine months and a half. At the end of the ninth month, at the beginning of the tenth the time of travail had approached, heavy the womb had become, it oppressed her painfully; she sought a place for lying-in, a spot for lightening her wame, in the space between two rocks, in a recess between five hills; she obtained no assistance there, no lightening for her wame. So she shifted farther on, betook herself to another place, to an undulating pool, to the side of a natural spring, but no birth took place, the embryo formed was not brought forth. To a water-girt stone she dragged herself, to a fiery rapid's foam, under three waterfalls, under nine steep slopes, but no birth took place, no lighter became the wretch's womb. The foul creature began to weep, to shriek, to bewail herself, she knew not whither she should go, in what direction she should move to relieve her wame, to bring to birth her progeny.

God[1] spake from a cloud, the Creator uttered from the

[1] The context in Kalevala R. 45, shows that Ukko, the thunder god, is intended here.

sky—'A three-cornered shed is on the swamp, on the shore facing the sea in gloomy Pohjola, 64, in Lapland's wide and distant bounds; go thither to be confined, to lighten thy womb; there they have need of thee, they await thy progeny.'

Pohja's swarthy old wife went thither to be confined, to lighten her womb; there the evil miscreant was delivered of her progeny, brought her vicious children forth, under five woollen rugs, under nine quilts of hers. She brought nine sons to birth, the tenth was a female child, on a single summer night, from a single filling of the womb. She swaddled her progeny, her acquisitions she knotted up, invited the Maker to baptize, God to give them a name; the Maker did not baptize, the Almighty did not christen them. She sought for a man to christen them, for one to baptize the evil brood—'O Juhannes, the holy knight, come to christen these, to baptize my progeny, to give my offspring names.' Juhannes, the priest of God, to her made reply—'Depart, thou harlot, with thy sons, uncreated heathen, decamp, christen thyself thy accursed, thyself baptize thy progeny. I do not christen evil ones, I do not baptize the horrible, the Creator I baptized, I christened the Omnipotent.'

The wicked pagan indeed took on herself to act as priest, profanely acted as christener, christened her progeny herself, herself baptized her accursed ones, christened and gave them names herself, on the point of her aching knee, with her aching palm. Her acquisitions she named, her children she arranged, as all do with their progeny, with the offspring they've brought forth—she named the lassie Tuuletar, gave her the name of Vihmatar, then she appoints her sons, the one for this, the other for that; she squeezed up one into a

boil, she stiffened another into scab, she pricked one into pleurisy, she formed another into gout, by force she made one into gripes, she chased another into fits, she crumpled one into sudden death, into rickets she cut up another one. One remained without getting a name, a boy at the bottom of the batch, a mouthless, eyeless brat; afterwards she ordered him away, to the tremendous Rutja rapids, into the fiery foaming surge. From him sharp frosts were bred, from him arose the Syöjätärs, from him the other destroying ones, he begat the sorcerers on lakes, the wizards in every dell, the jealous persons in every place, in the tremendous Rutja rapids, in the fiery foaming surge.

Variants.

1. The old woman Loviatar (Lokahatar, Laveatar, Launavatar).

2. The harlot mistress of Pohjola.

64. In misty Sariola.

b

The blind [*v.* swarthy] daughter of Tuonela [*v.* Pohjola], 2, the wholly blind of Ulappala [*v.* the hideous child of Manala], the origin of every ill, of thousands of destructive acts, 5, sat down with her back [*v.* breast] to the east, 6, remained with her head to the south, her feet projected towards the west, with her hips north-west. A wind began to blow, the horizon—to storm; the wind blew into her hips, the chill wind into her lower limbs, through her the west wind blew, through her a north-wester dashed, through her the north wind crashed, through the bone and through the joints, wind blew her into pregnancy, the chill wind [*v.* dawn of day] made her big with child. Tuoni's

swarthy girl then swelled, filled out, became big from it, became round and large; thus she carried a heavy womb, a bellyful of suffering; two summers she carried it, she carried it two, she carried it three, seven summers she carried it, eight years at any rate, nine years in all, less by nine nights. So in the ninth year she was seized with a woman's pains, was affected by woman's (*kapo*) throes, was attacked by young woman's pains (F. fire). She sank down to find repose, on an iron rock, on a hill of steel, in the middle of the Hill of Pain, on the top of the Mountain of Pain, there she could not find repose; she shifted her place, she tried to reduce her wame, on the top of a silver hill, on a golden mountain's peak; no birth took place, the belly's pains were not reduced. She tried to reduce her wame, to lighten by a half her womb, in the space between two rocks, in the nook between three boulder stones, inside the walls of a fiery stove, in a stove of stone, in a barrel of oak, within iron hoops, at the brink of 'fiery' rapids, in the eddy of an awful (F. holy) stream; in these her belly was not reduced, no lighter became the wretch's womb.

Into the sea she dashed aside, into a water-Hiisi's den, into a hidden bug-bear's (*sala-kammo*) pen, into the nixies' (*lumma-koira*) huts; into the sea she ran knee-deep, up to her garter in the wet, to her belt-clasp in the wave; there she shouted and cried aloud to the perch, to the roach, to all the water's fish: 'Dear ruff, thy slaver bring, dear burbot—thy sliminess, here in Hiisi's sultry heat [*v.* in Hell-fire], in the evil power's fire.'

She got nine sons within sound of one waterfall, quite close to one Sound, on one water-girt stone, from one filling of the wame, from one tight stuffing of the womb. She

sought for a man to christen them, a man to christen, a man to baptize; she took them to a pair of priests, she carried them to the sacristans, the priests refused to give them names, the sacristans did not consent; solemnly the priests replied, and firmly spake the sacristans—'We were not ordained for this, were not ordained, were not designed to christen the iniquitous, to baptize the horrible.'

As she did not get a christener, a priest that would give them names, she made herself the christener, the office of baptist she undertook. Her acquisitions she baptized, her progeny she 'bewitched,' she gave to her offspring names, she gave them names, she incited them, she changed one into a Wolf, into a Snake she turned the next, into a Cancer she made the third, into a Ring-worm (F. forest's nose) made the fourth, the others into destructive ones, told one to be the Thrush, into being a Cripple she hustled one, into a Toothworm—another one, another she made to devour the Heart, and one to be Woman's Enemy.

Variants.

1, 2. Hiisi's maiden with covered ears, Pimettölä's short-nailed one, Hiisi's old wife with iron teeth.

5, 6, Sat down with her breast to the east, with her head toward the rays of the sun.

6, Facing the dawn of the day.

c

The enormous maiden Akäätär, whose hair-plait reached to her heels, whose paps hung down to her knees in front, caused her petticoat to flap on the top of the Mountain of Pain [*v.* Help], at the centre of the Hill of Pain [*v.* Help];

as she got no help from it when on fire with maidens' lust, into the sea she sprang aside, into the waves obliquely rushed; a bearded monster of the sea (*meri-tursas*) slept with the maiden there, on the turgid foam of the sea, on the mighty waters' froth, made the girl to be with child, and quickened her into pregnancy; a birth took place in consequence, an evil progeny was born.

When the time to be confined approached, she came to the rooms of Pohjola, to the bath-house floors of Sariola, to be delivered of her bairns, to bring forth her brood, at the end of the bath-house centre beam, on the couch of the bathing-house; she brought forth a swarm of boys, a flock of children she produced in one bath-house, where they raised steam once where the bath was heated once, by the glimmer of a single moon, when a single cock had crowed. Her children she hid, her acquisitions she concealed in a copper vat, in a fiery washing-tub under five woollen rugs, under eight kaftans; she gave names to the evil brats, attached a name to each of them, she propped up one into being Wind, poked up one into being Fire, appointed one to be Sharp Frost, scattered one into being a Fall of Snow, tore one into being Atrophy, she designated one the Worm, struck one into being a Cancerous Sore, made one an Eater of the Heart, another to eat up furtively, one to stab openly, to claw the limbs with violence, to cause an aching in the joints. One she formed into Gout, and into his hands put a plane, pricked one into being Pleurisy, and arrows she put in his fist, in his wicker basket—spears; struck with their points the horses neighed, when the fiends (*piru*) laid hands on the foals; Bitter Frost she sent away, she caused him to sweep the sea, to brush the billows with a broom.

Variants.

1. Naata, the youngest of the girls, the mistress of Hiitola.

d

A stumpy lassie, Tuoni's girl, the swarthy daughter with shaven head, was crushing iron seeds, was pounding nibs of steel in a mortar of iron with a pestle tipped with steel, in a smithy without a door, entirely windowless; what she crushed she sifted out, to the sky she raised a dust. A furious old crone [*v.* the strong woman, Louhiatar] ate those iron groats, swallowed the iron hail, the triturated bits of steel; pregnant she became thereby, became thereby with child, she carried a painful womb, a bellyful of suffering for three full years [*v.* for thirty summers], less by three days [*v.* for as many winters too]. She sought a place for lying-in near an ornamented church, at the side of a 'hundred planks,' in a dead man's home, in the house of a deceased; there she found no place. She sought one here, she sought one there, at last found a suitable place in the bloody hut of Hiitola where pigs were being killed. There she lightened her wame, gave birth to her progeny, to become all sorts of sicknesses, a thousand causes of injury.

e

Nikotiera, the parish whore, brought her children forth outside the door of the church, below the red-painted stair; she gave birth to three boys, one is the evil Bloody Flux, the second the ugly Scab Disease, the third son is the Pestilence.

§ 217. The Origin of Rust in Corn.

Pohja's cold-throated old wife for long was sleeping in the cold, a long while—in a mossy swamp. On awakening from sleep she caused her petticoat to flap, the bottom of her dress to twirl; she rubbed together her two palms, scrubbed together both of them. From that blood dropt, rolled down to the mossy swamp, from it was got an evil brood, wretched rust was bred from it, sprang up in the tufts of grass at a ploughman's steps.

§ 218. The Origin of Scae.

A brown and scabby crone, the evil mother of boils, gave birth to a scabby son, screeched over an ill-tempered one, eight-headed, with a single foot (F. root), on a scabby bed, begotten of a scabby sire out of a scabby dam, a mother covered with boils; she flung her angry son against a human being's skin, at the body of a woman's (*kapo*) son.

§ 219. The Origin of the Pig.

The pig's origin is known, the 'down-turned snout's' is guessed: thy mother was a Tynymys, thy father was a Kynymys [*v.* a Kynönen, *v.* Saint Kynönen]; with snout and hoofs plough up the ground, with thy snout rout up the turf, don't tear the fences down, don't overturn the gates.

§ 220. The Origin of Particles of Chaff in the Eye.

From the Lord a pearl fell off, crashed down from the Omnipotent, from the sky above, from the hollow of Jesus'

hand, on the edge of Osmo's [*v.* a holy] field, on Pellervoinen's unploughed edge; a birth took place from it, a family was bred, bent-grass grew up from it, from it was formed a husk of chaff. It rose from the earth like a strawberry, grew up like a three-branched plant, was made to branch by fire-cleared land, was made to grow where trees were felled, was rocked by a swirl of wind, was suckled by a bitter frost, by the Maker was drawn up by the head [*v.* Jesus drew it up by the head], was sustained by the Omnipotent [*v.* the Almighty made it grow].

§ 221. The Origin of the Lizard.

a

On the sea spat Syöjätär, Lapahiitto—on the waves, the bubble floated on the sea, on the great open sea—the froth. Kasaritar [*v.* Kasarikki], the lovely girl, sat down on a birch-tree's crooked bough, reposed on an aspen branch; she rose from the birch-tree's crooked bough, she looked about, she turned her eyes towards the liquid sea, she espied the bubble floating by, the froth as it drifted past. She took the bubble down her throat, into her nostrils drew the froth; the bubble burnt her throat, her nostrils it scorched, slipt down from the throat to the wame, into her belly dropt suddenly. Kasaritar, the lovely girl, thereby was filled, thereby was swelled, and carried a heavy womb for three whole years; she then brought forth an evil brat; what was the name they gave it? It got the name of Lizard, a heap of twigs for its abode, as its home —a dry birch stump, as a house—a rotten trunk.

b

The good mistress, Nuoramo, was stepping from stone to stone, from knoll to knoll; from her bosom fell a pearl, a golden trinket rattled down against a brushwood-covered hill, on a heap of twigs below a fence; from it a birth took place, a lizard was produced, it grew up by the side of a rock, with a stake as its support, in a heap of twigs below the fence.

c

O Lizard, 'Hiisi's [*v.* Lempo's] eye,' 'land-muik,'[1] 'water-bleak,' full well I know thine origin: thy father was a Brisk (*silkuna*), thy mother was a Brisk, thou art a Brisk thyself. Thou wast made from the wood of birch, of an aspen's fungus wast composed, wast made from a tarry root, run up in haste from a branch of fir, wast collected from a heap of dust, from feathers wast jumbled up, put behind the corner of a house, poked into a pile of logs, tossed into a heap of twigs, flung carelessly below a fence.

d

Vingas, the hearty old man, with old wife Vangas[2] slept, against a wood-pile in the yard, over against some birchen logs, against a pile of leafy twigs, of wild birdcherry-tree supports; thereby a family was bred, a large 'pod' increased; while they slept there came a boy, Ungermo—while they reposed. Secretly the child was brought, by stealth the boy was pushed inside a room of birdcherry-wood, a cradle

[1] A kind of fish, *Corregonus albula.* [2] A lizard.

of birdcherry-wood; the boy was not hidden there, the boy poked himself into the yard underneath a long pile of wood, facing some rowan wood.

Where can the boy be sent, the precious one be shewn the way? He must be carried away to the furthest field, to be placed on the headland of the field; it is by no means pleasant there. There pigs kept routing up the ground, the 'down-turned snouts' keeping turning it. Where can the boy be sent, can Ungermo be shewn the way; shall he be taken to the woods? The boy was taken to the woods, to the middle of a honeyed wood; for the boy 'tis evil being there: honeyed woods dry up, hunters may burn them down. Where can the bad boy be sent, the destroyer be destroyed; into the water should he be led? Into the water the boy was led, for the boy 'tis evil being there: young men will draw a net, keep flogging with a fishing line, old men will haul a net, will make it fast with sinks of stone. Where can the boy be sent, can Ungermo be shewn the way? The boy was led to a field run wild, to a rotten birch-stump home, to the hollow of a mouldering stump, into a 'worm' he there was changed, into a lizard was transformed.

e

Vingas embraced Vängäs, shrieked, made a noise, in a thicket of birdcherry-trees, in a thick wood of willow-trees, underneath a stone, 'gainst a bramble-covered heap of stones; then a birth took place, a little lizard was produced, a 'courtyard sweepings,' 'trash of fields,' 'ground-sweepings,' 'trash of Manala' that under fences lives, that rustles in a pile of twigs.

§ 222. The Origin of the Wolf.

a

Great, hungry wolf! excessively fat dog! I know thy breed. I know, sly brute, thine origin: a country lass, a girl of the soil, was going along a path, trod swamps, trod land, trod sandy heaths, trod places trod before, trod untrodden ground; from the withered grass she plucked some flowers, from tufts of hay—some pellicles; she wound them in her winding-cloth, into her tattered head-attire. At last she sat upon a stone at a green thicket's edge; there she combed her locks, she brushed her hair; she caused her pearls to chink, her golden ornaments to clink; a pearl dropt down among the grass, down a golden trinket crashed; from it a crafty one was born, a 'hairy foot' was bred, a 'woolly tail' throve well, the wolfish breed appeared.

b

Thou everlasting gad-about, an evil son for all thy life, from where is thy family, from what, dread one, is thine origin, from wind or from the sky, or from a deep water-spring? Not from the wind, not from the sky, not from a deep water-spring; dread one! I know thine origin, thy breed, thou horror of the land. Syöjätär on the water spat, 'defective shoulder' (*Lapalieto*)—on the waves, then Kuolatar appeared, 14, Kuolatar from the sea rose up on a treeless isle, on a stoneless reef; she rubbed together her two palms, scrubbed together both of them, she obtained a little scurf; she flung it on the lake, on the undulating sea, over her left shoulder; wind wafted it ashore into a wooded forest-creek; there wast thou born,

thou 'windy throat,' there didst arrive, thou 'hairy snout,' thou wast bred on the open sea, wast reared in a wooded creek.

VARIANT.

l. 14. Nuoratar [*v.* Maaratar] from the sea rose up.

c

Wolf's origin is known, where the wolf was born: 3, the old woman Loveatar, the harlot mistress of Pohjola, when she was bringing forth her sons, to her children was giving birth, in the hollow of a frosty pool, in an icy well's recess, no birth took place, the offspring was not brought to birth. She removed to another place, was delivered of her sons in a dense bird-cherry grove, mid branches broken by the wind; there the birth took place, her offspring was brought to birth. There she brought forth a splendid boy that eats the bone, that bites the flesh, that draws up blood quite raw; on getting him she said—'Alas! my wretched son, seeing my wretched son is one that eats the bone, that bites the flesh, that draws up blood quite raw. If I led him into a room, he would destroy my room, if I built for him a bath, he would reduce my bath to bits.' Old Väinämöinen said—'Let him live in happiness beside deep woods where squirrels live, in a wooded forest-creek.'

VARIANTS.

3. A crone of Viro, a rampant quean, an old woman raging mad.

§ 223. THE ORIGIN OF SALT.

Whence the origin of Finland's salt, the genesis of violent hail? Hence the origin of Finland's salt, the

genesis of violent hail: Ukko, the god of the sky, the great lord of the air himself, struck fire in the sky; into the sea a spark shot down, was drifted by the waves, broke up into 'hail';[1] from it there came large grains of salt, from that the heavy 'hailstones' grew.

§ 224. The Origin of the Oak.

a

Four maidens formerly, 2, three [*v.* six] celebrated daughters, were mowing blue grassy ground, were gathering horse-tail grass at the end of a misty cape, at the head of a foggy isle. They mowed one day, they mowed the next, forthwith they mowed the third day too; what they had mown they raked up, drew into swaths the whole of it, arranged the hay in cocks, into a hundred heaps, then into a stack they piled it up, into a thick rick heaped it up. The meadow was already mown, the hay spread out on upright poles; from Turja came a Lapp, the fiery Tursas was his name, into the fire he flung the hay, he tossed it down among the flames.

There resulted a little ash, a small quantity of sparks; the daughters reflected then, the maidens deliberated where the ashes should be gathered up, the hot ash residue be put—'They were short of ash, they stood in urgent need of lye to wash the head of the son of the sun, the good hero's eyes.'

From the mountains came a wind, from the north-east a heavy storm, the wind carried the ashes away, the north-easter gathered the glowing ash from the end of the misty cape, from the head of the foggy isle, 36, to a

[1] *i.e.* into large, coarse grains of rock salt.

'fiery' rapid's brink, to the banks of a holy stream. Wind brought the acorn of an oak, transported it from a distant land to the fiery rapid's brink, to the banks of the holy stream, and threw it on a goodly place, on a border of fat earth. A young sprout uprose from it, an incomparable shoot sprang up, from it there grew a splendid oak, a gigantic sallow raised itself, its head was striving towards the sky, its boughs spread outwards into space.

VARIANTS.

2. Four maidens, three full-grown men.
36. To the margin of Lake Alue.
37. To the mud of a bay of the sea.

b

Four maidens formerly, a triplet of brides were gathering a horse-tail grass, were breaking off a single blade (F. hair) on the edge of a fiery cape, in a fiery promontory's creek. The girls made hay, collected the horse-tail grass, they mowed the great, they mowed the small, mowed once the middle sort; what they had managed to mow they raked up into heaps at once, they arranged it in little shocks, in a thousand little sheaves, stuck it in between poles, at the bottom of a hundred stacks.

From Pohjola came a boy [*v.* From Lapland flew a bird], from Lapland proper—a child [*v.* from Turjaland an eagle came]; to ashes he burnt the hay, he reduced it to sparks, 21, the ashes he put in a birch-bark pouch, in a wallet collected the glowing ash. The ashes perhaps were carried from there—the sparks perhaps were sown—from the edge of the fiery cape, from the fiery promontory's creek to the distant fields of the north, to Lapland's plains

beset with snares, and sown in the earth's black mud, 30, on a solid mountain's slope; a huge oak tree grew up there, a green sapling raised itself, most ample as regards its boughs, most spreading as regards its sprays.

VARIANTS.

21-30. It gathered up the sparks from there, put all the ash in a birch-bark pouch, the sparks were sown, the ashes were thrown in front of the gate of Pohjola, on the threshold of the 'speckled lid.'

c

Much did Kyytöläinen weep, the poor wretch lamented sore on the back of a swamp, on a knoll of the ground, at the very end of all the heath, a tear trickled from his eye, one after the other dropt. In drops the water dript to the ground below his feet, like a river it flowed from there, like a stream it streamed, then it widened into a pond, with a crash it became a lake, lastly it grew into a sea, was swept into a wave. From this three seas arose, three waters rolled, three billows swept along from Kyytöläinen's tears. A sandy ridge grew up, a secret isle was formed by spells, a sandy hill then rose, a golden hillock raised itself, where the three seas had flowed, where the waves had swept along. Four maidens later on found a sapling oak, they carried it to productive soil, to the border of a sandy isle. From it an awful tree grew up, a mighty oak-tree reared itself, most ample as regards its boughs, most smooth as regards its leaves.

d

From a dell a maiden rose, a girl—from the humid earth, a warm maiden—from a spring, 'blue-socks'—from

the corner of a swamp, a swarthy girl with shaven head, a maiden with skinless teats; in her hand is a copper box, in the box is a golden comb. The maiden combed her head, she brushed her hair, on the back of a speckled stone, in a burning heat, on an angry river's bank, near a noble cataract; a tooth of her comb snapt off, a bristle of her brush broke loose; from it a lovely shoot grew up, a splendid sapling straightened out on the angry [*v.* holy] river's bank, near the heavy cataract, an oak with flowery boughs grew up, with flowery boughs, with an acorn[1] of iron; its head seized hold of the sky, its branches held the clouds.

e

Pellervoinen, the boy of the field, Sampsa, the tiny little boy, when of yore he sowed the land, sowed land and swamps, got the trees to grow, the young shoots to sprout; one tree—an oak—had failed to sprout, the 'tree of god' had struck no root. He left it wholly to itself, to its future fate; two nights elapsed, then three, an equal number too of days; he started off to ascertain whether the oak had sprouted up, the 'tree of god' had struck a root; the oak tree had not sprouted up, the 'tree of god' had struck no root. He left it wholly to itself, to its future fate, he waited three nights more, and an equal number of days, he started off to ascertain directly after the three nights, at the end of a week at anyrate; already the oak had sprouted up, the 'tree of god' had struck a root, by Jesus was the shoot drawn up, it was grown by the soil of the earth; whoever took a branch of it, took

[1] The text has *tarha* 'a garden, an enclosure,' but no doubt *terho* 'an acorn' should be substituted.

lifelong luck, whoever cut a sprig from it, cut off eternal power to please.

§ 225. The Origin of the Titmouse.

I know the titmouse's origin, from what the titmouse was made, the little bird was formed; of trees the willow first was born, of trees—the willow, of land—the knoll, of forest animals—the bear, the titmouse—of the birds of th' air. A pellet from a willow dropt, from a sallow a fragment fell on a naked abandoned field, from that the titmouse was made, the little bird was formed.

§ 226. The Origin of Fire.

a

Ukko of the air struck fire, produced a sudden flash with his fire-pointed sword, with his scintillating blade in the sky above, behind the enclosure of the stars [*v.* in the third story]. He got fire with the blow, he concealed the spark in a golden bag, in a silver frame, and gave it to a girl to rock, to be swung by a maiden of the air. On a long cloud the girl, on the margin of the air the maid, rocked to and fro the fire, kept swinging the flame in a cradle of gold, in silver thongs; the thongs of silver creaked, the golden cradle clanked, clouds moved, the heavens squeaked, the lids of the sky got a list to one side, while fire was being rocked, while flame was being swung. The girl rocked to and fro the fire, kept swinging up and down the flame, with her fingers she arranged the fire, with her hands she tended the flame; fire fell from the stupid girl, the flame—from the careless one, from the hands of her that dandled it, from the fingers of her that

cherished it. The fiery spark fell suddenly, the red drop whizzed, through the heavens flashed, through the clouds fell down from above the nine skies, through the six speckled firmaments (F. lids). The fiery spark shot suddenly, the red drop fell from where the Creator had struck, where Ukko of the air struck fire, through a sooty chimney-hole, through the dry ridge-beam into Tuuri's new house, the roofless one of Palvonen; then after it had come into Tuuri's new house it began to do evil deeds, set to work at ignoble deeds: it tore the daughters' breasts, the arms of the little girls, it injured the knees of boys, burnt the master's beard. The mother was suckling her babe in a miserable crib under the sooty chimney-hole; when the fire came in it burnt the baby in the crib, the mother's breast; then it went its way, it continued its course, first burnt much land, much land, much swamp, burnt sandy abandoned fields, and forests terribly, at last it plashed into a lake, into the waves of Lake Alue [*v.* Alava, *v.* Alimo]. Thereby Lake Alue was kindled into flames, began to sparkle with sparks in the power of the raging fire; over its banks it spurted up, swelled over the forest firs, swelled so that the fish, that the perch were left on the arid reef. Yet the fire was not quenched by Lake Alue's waves; it attacked a moor of junipers, so the moor of junipers was burnt, it dashed at a clump of firs, burnt up the lovely clump of firs, it still went rolling further on, burnt the half of Bothnia, a corner of Savo's bounds, a portion [*v.* both halves] of Karjala. Into concealment then it went, to hide its infamous deeds, it threw itself down to rest under the roots of two stumps, in the hollow of a rotten stump, in the lap of an alder trunk; thence it was taken into rooms, into houses of pine, to be

handled by day in a stove of stone, to rest by night upon the hearth, in the receptacle for coals.

b

In a deep place fire was not born, in a rough place did not spring up; fire was born in the sky, on the Seven Stars' back, there fire was rocked, dear flame was swung in a 'golden' copse, on the top of a 'golden' knoll. 9. Kasi, the beautiful young girl, the fire-maiden of the sky, 'tis she that rocked the fire, swung to and fro the flame in the centre of the sky, above nine skies; the cords of silver shook, the golden hook gave a creak while the girl was rocking the fire, while swinging to and fro the flame. The red fire fell, one spark shot out from the golden copse, from the silver brake, from the ninth region of the air, from above the eighth firmament (F. lid), through the level sky, through the far-extending air, through the latch of the door, through the bed of a child; it burnt the knees of a little boy, it burnt the mother's breast. To Mana went the child, the luckless boy to Tuonela, as he was destined to die, had been selected to expire in anguish caused by ruddy fire, in the torments of relentless fire; rotting he went to Manala (F. Mana), stumbling along—to Tuonela, to be abused by Tuoni's girls, by Mana's children to be addressed.

But to Mana the mother did not go; the old woman was clever and furious, knew how to fascinate the fire, to make it sink powerless down through a small needle's eye, through the hammer-end of an axe, through a heated borer's tube; into a ball she wound the fire, into a skein she made it up, made the ball spin quickly round along the headland of a field, through the earth, through the

soil, 53. pushed it into the river of Tuonela 54. into the depths of Manala.

VARIANTS.

9. Katrinatar, the lovely girl.
9. The saucy Katrina.
53. Into a still and tranquil lake.
54. Into the waves of Lake Alue (into the Lake of Haleva).
53. To the clear and open sea.
54. To the middle of Lake Kaleva.

c

The origin of fire is known, the genesis of fire (*panu*) is guessed: dear fire was created by God, by the Maker was dear flame made, it was born from Jesus' word, from the gracious mouth of God, above nine skies, above nine heavens and a half. The Virgin Mary, mother dear, the holy little serving-maid, 'tis she that rocked the fire, that nursed the flame in a doorless room, entirely windowless; in birch-bark vessel she carried the fire, on a bit of birch-bark transported it to the point of a fiery cape. There they christened fire, who stood as godmother to fire, who stood as godfather to flame?

21, A maiden came from Pohjola, from the snowy fort, from the middle of an icy spring, 24, from an icy well's recess, that could bear with her hands to touch, and with her fingers to handle it. Juhannes, the best of priests, baptized the boy, the name of Fire (*Panu*) was given him, he was entitled darling Fire, to be used by day in the hollow of a golden hearth (F. ring), to be concealed at night, in an ashy tinder-bag.

VARIANTS.

21-24. A maiden came from the sky, a girl descended from the air.

d

Höyhenys of the Panutars [*v.* Laukahatars], Lemmes of the Lentohatars, carried a heavy womb for about nine months; when the time of delivery approached, the time for lightening the womb, into a lake she ran waist-deep, up to her girdle—in the waves; there she brought forth her child, there she gave birth to a boy. With her hands she could not bear to touch, nor to hold him in her grasp, from that they knew him to be fire, they were warned that he was Flame. Who rocked the fire? The luckless summer girl, 'twas she that rocked the Fire, that swung Flame to and fro, in a copper boat, in a copper skiff, in an iron tun [*v.* in the belly of a copper sheep], between iron hoops [*v.* in the bed of a golden lamb]; then she carried him to baptism, then hurried off to the christening.

e

Ilmarinen struck fire, Väinämöinen caused a flash, at the end of an iron bench, on the top of a golden form (5) with a living oracle, (6) with a burning snake of the earth; he struck fire on his nail, gave a crack on his finger-joints, without a steel (F. iron) he struck, without flint and tinder struck a light. The red fire flew suddenly, one spark dropt down from the top of Väinämöinen's knee, from under Ilmarinen's hands, to the ground below his feet. Then it rolled in its course, along long courtyards, along the headland of a field, to the clear open sea, to the illimitable waves; it burnt the storehouse of the perch, the stony

castle of the ruffs. Takaturma, Äijö's son, when he knew of the coming of fire, of the pouring down of flame, squeezed tightly in his hands the fire, compressed it into tinder-spunk, into birch-fungus gathered it. From that is the origin of fire, from that the genesis of flame, for these poor border lands, for the wretched countries of the north.

VARIANTS.

5-6. With a variegated snake, with a creeping 'worm' of the earth.

5-6. With three feathers of an eagle, with five wings.

f

He altogether lies, relates a wholly groundless fib, who imagines fire was struck by Väinämöinen; (5) fire came from the sky, (6) in the clouds was Panu formed, he is son of the sun, the beloved offspring of the sun, was made at the sky's mid-point, on the shoulder of Charles's Wain. There fire was kept in check, dear flame was restrained, near the sun, in a rift of the moon, in the middle of a golden [*v.* blue] ring,[1] under the mouth of the gracious God, under the beard of the Blessed One. From there dear fire has come, through ruddy clouds, from the heavens above, to the earth beneath; the heavens were rent in shreds, all the air into holes (F. windows), while fire was being brought to earth, while flame was being brought by force.

VARIANTS.

5-6. Fire came from the Creator's mouth, from the beard of the blessed God.

[1] Or halo, or hearth.

§ 227. The Origin of Copper.

a

The smith Ilmarinen himself, the skillful hammerer, was walking on a tinkling road, along the liver-coloured ground; a variegated little stone, a bit of rock came in his way, the smith flung it into the fire, he placed it under his forge, blew the bellows for a day, for another day, blew the bellows for a third day too. Then Ilmarinen the smith stooped down to look at the under surface of the forge, at the bellows' upper side, already the stone like water shook, the rock like copper poured. The smith snatched it out of the fire, the copper—from under the forge, the copper he began to mould, to make kettles noisily.

b

The girl of the Hiisis', Hilahatar, Hiisi's old woman and Hiisi's mare, made water on a rock; on the rock the urine dried, into copper then it turned, it grew into copper ore, it poured like water from a hill, like copper from a smelting furnace.

§ 228. The Origin of Water.

a

Dear water's origin is known, and the genesis of dew: from the sky has water come, from the clouds—in little drops, then it arose in a hill, grew up in the crevice of a rock. Vesiviitta, Vaitta's son, Suoviitta, son of Kaleva, dug water from a rock, from a hill let water gush, with his golden stick, with his copper staff. When he let it gush from the hill, when he had brought it from the rock, the

water wavered like a spring, it ran in little rills, then it increased in size, as a river it began to flow, as a stream—to dash noisily, to thunder like a cataract (F. rapids) to the great sea, into the open sea below.

b

Vesiviitta, Väitö's son, the offspring of Sinervätär [*v.* Suoviitta, son of Kaleva], slept a while in a hill, grew for long in a rock, while bringing water forth, while carelessly preparing dew; the water spirted from the stone, the dew fell down from the rock to be the death of his family[1] by taking his father's head: rotting he went to Manala (F. Mana), in a stupid manner—to Tuonela; he died with [*v.* without] the glory of a dog, he fell with [*v.* without] the honour of a whelp.

c

Fire's genesis is from the sky, iron's origin—from iron ore (F. rust), dear water's origin—from clouds; water is eldest of the brothers, fire is youngest of the daughters, iron is the intermediate one. From the Jordan this water comes, from the river Jordan it was drawn, from a rushing stream, from a roaring cataract (F. rapids); with it was christened Christ, the Almighty was baptized.

d

Water is Vuolamoinen's son, the offspring of Vuolamotar, the washing water of Jesus, the tears of the Son of God; the Virgin Mary, mother dear, the holy little serving-maid brought it from the river Jordan, from an eddy of the holy stream.

[1] Meaning by this—fire, which was regarded as the younger brother or sister of water.

§ 229. The Origin of a Boat.

Trusty old Väinämöinen, the soothsayer as old as time, by magic knowledge made a boat, by means of song prepared a skiff from the fragments of a single oak, from the breakage of a brittle tree; he cut the boat upon a hill, caused a loud clatter on a rock; he sang a song, he fixed the keel, he sang another, he joined a plank, immediately he sang a third while setting in its place the prow, while ending off a timber knee, while he was clinching end to end, while setting up the gunwale boards, while he was cutting at the tholes. A boat was ready for use that could bowl along with speed, both stiff when sailing with the wind, and safe when sailing against the wind.

§ 230. The Origin of a Net.

a

By night they sowed the flax, they ploughed by the light of the moon, they cleansed, they heckled it, they plucked, they rippled it, they tugged it with energy, they teazled it with might and main. They carried away the flax to steep, they soon had it steeped, with speed they lifted it out, they dried it hastily; then they brought it into homes, they freed it soon of husks, with flax-brakes broke it noisily, they diligently swingled it, they combed it greedily, they brushed it in the hours of dusk, on a distaff it was promptly put, in a trice—upon a spinning-staff. Sisters spin it, sisters-in-law put it on a netting-needle, into a net the brothers net it, fathers-in-law fix lines to it. Then the netting-needle turned, the mesh-stick went and came before the net was made complete, the lines of yarn were fastened on, during a single summer night, between two days. The

net was ready for use, the lines of yarn were fastened on, 'twas a hundred fathoms wide, at the sides seven hundred fathoms long.

b

At night they sowed the flax, at night they heckled it, at night they rippled it, at night they steeped it in the water, at night they raised it from the water, at night they broke the flax in brakes, at night they span the threads, at night they wove the nets. The nets were ready for use, the nets were fitted with lines in a single summer night, in half another one besides; by brothers the nets were woven, by sisters were spun, were netted by sisters-in-law, by the father the lines were fastened on, he neatly fitted them with sinks, he properly attached the floats.

c

Tuoni's three-fingered girl, a three-toothed crone of the land of Lapps, span a hundred fathom net on a single summer night; a three-fingered old man of the land of Lapps was the weaver of the nets; the mesh-stick twisted in his hand, a knot was formed upon the net: he wove a hundred-fathom net, stitched one a thousand fathoms long in a single summer night, between two days.

§ 231. The Origin of Brandy.

From what did brandy originate, was the lovely drink produced? From this did brandy originate, was the lovely drink produced, from young barley beards, from the bristly heads of verdant corn, but without water it is not made (F. born), nor without a raging fire, the water gave liveliness, the fire has made it turbulent.

§ 232. The Origin of Salves.

a

A boy from the field's profoundest depths started to make a salve; a fir-tree came in his way, he questioned it, he conversed with it—'Is there honey in thy boughs, a luscious juice beneath thy bark, as a salve for hurts, as embrocation for a sore?'

The fir-tree hastily replied—'There is no honey in my boughs, no luscious juice beneath my bark: in summer, thrice this wretched summertide a raven croaked on my branching head, a snake was lying at my root, past me the winds have blown, through me the sun has shone.'

He went his way, he strode along, on a trampled plain he found an oak, and inquired of this oak—'Is there honey in thy boughs, a luscious juice beneath thy bark, as a salve for hurts, as embrocation for a hurt?'

The oak made answer knowingly—'There is honey in my boughs, a luscious juice beneath my bark: on a previous day indeed a luscious juice dript down on my boughs, honey trickled on my branching head from the gently drizzling clouds, from the fleeting fleecy clouds, from my boughs—upon my twigs and in below the bark.'

He gathered branches of the oak, peeled off the bark of the oak, he gathered goodly herbs, plants of many sorts that in these parts are never seen, that do not grow in every place; on the fire he put a pot, caused the brew to boil, it was full of oaken bark, of many sorts of herbs. The pot crackled and boiled for three whole nights, three summer days, then he looked at the salve to see whether the salve was reliable, an efficacious remedy; the salve was not reliable, nor efficacious the remedy. He added herbs

besides, plants of many sorts, that were brought from other parts from a hundred stages back, from nine sorcerers, from eight divining-men. He boiled for three nights more, three summer days, he lifted the pot from the fire, he tried the salve, the salve was not reliable, not efficacious the remedy. So he put the pot on the fire to boil anew, it simmered three nights more, nine nights in all, he looked at the salve, he looked, he put it to the proof. There was a branchy aspen tree that grew on the edge of a field, the brutal fellow broke it through, completely shattered it in two, with the salve he anointed it, he tried the remedy, the aspen was made whole again, became better than before. Again he tried the salve, put to the proof the remedy, tried it on rifts in a stone, on the splinters of a flag, to the stones the stones already stick, to the flagstone the flags unite.

b

Juhannes, priest of God, plucked herbs, by the thousand tore up plants that in these countries do not grow, in Lapland's wretched border lands, nor in luckless Bothnia where they do not know or see the growth of every herb. All summer he boiled salves, all winter concocted fats on the side of a speckled stone, on the flank of a bulky flag, nine fathoms in circumference, and seven fathoms wide; the salves are reliable, efficacious is the remedy with which I anoint the sick, I heal a person that is hurt.

c

A salve is made from every kind of thing by means of power decreed by the Father and Creator, by permission of

God: in the earth are many kind of herbs, in the earth are powerful plants which a helpless fellow takes, a destitute fellow plucks as ointments for the sick, as embrocation for a wound.

Where are salves prepared, sweet ointments rightly cooked, for application on a sore, as a remedy for hurts? There are the salves prepared, the sweet ointments rightly cooked, above nine skies, behind the stars of the sky, near the moon, in a rift in the sun, on the shoulder of Charles's Wain.

From there may an ointment trickle down, may a drop of luscious sweetness drip from under the mouth of gracious God, from under the beard of the Blessed One, that is a powerful salve for every kind of injury, for the fearful traces left by fire for places wholly burnt by fire (*panu*), for frost-bites caused by bitter frost, for places touched by cruel wind, to place on the grievous wounds of iron, on the injuries from steel, on the stabs of Piru's pike, on the marks of Keito's spear.

d

A 'blue-cloud' loomed, at a distance a bow was seen, from the south it came forth, towards the north-west opened up; a little girl was on the cloud, a woman (*kapo*) on the edge of the bow was smoothing her hair, was brushing her locks; she exposed to view her paps, allowed her breasts to overflow. From her paps the milk appeared, from her breasts it overflowed, the milk flowed down upon the ground, on a honey-dropping mead, on the headland of a honeyed field, salves are obtained from it, as ointments for sores, as embrocations for wounds.

e

A girl was born on a field run wild, a young maiden—on a grassy spot, without being carried she grew up, without being suckled she was reared; exhausted she sank down to sleep on a meadow without a name, lay down to sleep upon a knoll, on a honeyed-meadow fell fast asleep; she slept for long unwittingly; sleep deceived her, she expired. Between the furrows a herb grew up, it was a three-cornered herb, water was in it, honey too, in it was a splendid salve to rub upon a wound, to pour upon a hurt.

f

Vuotar, maker of salves, all summer concocted salves in delightful Metsola, on the edge of the steadfast hill. Delightful honey was there, strong water was there, from which she prepared a salve; may it now come here to hand as a salve for the wounds, as a liniment for sores.

g

An ox grew up in Karjala [*v.* Kainuhu], in Finland a bull grew fat, with its head it roared in Tavastland (*Häme*), it wagged its tail in Tornio; a swallow for a whole day flew from the withers to the end of the tail, a squirrel for a whole month ran between the horns of the ox, yet still it never reached the end, it never came indeed so far. They sought for a man to strike, made quest for a slaughterer; from the sea rose a swarthy man, from the wave a full-grown man uprose, a whole quarter of an ell in height, as tall as a woman's span; directly he saw his prey, he of a sudden broke its neck, brought down the bull upon its knees, made it fall sideways on the ground. Ointments

are obtained from it, charmed remedies are got from it with which one besprinkles sores, and heals the injuries.

§ 233. The Origin of Gripes (Colic, Constipation).

a

Colic is a groaning boy, the second boy is an awkward lout, the third is like a bar [*v.* the third has a pole-like throat], he is not made of aught that's good, or of special worth; he is made of swamp, is made of earth, composed of sacking-needle points, wound up from women's spinning whorls, scratched up from heaps of twigs, from heather was broken off, from grass stript off, was collected from a rapid's foam, was poured from the froth of the sea, out of feathers was roughly botched, from the inward parts of Syöjätär, from under the liver of Mammotar.

b

Thou panting, moaning gripes, the stupid, awkward boy, the muddle-headed stay-at-home, full well I know thine origin, thou wast made from nothing good, from nothing good, from nothing bad: from hard timber wast thou heaped up, from tarry wood wast made, from aspen fungus thou wast formed, from birch agaric wast twisted out.

c

A thin Lapp boy made his way below the path, was travelling beneath the ground, on his shoulder—a bloody axe; he struck a man upon the heart, he cut him on the breast, then gripes was born, the groaner became morose.

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